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ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

BY

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TRANSLATED, EDITED, AND ANNOTATED BY

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

As the favourable reception accorded to the first selection from my complete translation of Schumann's works has justified the production of a second series, I have included in this collection essays and articles chiefly critical and educational in their tone and tendency, arranging them according to a plan founded on that of the forms of musical composition. Beginning with reviews of operas, oratorios, symphonies, and overtures (the first, a review of an opera by Hartmann, grandson of the composer of the Danish national hymn, "King Christian," and father-in-law of the famous composer, Niels Gade), I conduct Schumann's readers through the Lied, and the various forms of chamber music, to the Sonata; and thence down the lesser forms of pianoforte composition, ending with his criticisms on miscellaneous works for that instrument. My readers will not fail to observe that in some of these, Schumann has embalmed the names of comparatively obscure men, while in some cases he has projected the light of his great intellect on talent not wholly worthy of that honour; but those familiar with musical history will also remark that Schumann's opinion of the younger composers of his day has been almost invariably justified by their subsequent works and careers. If I was formerly able to assert, with truth, that a code of musical æsthetics might be gathered from the essays in the first series of "Music and Musicians," I can say of the reviews and criticisms in this volume, that most of them may be unhesitatingly accepted as guides of the highest practical value to the musician, professional or amateur. I need only point to one article in proof of this assertion: that entitled "Etudes arranged according to their aims," invaluable from the technical and educational point of view. In regard to Schumann's musico-literary merit, it has given me the highest satisfaction—since I have been the means of placing his collected works before English-speaking readers—to find that competent critics have adjudged to the writings of the great composer (in his own compositions "a seer who turns his light within" according to Ehlert, but the most objective, liberal, and indulgent of judges towards others), a place among standard classic works on music, equal in degree to, though different indeed in character from, those of Matthew Arnold, Saint-Beuve, and Taine, on the kindred arts of poetry and painting.

F. R. R.

February 1880.

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DANISH OPERA (1840).

"THE RAVEN," AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

By J. P. C. Hartmann.—Opus 12.

THE Musical Union in Copenhagen continues, like the Dutch Society, its praiseworthy endeavours to encourage and increase the reputation of native composers, by publishing their larger works. Some years ago we spoke of two operas published by this Society; "Adelheid," by Kühlau, and "Floribella," by Weyse. This time the choice fell on an opera by Hartmann, a young Copenhagen composer whom we have often spoken of, and whose earnest endeavours deserve the recognition of his German brothers in art.

We highly approve his choice of a text. The poet has written a "magic" opera, no childish, absurd one, such as German poets often present to their composers, but one in which we find sense, reason, and poetic feeling. It contains ideas worthy of a first-class poet, besides quite peculiar life; and the dialogue, which rarely breaks in upon the music, is written with spirit and wit.

The plot is a simple one. Prince Millo has killed the favourite raven of the enchanter Norando, who pitilessly condemns him to spend his life in "pain, anguish, and madness," until he finds such a wife as is closely described. Millo has a brother Jennaro, and they are affectionately attached to each other. As the malediction is about to be fulfilled, Jennaro endeavours to find the wife able to free his brother from it, and, directed by an aged man, believes such a woman to exist in the person of Armilla, the enchanter's daughter. Disguised as a merchant, he induces her to enter his ship, intending to carry her to his brother. Upon Armilla's complaint, Jennaro reveals to her the reason of the abduction; she forgives, and warns him against her father's revenge. Jennaro does not think he has done enough for his brother in thus freeing him from the curse, but wishes to please him with the gift of a horse and a falcon also, the finest he has ever seen. Then the sea maidens arise and warn Jennaro that falcon, horse, and wife, will cause the death of his brother; and that if Jennaro betrays this secret, he will be transformed into stone. To save his brother, Jennaro kills the falcon and the horse; but Millo, who has seen and loves Armilla, and is loved by her, is struck by his strangely anxious manner. Suspicions gradually arise in his breast, that Jennaro also loves Armilla. Fraternal grief, despair. Jennaro, wishing to drive away all danger from his brother at the wedding feast, enters his brother's sleeping apartment by a subterranean passage, and attacks and drives away the vampires that have already gathered round the bed of the sleeping Millo. Millo, awakening, jealously mistakes this for an attempt on his own life, and resolves to punish Jennaro. Driven to desperation, and determined to establish his innocence, Jennaro confesses what the mermaids told him. He has scarcely finished his explanation, ere he is transformed to a statue. Norando appears again, and tells the inconsolable Millo that the curse was written in the book of fate,—"The raven's death, Armilla's abduction, Millo's despair, and his (Norando's) own well-deserved punishment for his revenge;" but that Jennaro may be delivered, as soon as Millo kills his bride. Millo refuses, and prefers to die rather. Armilla enters, learns what has taken place, and determines to kill herself, in order to free Jennaro. In the moment she attempts to do this, Norando deprives her of the dagger; Jennaro instantly returns to life. The decree of fate is fulfilled. The father becomes reconciled, and the wedding festival begins joyfully.

Thus the poet has endeavoured to give a picture, in a fabulous frame, of ideal fraternal love, and the composer has understood him. Jennaro is the finest and most effective part in the opera; those of Millo and Armilla present less interesting points. Some accessory characters give an opportunity for variety while the decided, clear plan of the whole opera can only be deemed praiseworthy.

A young composer, who thinks of writing for the stage for the first time, generally places two objects before him—to display all the resources of his art and talent, and to please and produce effect. The former is often the rock on which the latter becomes wrecked. How much of what one has learned, what one can do, must be denied, thrown away, if the kindling and enlivening of the public demands it! Herr Hartmann has, until now, only written chamber music, and fills, if we are not mistaken, an organist's position; there is a great distance from the organ to the theatre. If the execution of any large work, even when undertaken with but limited powers, compels our respect, this does so to a still greater extent; for though the force of great genius has not lent wings to aid in its completion, it is supported and elevated by the lever of inborn talent, and strengthened by industry and study. An opera is no small undertaking. Place one of the best musicians on the stage; he will err in a hundred points; he must not give too much; the voices must rest; the orchestra must have its pauses. The mere economy, the propriety of the stage, how much consideration and experience they demand! Before the musician can dare to shine, the theatrical director must be satisfied. How much fine music must often be sacrificed, because the composer forgets the stage in the music he writes for it! Long labour is necessary, ere a completed work can step into real life before the public.

The simplicity of this text made it really serviceable to the composer. The *dramatis personæ* are very firmly characterised by the poet; and no doubt the task of sketching a warm fraternal affection was very attractive to the composer. And now we may follow the opera as it exists, in a very short description.

The overture judiciously sketches the comingaction in brief traits. Its motivos are borrowed from the opera, the first being that of Millo's rising suspicion, the second that of the reconciliation after severe trials. Yet, apart from its connection with the opera, this overture would scarcely produce any great effect,—a common case with overtures to operas.

There are fourteen numbers in the whole opera; a proof that it is not too long; a rare good quality, which few young (or old) composers can boast of. The short, small form of most of the separate numbers is remarkable. We are inclined to attribute it rather to the composer's anxiety than to any other cause; but the first five numbers are altogether too short in all that regards their musical construction, and fail to produce a satisfactory impression; one desires something more everywhere. On the other hand, the finales to every act are broadly planned, and would certainly be effective on the stage. So much for the form. The general character of the music is decidedly northern-German. A preference for Weber often betrays itself, and Spohr is apparently one of the composer's favourites; here and there we can detect Marschner, once, perhaps, against the composer's own desire, in the very passage where the vampires enter. An often too quickly changing harmonic progression is peculiar to Herr Hartmann, which, though it can scarcely be termed unclear, we could wish had been less restless, more natural. The endeavour to interest as a harmonist, even in small details, may become very dangerous to an opera composer; such rapid, artistically interwoven, often enharmonic changes of chord, produce the best effect in complicated concerted pieces. But many sharps and flats are undesirable in the choruses, and the singers are sure to undertake them unwillingly and intone them falsely; nor are such numerous modulations necessary in a simple aria, as this composer often uneffectively introduces. How effective is a simple triad, when freely and naturally sung by the human voice! All the enharmonic art of Spohr is as nothing beside Handel's flowing thirds. Therefore our composer must beware, above all things, of yielding too much to the charms of harmony; such a chromatic confusion is injurious to the middle parts even of an instrumental composition; and quite unnecessary where the voices ought to sing and display themselves.

In spite of this, we cannot deny that the opera contains much melodic beauty, especially in the part of Jennaro, who sings feelingly, and like a true brother. Armilla, however, will find few friends among songstresses, or only among those who possess very high voices. The chorus voices, especially the sopranos, are also obliged to move in a too high and fatiguing compass. As the composer has already, if we are not mistaken, heard his opera publicly performed, experience will have taught him how little should be demanded, in this respect, from solo and chorus singers, and how simply and carefully the voices ought to be treated, if the parts are to be performed with any pleasure. Millo's music also demands a baritone of great compass; in the pianoforte score this part is given in several keys: a striking trait. Norando the enchanter is a bass, but high also.

Among separate numbers we must signalise Pantaleone's pretty song in the first act, and Jennaro's cavatina. The song of the mermaids is interwoven with a very characteristic bass figure, which may produce a good effect. The "più lento" in the same finale, "How strangely beats the heart," comes out with much tenderness.

The first song, so pretty in its poem, in the second act, should have been more original, and yet more simple. Millo's aria, the motivo of which is already introduced in the overture, may produce a good stage effect. Yet it reminds us of Lindpaintner, Kalliwoda, and others. Jennaro's short song,—

"There, through church windows clear."

is fine, remarkable, and though the organist displays himself in it, he does so in a tasteful, even poetic manner. The comic intermezzo of Tartaglia is enlivening and appropriate. The following march has a touch of the well-known one by Bellini. The act closes brilliantly.

In the third act we have the chorus of vampires unisono, with a dismal solo. These are all tenors, and, sung by sharp, high voices, the number would be quite horribly effective. The scene where Jennaro reveals his secret gives a fine opportunity for scenery and decoration; at the pianoforte this is insipid. The passage where Jennaro again returns to life, must also be heard with the orchestra, for the pianoforte only produces half its effect. The whole closes, as I have already said, in a happy and satisfactory manner.

The pianoforte arrangement has been carefully done by a good player (the composer himself); it is long since we have met with a better one. And the German translation of the words is also good.

The work is an honour to its author, and also to the Society that has published it. We are not very likely to learn from our own experience in Germany, whether it is effective on the stage. Those, however, who desire to convince themselves, by private study, of the continual progress of the spirit of music, in those lands adjacent to Germany, will certainly lay down this pianoforte arrangement with joyful surprise, assured that German art is spreading its roots further and further, and filled with hope that this progress will eventually result in a favourable reaction on their own fatherland.

GERMAN OPERAS.

I.

Adèle de Foix; Grand Opera in 4 acts, by R. Blum, set to music by C. G. Reissiger. Complete pianoforte arrangement.

THE subject treats of a love adventure of Francis I. of France, who, in somewhat unkingly fashion, seeks to obtain possession of Adèle de Foix, the young wife of an elderly nobleman, Count Chateaubriand. The king's conduct is the more ignoble, as this nobleman had formerly saved his life. Chateaubriand finally stabs his faithless wife, and then himself; the king escapes scot free, promising his people that he will repent and amend. And so the adventure ends, rather unedifyingly; as some one says, too serious for a jest, too much of a jest for earnestness. Naturally, this has produced its effect on the composer. Only the French understand how to beautify such morbid love adventures. Germans are too straightforward and moral. But what will not a German composer overcome, provided he has a passably composable text, with which he hopes to produce some effect on the public? We trust that Herr Reissiger may not be deceived; but we scarcely think that his plot will be admired. As regards the music, of course every one who knows the composer already will expect something good from him beforehand. His reputation as a clever instrumentator has long been made; long the director of an excellent orchestra, he had more opportunities than many others for observation and combination. The element in which he has hitherto principally lived has been song, and, from preference, cheerful lyric song. We have to thank him for many successful things in this style. Reissiger has also made happy essays as a church composer; his sacred compositions breathe a contentedly pious spirit, certain to produce an impression. He has been less fortunate until now as a dramatic composer; we suppose the reason of this is to be found in the preponderating lyricism of his nature, which has expressed itself many times in other forms already. His non-abandonment of the opera, and his production of a so-called grand opera, cannot but be regarded as a proof of mental courage, which is certain to carry the artist further than indolent rest on one point of progress. "Adèle de Foix" was given with applause, though not without some opposition. We are so poor in German operas, that we ought not to maltreat, or to ignore all those that do not succeed at once, like the "Freischütz." However, it is not necessary that we should wholly suppress our blame.

German composers usually fail on account of their desire of pleasing the public. But let any one only give us something original, simple, deeply, spontaneously, and inwardly felt, and he will soon find that he can accomplish more in such a manner. The public is apt to turn a cold shoulder to the man who is perpetually opening his arms to it. Beethoven walked about with bent head and folded arms; the crowd shrank away timidly, but gradually became familiar with, and fond of, his extraordinary speech.

We fear that Reissiger has also partly shipwrecked on such rocks. It looks as if the immense success of "Der Freischütz" had spurred German composers on to extraordinary endeavours to excite applause; and applause cannot be extorted by any design. Must everything create a furore at once? Must trumpets and piccolo flutes be used everywhere? They scold about Italian composers, but do not disdain to make use of the same means frequently; they know it is nonsense, and yet they perpetrate it. How can they expect to gain respect from a public that has its merits also, and often sees clearer than we think? Once more—write original, simple, deep, German operas, write as though no public existed, but show yourselves to be true artists, possessing true cultivation, and we shall see whether you are not bettered by it. This has often been said already, but never was it more necessary to say so than now, when public belief in German opera composers threatens to sink lower and lower. We already see most of our stages occupied by Italian companies, and French ones may easily follow these. Therefore, beware lest your own ground slides from beneath you.

We certainly find passages in Reissiger's latest opera, which, in new Italian or French ones, would appear like precious stones beside Bohemian garnets. But single numbers will not suffice; we demand style throughout, a thoroughly noble conception, an ever freshly beating, artist heart. Unfortunately we cannot say that Reissiger's opera gives us this. He lays some worthy things before us, but he pays homage to the taste of the day; and we miss, above all things, character and unity of style. It is quite remarkable that Reissiger, who has displayed original talent in so many of his songs, appears much less individual in his dramatic works, and introduces such strong reminiscences of well-known Italian and German masters, that even the amateur will observe them. Here we have echoes of Weber, Spohr, Marschner, and especially of Rossini and Bellini, in such number that it would take up too much of our space to point to them all,—and then they certainly cannot escape any one's observation. And, according to our opinion, the work is too massive in its instrumentation. How can a composer find means to increase his effects, when he has already used, in passages of little consequence, the forces that are consequently lacking at the moment they are needed? Though, at the same time, we cannot deny that Reissiger is a distinguished instrumentator, and his orchestral combinations are brilliant and euphonious when not too heavily massed together. Apart from these faults—too frequent reminiscences and too frequently over-laden instrumentation—we find in this opera many excellences, to which we now gladly turn.

The whole opera progresses with such a musical flow as could only be expected from an artist who understands his business. And we cannot but admire the purity of its harmonisation, excepting some harsh successions of chords in a few passionate moments. And we recognise, in the whole work, truth of expression in the union of words and music;* a trait, of which it is difficult to find anything in modern Italian operatic music; while a natural, healthy tone of feeling runs through the opera, very pleasant to find on the stage that has so long familiarised us with assassination and crime of all sorts. There is no pretentious display of contrapuntal art; and it would be out of place here. We consider the most characteristically musical part (except the king's and that of Adèle de Foix) to be that of Count Chateaubriand, although the interest he excites is only pity for a deceived husband, who has left his youth behind him. Bonnivet, the devil of the piece, is decidedly not satanic enough. The page lacks grace, the fool is not strikingly comical. He is far exceeded by Marschner's famous fool in the "Templar."

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* We discover two passages which are incorrect in expression, however; one is in the count's air, page 83, at the words "And then my soul, mournful and wild, was wholly subdued by thy beloved presence," where the composer paints the wildness and mournfulness, forgetting what follows; and at page 96, where Adèle says, on the king's entrance,

The choruses are often very effective, yet we do not think that any one of them will attain popularity.

The ballet music deserves especial mention; here Reissiger's pleasing talent shows for what it is. Lipinsky's solo, with the oboe trill that follows, must meet with favourable remark.

We consider the declamation as correct and praiseworthy on the whole; a few errors might be easily altered. We find one point too lightly treated,—that in the last act, where Chateaubriand says to the king, "The crime is thine." Here, where the dividing wall between prince and subject falls, for the first

"Now, I am free, the king will save me," which the composer makes her sing *con tutta forza*, when, according to our opinion, she should whisper it softly, as if to herself.

time and for ever, where the injured man seeks to place the greatness of his misery clearly before the seducer, the recitative-like passage produces too small an effect. The composer has allowed this significant incident to escape him.

The—be it said *en passant*, very careful—pianoforte arrangement, differs in a few places from the performance at Dresden; as, for instance, we find here the 3d and 4th acts condensed into one—a great alteration that would certainly prove advantageous to the effect.

We regard the conclusion as but an unthankful one; one thing seems to result so unfortunately from another, that the listener can only shake his head, as over an occurrence that, nevertheless, could not have ended otherwise.

We take leave of the composer, if not without blaming some few mistakes, yet filled with respect for the industry, talent, and knowledge which he has once more displayed, and hopeful that he may soon again exert himself on the same ground.

2.

"Thomas Riquiqui, or the Political Marriage;" Comic Opera in 3 acts, by Heinrich Esser. Opus 10.

FROM the reports we had heard regarding this opera, before and after its performance, we expected it to be excellent. Many saw a second Adam, others a Boiëldieu, in the young composer; some, more enthusiastic, hoped to see Mozart and Beethoven arise again in him. A wide margin lies between Adam and Beethoven, indeed; and if our composer understands his own capabilities at all, he will be the first to confess that he can much better bear a comparison with the former than with the latter; yet we would not deny the existence of those talents in the composer, which personal sympathy has perhaps over-estimated; the impression made upon us by his work is too decided to allow this prejudice to mislead our judgment in his favour, any more than the cold reception which the opera met with in Mannheim is likely to prejudice us against it. But before we speak of the music, we must say a few words regarding the text. And of this we are obliged to confess that we see little comicality in it. If Riquiqui, the principal personage of the opera, a good-natured shoemaker, goes through the form of a pretended marriage with the daughter of his benefactor, in order to rescue her from enraged *sans-culottes*, and, at the end of the French Revolution, gives her back, free and safe, to her former betrothed, he does a brave and noble action, but not a comical one; then this false marriage influences the whole piece, and in many ways reminds us—in a lower sphere—of the "Water-carrier," which no one counts among the comic operas. Barnabé is the only merry figure in this one; but his character is too insignificant to justify the application of the term "comic" being applied to the whole work. We, indeed, wish it withdrawn from the title-page, for it leads every one to expect something different from what he meets with. The task is cleverly handled, however; the dialogue written with tact and life; prose seeming to flow from the author's pen more fluently than verse.

To give an idea of the character of the music, we may signalise it as, in general, natural and healthy. Mozart evidently floats before the young composer's fancy as his muse's ideal; it is evident, from the ease and grace of his forms, that this master has entered into the very life-blood of the young artist. But he does not seem unversed in the French school; this we gladly observe, where he reminds us of Boiëldieu, less gladly when he takes Adam as his model. Thus the motivo which seems to form the fundamental idea of the opera, "Labour and cheerfulness are the highest blessings of existence," might have been written by the composer of the "Postillon"—and we confess that we consider it rather trivial. And so the different reports are all correct to a certain degree, where they speak of the influence of Mozart, Boieldieu, and Adam, on the composer's development; but though we have not found any trace of Beethoven's, we are happy to say that we have discovered just as few Italian commonplaces.

We consider the concerted pieces the best in the opera, and if this is to be regarded as a sign of the composer's vocation for dramatic music, we may confirm Herr Esser in his. Of course, many things appear to greater advantage on the stage; but the pianoforte score enables us to judge of the composer's decided talent in this direction. The work is no heavy attempt by a pupil; it displays the sportive hand of natural ability.

As to its melodic element, the opera stands halfway between the French and German character. It certainly does not present any opportunity for the display of profound melodic power. It is nearly all very singable, though the tenor part (Riquiqui) lies too much in the upper register of the voice. The choruses are easy throughout, and may even be termed tame, when we consider that we have *sans-culottes* of the first period of the French Revolution before us.

Above all its other good qualities, however, we must praise the neat, correct writing, of which the whole opera gives proof. And we are able to conclude, almost certainly, that it is instrumentated clearly, simply, and naturally; and this without having heard it played by the orchestra.

At any rate, we are the gainers of another cheerful opera; and even the publishers deserve mention for presenting to the public, in so handsome a dress, the work of a talented young German composer. And when we take his youth into consideration—he is not yet twenty-four years old—we have reason to hope for fine things from him in future. It is time that our German composers should answer the reproach that has been so often addressed to them, of abandoning the field—not in the boldest way either

—to the French and Italians. But German poets are not altogether innocent in the matter!

"*THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.*"

ORATORIO BY FERDINAND HILLER.*

First performance in Leipsic (1840).

THE opinion, formed after only one hearing, of so complicated and large a work as this, must necessarily be incomplete. The performance took place yesterday evening, under the composer's personal direction, for the benefit of the poor of our city. Chorus and orchestra were richly stocked. We have always, in constant sympathy with Hiller's elevated aim, given a truthful account of his earlier endeavours. After having lost sight of the composer for several years, which he has spent in Italy, we again find him advancing with a work that contains so much originality, so much that is remarkable, that we look forward with pleasure to its speedy publication. It especially delights us with its powerful colouring, firmness, and seriousness of style, and its charming and fantastic picturesqueness. Italy, that so often sends our youths back to us with all their views changed, has only added more grace and softness to Hiller's music, without robbing him of his German strength; it cannot be sufficiently praised.

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* Compare with later article of the year 1841.

The text (by Dr. Steinheim) is tolerably simple; the plot treats of a well-known subject. Among the characters we find Zedekiah, king of Judah, Chamital, his mother, Jeremias, Achicam and his sister, and a few subordinates. The sketching of the characters is distinct, especially that of Chamital. We wish the poet had sketched more energetically, as the music must naturally illustrate the text. In a purely musical sense, the choruses are the most artistic and complete numbers in the work, and were all listened to with great approbation. Among these the most conspicuous are—"A deeply-bowed soul," both those of Zedekiah's servants, the closing chorus of the first part, that of the Israelites,—"Thou God of patience,"—and, "We wander in humiliation." This oratorio differs essentially from "St. Paul;" it leans more towards the future. On the publication of the work we shall return to it again. The performance, under the composer's safe and quiet direction, was a most admirable one.

"*THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.*"

ORATORIO AFTER THE HOLY BIBLE, BY DR. STEINHEIM.

Music by Ferdinand Hiller. Opus 24. (1841.)

OUR paper has already written of the production of this work in Leipsic, and of its success; we then expressed a wish for the speedy publication of the work; a wish that has been already fulfilled. The full score will shortly appear also.

Others have observed the striking fact that many of our younger composers have lately devoted themselves, with visible predilection, to church music. One great reason of this, no doubt, is the success which Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" obtained. Many, nearly all, will be disappointed in their hopes of equal or similar victories. But it was not the church that secured this success, not even the style of art which is appropriate to the church alone; it was obtained by the noble art of the unique artist who shaped a masterwork in his "St. Paul." A much deeper necessity exists for a new German opera. May zeal and courage speedily awaken in some powerful artist and excite him to emulate, in this branch, all that Mendelssohn has done for church music in "St. Paul." But whether this may happen or not, we must award our truest respect to all who strive towards an earnest goal. Though the artist who labours for the church is forced to move within the severest musical forms, and to deny himself the applause of the masses, his self-denial is repaid by a hundred other advantages. He who is able to build churches, finds the construction of houses an easy thing; and he who has accomplished an oratorio, will be able to play with other forms.

There are architects who know what they build; clever practical men who hold to the plan that has already proved itself serviceable; they forget nothing, but place the church door and the belfry in their proper positions. Such an architect is the old Dessau master.* There are others who know the same things; but before they begin, they pronounce a pious prayer, for their occupation is a sacred one to them. Turning somewhat aside from the old style of architecture, they muse on novelty; small side chapels, pictures of the Madonna, half concealed, carefully-chosen decorations are introduced,—such a master is the creator of "St. Paul." And his friend, Ferdinand Hiller, attempts to acquire such mastership. We observe with pleasure that a tacit agreement seems to have arisen among our younger artists to oppose careless old conventionalities with serious deeds; it is an alliance against a certain class of mechanical musicians who compose by the yard, to-day for the church, to-morrow for the ball-room. Among these, a few church composers have obtained fame and name; a fact that will appear incredible to posterity, when it is remembered that Beethoven, for example, wrote at the same time as these people, and also for the church; and a sickly sentimental expression had stolen into church music, that drove many worshippers away from the temple, and awakened no ideas of faith or piety. Other artists of a better tendency, like Bernhard Klein, treated their art too much in the manner of Trappists, to obtain any influence. Mendelssohn was the first among the North Germans, to turn towards the right path, to follow in the traces of Handel and Bach, the true heroes of belief in our art, who had been somewhat forgotten among us, for the sake of the melodious South Germans, Haydn and Mozart. Hiller is also well acquainted with these models, and needs no direction, either in details, or in the entire worthy character of his work; his aim at strong expression, agreement between word and tone, his endeavours to be true in his music, are all proofs of this. Before we pass to a brief analysis of the musical part of this work, we desire to make a few observations on the text.

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* Frederick Schneider, the famous composer, director of the music school at Dessau, &c., whose oratorio, "The Last Judgment," is so well known.—Tr.

It is well known that Löwe composed an oratorio of the same name; if I remember correctly, it sketched the later destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Hiller's is that of the Old Testament, through Babylon. The poet has designed and held to his material in a highly simple manner. The principal character is that of Jeremias the prophet, who foretells to Zedekiah, the king of Judah, the fall of his kingdom. Jeremias is imprisoned in consequence of this, and Judah afterwards conquered. Jeremias again appears; "The people of Jehovah are not yet lost;" and the concluding chorus is an invocation to the Lord of all peoples. This is the action, briefly described. Opposed to Jeremias as the frivolous principle, is Chamital, the king's mother. The king himself is a weak character, timidly clinging, alternately, to his mother and the prophet.

Beside Jeremias stand two tender subordinate figures, Achicam and Hanna. These five are the only personages of the oratorio.

The chorus is divided into three separate ones, the Israelites, the Babylonians, and the servants of Zedekiah. The first is intended to represent the Israelitish people in general, and sketches them as pious, suffering, weak, and anxiously disturbed by Jeremias' prophecy. Opposed to them are the singing and rejoicing servants of Zedekiah, who persist in their behaviour. The Babylonian chorus is simply that of the conqueror.

This short description will suffice to give an idea of the entire work, with its divisions and contrasts. The text is principally compiled from the Holy Scriptures.

And now let us follow the composer in his work. We know that a year before the completion of this oratorio, he produced an opera at the theatre La Scala in Milan. A leap from the stage into the Old Testament appears rather daring. However, it certainly proves that he possesses uncommon cleverness and freshness of mind. And an attempt to discover, in the oratorio, anything that savours, even distantly, of Italian music, will be labour taken in vain. It is a German work throughout, bearing witness to its composer's profound study of the best models, and displaying cultivation, industry, and conscientiousness. Though even the pianoforte arrangement is interesting, the full score, in which the composer proves himself an experienced and intelligent instrumentist, is much more so. We greet him, then, beforehand, as an able and worthy artist, fully equal to his task.

The separate divisions of the oratorio consist of choruses, duets, and arias, united by the customary recitatives; forty-seven numbers in all. The choral as being an idea that originated in Christendom, is, properly, not made use of. We do not blame the absence of an overture; the first number begins at once with a chorus; amid much fine music we enter at once upon events. After the first appearance of Jeremias, our attention is fettered by the beautiful, mournful chorus, "A deeply-bowed soul," which is effectively followed by the lively one of Zedekiah's servants. And the original colouring of the festival march deserves mention. The king enters, melancholy, fearing approaching events: highly suitable music for this. Jeremias' warnings only influence the chorus, "We tremble at the seer's threats;" Hanna's aria breathes consolation. The following chorus, "Israel remaineth faithful to God," carries this mood still further in the music; but, though excellent as a composition, it might have been much more effective by speedier succession. The near approach of the enemy, Nebuchadnezzar, is now announced. Then we have the first appearance of Chamital, who excites them to resistance, and whom the composer has sketched with especial predilection. A wild chorus threatens Jeremias with death. His friends complain in a gentle duet with text from the Bible, "Oh, were my heart a fount of tears;" an invocation to the Most High, in a majestic chorus, ends the first part.

The 1st number of the 2d part depicts the Israelites as dreading the approach of the enemy. Chamital, however, is not to be restrained from offering the usual sacrifice to Baal; this aria (No. 20) and the following chorus are two of the best numbers in the work. Jeremias, now imprisoned, complains of his destiny, and of that of his country, in a rather modern melody, portions of which remind us of a well-known motivo of Marschner's. The following chorus (No. 35), with very brilliant orchestral accompaniment, still hopes for deliverance. Zedekiah would throw himself into the arms of Jeremias, but it is too late—"The plough shall pass over Zion," answers Jeremias. "With his head he shall atone for his frenzy," Chamital sings, to which Jeremias answers, "Now, all is over." From these last words I expected more in the music, which, from this part to the end of the work betrays a certain haste, as though the composer were afraid of becoming wearisome. This is also visible in the succeeding recitatives. The chorus, "O God of patience," is fine, but reminds too much of one in St. Paul (in E-flat major). The danger becomes even greater, and the Israelites are beaten. A general retreat, in a wild chorus. The Babylonians enter. The composer has rendered them very unamiable, and their march reminds us of the Catholic disorder in the "Huguenots." Even Jeremias' song of complaint does not touch me, and awakens little sympathy. The Babylonian chorus "Hey, we have exterminated them," is again fresh and exciting: but I could wish the unpleasant "hey" exchanged for some other mocking exclamation. Another excellent piece of music brings in the chorus of the retreating Israelites again. This is followed by, perhaps, the most significant words in the whole work, from the mouth of Jeremias: "Unto the last, the house of God shall stand above all mountains, lofty above all hills!" But the composer has treated them too lightly; he should only have attempted to set them to music in his happiest, strongest moment. However, the work is worthily closed by a chorus.

One might talk for hours about so comprehensive and musically difficult a work. But what most pleases, and is most useful to the musician, of the purely musical description, down to small details of form, is ill done on paper, and only interests those who already know the work pretty well. Therefore we hope that these few and not exhaustive lines may induce others to refer to the oratorio itself, which, the largest work until now of its young composer, is certain to win its own independent position, beside similar works of recent production.

EDWARD SOBOLEWSKY.[*]

The Saviour—Oratorio—Words from the Holy Scriptures.

ANY one acquainted with the number of church compositions now written, who could yet deny the encouraging attempts now made in the field of sacred music, we should term blind or unjust. He ought rather to ask where all this is going, in our small Germany, and who will make use of it? However, this newly-awakened preference for church music is significant and encouraging. We have already spoken our views respecting it in the notice of Hiller's oratorio, "The destruction of Jerusalem." The work mentioned above also proves the worthy aim of its author, hitherto better known as a writer on, than as a composer of, music. He comes from Königsberg, a city that has been often mentioned lately with reference to religion. Nor is this circumstance to be overlooked. The air we breathe penetrates even to the inward man; and though we do not ascribe a mystic character to this oratorio throughout, it certainly betrays a marked inclination towards gloom and subtlety. It may be that much of this would be softened by the charm of that fine instrumentation of which we are unable to judge; but the pianoforte arrangement certainly produces such an impression, which is, perhaps, increased by the darkness of the publication itself. The oratorio text is rather loosely put together, and seems to have been gradually compiled at different times. The whole is divided into four parts; Annunciation; The holy night; St. John the Baptist; and the execution of St. John. But it lacks a central point, a principal figure, to awaken interest, and round which the action might move. In short, the book is somewhat confusing. This fault, of course, must have embarrassed the composer; for where the action does not interest a composer, he is unable to elevate himself, and this lack of inward and outward climax must be injurious to the effect and success of a work. Do we err in supposing the two first parts of the oratorio to have been written after the two last? The dedication also suggests this idea, for the two first parts are dedicated to the now reigning King of Prussia, and the two last to the same prince, as Crown Prince; a dedication that will puzzle our descendants. But, however this may be, the first part of the work, as it lies before us now, seems to exceed the others in artistic value, and especially in the clearer rounding and unity of the separate pieces of music. Although the entire work does not fetter and increase our interest to the end, yet most of the single numbers may be termed remarkable in themselves. One thing is entirely missing, we must announce beforehand; natural melody. Yet in the most artificially interlaced forms of Sebastian Bach, a mysterious melody floats, and melody is to be found in everything of Beethoven's! This our intelligent composer also knows, surely; but an immense abyss lies between knowing and creating, and it is only after many hard battles that a mediatory bridge can be built between these. It seems to me that the composer must chiefly reflect on this; a more decided and natural enunciation of melody, which insists on its rights, even in church, and is as much a necessity as grace of design in ecclesiastical painting. On the other hand, he gives us some interesting harmonies, though accompanied by many artificialities. It is, however, acknowledged, that more artificial forms are allowable in church styles. We find a number of these. Double figures, double canons, &c., give, in many passages, undeniable proof of the composer's industry and study; his themes are often distinguished by originality and peculiarity. No doubt the good qualities of the work will appear in a stronger light when it is performed in its original form, that is, with orchestral accompaniment. A pianoforte arrangement, even when as carefully prepared as the one that lies before us, is but a poor substitute, and never can or will do perfect justice to any composer. As well as circumstances will allow, however, we shall attempt to give an idea of the single numbers of the first, and, as it seems to us, the best part of the oratorio.

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[*] Edward Sobolewsky, the descendant of a noble Polish family, was born at Königsberg in 1808. A pupil of Carl Maria von Weber, he became a violin virtuoso at the age of thirteen, first violinist of the Königsberg theatre at seventeen, and Kapellmeister at twenty-two. He then distinguished himself as composer of operas, oratorios, melodramas, &c., and also as an author. His removal to America in 1859 was a mistake, and he for some years passed through many vicissitudes, until he was elected director of the Philharmonic Society of St. Louis. He died at his farm near that city, in 1872.—(Tr.)

The overture has rather the character of an introduction, and is not a roundly finished form. The fugued allegro reminds of Handel's manner, and here the composer already begins to give examples of artistic working out, such as inversions of the themes, and so on. The first vocal number is an invocation to the Virgin; its form is that of a double canon in chorus, its mood is fitting and measured. No. 3 presents no striking traits. No. 4, a soprano aria, is marked by unusual feeling in the melody. In No. 5, on page 8, last staff, there is a suddenly altered movement, which direction and chorus will find difficult to understand. The succeeding fugue belongs to an uncommon style; it is *per motu contrario*, and its theme a good one.

The second division of the first part begins with a double chorus of shepherds and shepherd boys, the first half of which must produce a fine effect. The words "Oh, see, Lord, comfort us;" and the suddenly altered character of the chorus, we confess that we cannot understand. The following alto aria only half clears matters up, and is itself too brief. But the next chorus of angels and shepherds would perhaps be very effective in church. That of the shepherds always repeats the other pianissimo, like an echo. The melody of the choral is fine. It is followed by a short fugued piece with a very peculiar theme. After this we find the first recitative. Simon sings in a short aria, "Lord, mine eyes have beheld the Saviour;" the character of this pleases us, but, as a composition, it is wanting in form and finish. Then comes a double canon, followed by the closing chorus with a double fugue, which movement we also consider too short; the chorus has scarcely time to get warm in singing it, and its close does not stream forth with sufficient power for the conclusion of an entire part.

From this brief description, some idea may be formed of the other half of the oratorio. Everywhere we find a strong-willed composer, able to give us worthy and even original things. Masterly power often deserts him; but if he then appears less courageous, he never sinks to the level of a frivolous mechanic. We have already complained of the planlessness of the text, which has undoubtedly been detrimental to him. However, this oratorio proves that its composer has advanced a considerable step onward in his progress; and we hope that the consciousness of this may strengthen him for the production of greater works, though we even now place his name among the most nobly-striving artists of our country at the present day.

NEW SYMPHONIES FOR ORCHESTRA.

C. Preyer—C. G. Reissiger—F. Lachner.

When the German talks of symphonies, he means Beethoven; the two names are for him one and indivisible; his joy, his pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its revolution, England its navigation, so Germany has its Beethoven symphonies; the German forgets, in his Beethoven, that he has no school of painting; with Beethoven he imagines that he has again won the battles that he lost under Napoleon; he even dares to place him on a level with Shakespeare. As the compositions of this master are thoroughly congenial to us, as some of his symphonic works have become absolutely popular, one would suppose that they had left deep traces behind them, the consequence of which would be manifested in works of the same nature, produced during the next art-period succeeding that of Beethoven. But it is not so. We find imitations—and, oddly enough, principally of his earlier symphonies, as if his later ones needed a certain time before they could be understood and copied;—we find only too many too close imitations, but very, very seldom, with few exceptions, any true maintenance or mastery of this sublime form, in which continually-changing ideas succeed each other, connected by an inward, intellectual union. The greater number of recent symphonies descend to the overture style, especially in their first movements; the adagio is only there because it dares not absent itself; the scherzos have nothing of the scherzo about them save the name; the last movements completely forget what the former ones were about. Berlioz appeared to us as a phenomenon. Little more than nothing is known about him in Germany; what is known of him by hearsay seems to have so alarmed the Germans, that a considerable time must pass before he will be thoroughly understood. Assuredly he has not laboured in vain; for such an apparition always has its followers. The future, however, can alone decide this. Mention of Franz Schubert cannot be omitted; but what he has accomplished in symphonic form still remains unpublished (1839). The Viennese contest for the prize gave us a significant proof of the existing grade of symphonic talent. Let what may be said against them, such contests are always useful, and can never do any harm; and the laws of intellectual creativeness are little understood by those who declare that productiveness is not increased by impulsion, or even by prosaic incitement. Had one of those priceless, enormous, dazzling diamonds, such as are only to be found in historic imperial regalia and royal treasures, been offered as the reward of a prize symphony, during the period when Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were living, I will lay a wager that the masters would have set to work and concentrated all their powers, for the sake of winning the brilliant reward. But who, indeed, could have judged between them? Enough, however, of such suppositions. The result of the Viennese contest is well known, and though it is said that the victor as good as had the prize in his pocket before he began his symphony (though every competitor, no doubt, fancied the same thing), we must now confess, that as things stand at present, that is to say, since we have heard several of the other works that were sent in, we consider Lachner to have well deserved the prize;* two of the works we are about to review to-day, and which also had a place in the Viennese election, bear new witness to the truth of this assertion. The appearance, in the score, of one of these symphonies, that by C. Preyer, creates a favourable impression beforehand. The composer, who resides in Vienna, has made himself known there by a few songs which have become popular; Vienna resembles other large cities in this,—that he who makes a hit in some small genre, is at once cried up as a composer of distinction; and he whose works sell best, must be the first. And so it has happened that some publishing house has summoned courage enough to publish the score of his symphony, although orchestral scores are such costly and dangerous goods, that publishers will scarcely accept them as a present. However, here lies the clearly and correctly engraved score before us.

A few pages are sufficient for us to recognise in it the progressive young composer, who, at first, feeling uneasy within the grand, unaccustomed form, gains strength and courage as he proceeds. His endeavours doubly merit recognition, on account of their taking place in a city that bestows little encouragement on what is solid, serious, or profound; where much depends on the first impression, where an entire opinion is often expressed in the words, "it pleased," or, "it did not please;" as, for instance, after the first performance of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and "Fidelio," people said, "it did not please," and the whole subject was disposed of. But this symphony, played more than once in Vienna, pleased, and even impressed, by the touches of learned working-out which it often gives proof of. The composer will only understand us if he knows our publication in other numbers than this, if he knows its origin, what masters it esteems most highly, what demands it makes on a symphony, and, finally, how chary of praise it is, because, in its pages, we musicians are among ourselves. But this display of learning betrays the first attempt, and honest beginners generally give us too much of their good things. As if they then felt obliged to give an account of all past contrapuntal receipts, we are then usually threatened with the commencements of fugues (principally rattled off by the double basses), we are given three, four, and more themes, superposed upon each other, and, after all, we cannot avoid remarking how glad the composer is to be able to return, not too awkwardly, into the principal key. The writer of these lines understands all this but too well; he knows it from his own experience. I do not reproach this composer with his industry; but any one who can, with a good ear, discover any art on pp. 18–22, must look on Bach's labyrinthine complications as mere twisted skeins of thread. And what effect does it produce after all? To be sure, Mozart and Beethoven worked out their themes; but with what material, for what reasons, in what places? Everything done easily, as if in jest. They, too, had to make their attempts; but for the eye and the paper only they never wrote. Would some young composer but give us an easy, merry symphony, in a major key, without trombones and doubled horn parts! Of course that is very difficult; only he who knows how to command masses can sport with them. But let not any one declare in future that we do not esteem contrapuntal work because we have written the above; we want the most profound, we only require it to be of such worth in itself, that we may draw out every one of its threads. Gluck's observation, "that nothing ought to be written that is not effective," is, taken in its right sense, a golden rule, a master's secret. And if we follow the composer now in question into the heart of his thoughts, we discover in his symphony, besides pleasure in labour, an open, well-meaning, and well-bred character; he gives himself out for what he is, does not even silence the commonplaces that occur to him, but merely seeks to give them some outward clothing; he also endeavours to please his countrymen, without precisely going over into the Italian manner. It seems as if, in the first movement, he could not quite feel at home; he twists and turns, and cannot get out of the key; but then this movement, up to the combat between the three themes, and in spite of its composer, who wished to give us something very serious, assumes a clear, bright tone, quite in keeping with the pre-eminently melodic vein of this composer's talent. The adagio is a continuation of it, and of a peaceful character; it is also of a happy brevity, a striking feature of each movement of this symphony, and one seldom found in the works of most young composers. The scherzo seems to me the most successful movement of the symphony, and not out of keeping with its reminiscences of Beethoven's "Eroica;" the trio at the close of the first part, with its gentle deviation into C, is especially graceful. The last movement is the most cleverly managed, with ideas that quickly succeed and resolve themselves into each other. One recognises the Viennese in its theme, and the interweaving of this with the second theme no doubt sounds prettily enough: but we wish that it contained fewer strictly repeated and imitated sequences. The symphony does not contain any new instrumental effects, but the combination of the masses is cleverly arranged, and the obligato character most observable in the instruments. The harmonies are satisfactorily clear and powerful. We must cheerfully call on this composer to progress. "Heaven will not descend to us, we are therefore obliged to climb to it."

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* See page 116 of the 1st. vol. of Schumann's "Music and Musicians."

Little can be said of Reissiger that every one has not already said of this composer in regard to his first symphony, the same he sent to the Viennese prize contest, and has now arranged for the pianoforte (4 hands, opus 120); like all his other works, it is clear and pleasant throughout, and of so neat and small a form, that it might more properly be termed a sonata for orchestra. In the first movement we have, after the short, customary introduction—pathetic—one of those violin themes in swift figuration, peculiar to Spohr, then a tender, light cantilena and a short fugato in the middle, which, with little alteration, closes the transposition of the first third. In the adagio we again recognise the amiable song composer, who well understands the effect of the wind instruments; this movement is wholly his own, and we consider it as the best in the symphony. The scherzo almost equals the preceding movement in invention and working out, and is followed by a cheerful finale in two-four time. If we add to this as correct and euphonious an instrumentation as might be expected from an experienced chapelmaster, and remember that the symphony is written in the good orchestral key of E-flat major, we shall have a tolerably clear idea of it. For my own part, I am much disturbed by its too strong and frequent reminiscences and their accessory ideas; there are so many of them, that if they were put aside, the symphony would lose one half its contents. Thus, on the first page (measure 12) we have Beethoven at once; in the allegro, Spohr up to measure 9; Mendelssohn immediately after; through the latter, Reissiger is led to a well-known fugue by Bach, the theme of which forms one of the strongest pillars of the symphony; in the adagio direct imitations are wanting; in the scherzo we meet Beethoven and Spohr again, and in such a striking manner, that even a superficial symphony connoisseur cannot avoid perceiving it—the former in the second part, the latter in the trio, that imitates one of Spohr's best-known and most efficient instrumental effects. So, in the finale, at the entrance of the second, we think of Mozart, and, later, of the old Dessauer march; but here the composer conquers outside influences, and we take leave of him as a cultivated, experienced man, who has pleasantly entertained us for a while; and though we have slyly observed that all the entertainment did not consist of his own intellectual property, his agreeable personality has outweighed this fact, and led us to wish for more frequent meetings with one whom we so willingly remember. The symphony is easily played, and quite effective at the pianoforte.

Besides a little symphony by Edward Raymond (first symphony, arranged for the pianoforte for four hands, opus 17), so unpretending, yet also so uninventive, that there can be no further question of it, a new one by Lachner lies before us (sixth symphony, in D, opus 56); a remarkable work, twice as much so as his prize symphony, in our opinion. But our pages have already had so much to say regarding this composer, that we shall be brief on the subject now. That which inspires us with real regard for Lachner, is his evident determination to excel his earlier productions to the utmost degree possible, as well as the manly earnestness which he brings to bear on the task of perfecting a grand symphonic picture, and the pleasure and love he evidently feels in his task. As Lachner is indisputably the most talented and learned of all South German composers, his unwearied zeal for progress deserves greater recognition, especially in our paper, which has always judged him severely, as a gifted one should be judged, and with the best intentions, especially with the view of counterbalancing the excessive praise of South German papers—according to which great masters grow on the trees—which might easily render the object of it afraid of labour and full of vanity. What is the use of always telling us that we are great men. What avails it when good friends place us on stilts upon which we are unable to support ourselves unassisted? How many have regretted that they have received homage before it was due! Only to those who know how to make use of blame, can praise be salutary; that is to say, to him who, spite of all, does not neglect his studies; who, without wrapping himself up egotistically in himself, keeps his admiration fresh for the different, and to him foreign, kinds of mastership which he finds in other men. Such an artist long preserves his own youth and strength, and such a one, we believe, exists in Lachner, who, having attained a distinction that has obliged him to hear many bitter things said about it, has revenged himself in the finest manner —by a better work, such as is this sixth symphony, in comparison with the prize work. We find in this one such masterly symmetry, clearness, ease, and euphony, all is so ripe and finished, that, for its sake, we are willing to accord to its composer a place not far removed from his darling model, Franz Schubert, whom he almost equals in talent for instrumentation, though he yet stands far behind him in variety of invention. When this symphony was performed in Leipsic, it was not successful; but the composer need not trouble himself about that, as Beethoven, and lately Mendelssohn, have somewhat spoiled us; but it is not dishonourable to be able merely to sustain one's self, and to be favourably mentioned after them. Then the public, like the individual, has its moody days, its blue devils, moments when nothing goes right with it, when nothing will pierce its skin save Beethovenian flashes of lightning. Then the old reproach of excessive length applies to this symphony. Lachner does not always know how to break off at the right moment, after the manner of clever men, who will send us home with a jest, and after the not infrequent manner of Beethoven himself; so that the public asks itself—"What does the man mean? but certainly he is right."

Let his good genius often whisper such conclusions to Lachner. The public must sometimes be commanded, for it makes up its mind at once against a thing that tries to make itself too pleasant to it; but if a composer throws a stone here and there in its way, or even at its head, down goes that head, and nothing resounds but praise of the thrower. This is sometimes Beethoven's effect; but not every one dare venture to essay it. I think Lachner would find it useful to read Byron, Swift, and Jean Paul, more often; from them he would learn how to be brief, he must become less conscientious, repeat his fine ideas less frequently, abstain from pressing the last drop out of them, and mingle new, different, finer ones with them. He should, in short, do as Beethoven has done! And so we have again returned to that divine one; and can say no more to-day except that we trust Lachner may progress further towards the ideal modern symphony, which, since Beethoven has left us, must necessarily take another direction. Long live the German symphony! Fresh prosperity, new bloom to it!

C. G. MÜLLER'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

Played at the 13th Leipsic Gewandhaus Concert.

WERE I a publisher, the written score would lie open before me to-day, and in a few weeks it would be printed. Apart from this, I can say something about it, if I cannot judge, for so German a work must not be looked at from all sides at once; that which in the Cathedral of Strasbourg appears like ornamentation and filling out, only displays its inward relation to the whole, when closely regarded. Giving free play to one's imagination on the first hearing of a work, has its good side, however. Seen by moonlight, architectural masses have a more magical effect than in the sunlight that penetrates every arabesque.

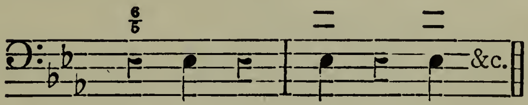
It is well known that most young composers try to do their business too well; that is to say, they put too much material together; and this, in inexperienced hands, becomes, during the after treatment, too often a heaped-up and awkward conglomeration. Something like this may have been observed in Müller's earlier symphonies; in this one everything seems to take form more happily and easily; and as in this he approaches mastery in his design, it is to be expected that in the next he may do so as regards colouring. Mind, intellect, with its royal court of followers, is naturally the principal requisition; and here it so proudly displays itself (especially in the last movement), so boldly, indeed, that it gives us double pleasure coming from one who, formerly so timid, could only sustain himself well where he felt the ground quite firm beneath his feet. Those touches that remind us of Beethoven's manner, rather awaken observations that are, in a certain sense, favourable to the young composer, since his original ideas are quite happily distinguished from those which he seems to have drawn from his models; among those I remark the very tender looking back, before the close of the whole symphony, which, as if enlivened by a pleasant sense of original thought, flows along in perfect freedom. On reading the score, many single and interesting points would doubtless appear, which escape the memory in a retrospect after a mere hearing.

I cannot sufficiently recal the first thema in the first allegro movement; I only know that I was doubtful whether to take it in jest or earnest—it may be both: but the second thema speaks out much more decidedly and truthfully, with its charming and penetrating rhythm.

In the slow middle movement, the stringendo, developing a rapid, promising life, was especially striking. The feeling, just before a close, that something more is yet to come, is a dramatic advance on the symphonies of the old school; in these the four parts, inwardly as outwardly self-concentrated, separate and complete, stand and rest entirely apart from each other.

The Leipsic people like to applaud after adagios, and they did so with good reason here.

The rhythm of the scherzo does not come out distinctly on a first hearing; a single glance at the notes might make all clear. This alternative is a favourite one with the symphony-loving public; this strong accentuation of the weak part of the measure reminds one of the strokes in the "Eroica" symphony—



but in the effect it is so different, that the outward resemblance is but accidental. If I am not mistaken, this movement, like nearly all the others, breaks off somewhat too suddenly. I have before observed that the composer should avoid overloading the hearer's attention with new feelings towards the close, where the previous ideas should stream themselves out, as it were. Such sharp endings are sometimes styled original, but nothing is easier than to write an original close, even if one does not drive it so far as did Chopin, who lately made a close with a chord of the sixth and fourth. I make this observation as a general one, and not as bearing on our symphony.

The last movement is the most passionate, woven through with whizzing violin figures; some not always beautiful, but thought and worked out interestingly all through. I have already mentioned the final close of the work.

According to my best convictions, I would signalise the work as superior to many of the kind—the manifestation of new German talent. The composer must be respected for having kept himself clear and pure in his endeavours, from the whispers of the masses; and, without making any pretensions to infallibility of judgment, I hope my comments may prove to him with what hope and pleasure many will expect his future productions.

I commenced by saying that, were I a publisher, this score should be printed in a few weeks. And if I understood something of the business, I would request the modest composer to make a few alterations. It is a happy feeling to complete anything, but much depends on a beginning, especially when the hand of genius rests upon it. In the very introduction I could have wished for alterations. What is the use, even, of the pathetic, ceremonious thing? How delightful it is when Mozart—in his G minor symphony—and Beethoven, in most of his later ones, pour out to us, from the first, full draughts of rich, foaming life. Even in some Hadyn symphonies, I consider the sudden passage from the adagio to the allegro a greater æsthetic error than a hundred passing chromatic fifths. Then I would shade some of the four-part passages for wind instruments more carefully; at present they sound too much as if they said, "Now listen to us blowing in four parts,"—supposing a heedlessness not to be expected from a public that always keeps a good look out for the rests of the violin players. Finally, in the ascent from the forte to the fortissimo and the *FFF*, I would leave out a few of the instruments, in order to bring them all in at once in the *FFF*, as in the last movement of the A major symphony, where, while we are just thinking that the assembled company cannot bluster more loudly (I am afraid the Beethovenians would stone me if I should confess the meaning or text I attach to the last movement of the A major symphony), lo, and listen! in step new voices and forces, carrying the hubbub to the highest, the most intense, musical heights. And then, were I a publisher, the score should step forth into the world.

Written the morning after the performance by Florestan.

C. G. Müller, third symphony, in C minor, opus 12—A. Hesse, third symphony, in B minor, arranged for the pianoforte, for four hands, opus 55—F. Lachner, third symphony, in D minor, arranged for pianoforte, four hands, by V. Lachner, opus 41.

OUR paper has already published an elaborate review of Müller's symphony, to which we direct attention, as we still regard it as a correct one; this symphony yet seems to us his freest and most original work, which promised to give us, we thought, a fortunate posterity, a hope that has hitherto remained unfulfilled, as this able composer has not again returned to symphony writing. He is wrong; this seems to us especially his own ground, from which he should not allow himself to be banished. All things need time—especially in this case, where a name that may be easily confounded with that of other Müllers, is in itself an obstacle to a wider circulation of the work. So with courage and new strength to another symphony!

Hesse's third symphony resembles his other compositions to a hair; it is scarcely possible to think more clearly and logically than he does. One thing quietly resolves itself into another, in the well-known way, up to the principal cadence in the middle, when it begins again with the ordinary changes of modulations. It is not possible to make even the most distant comparison with a Beethoven symphony in this case; the composer lives so entirely on and by Spohr, that we cannot point to a single echo of Beethoven, while there are usually abundant reminiscences of him to be found in nearly all new symphonies. Though this pupil of Spohr possesses many outward artistic advantages, and has been almost educated at the organ, of which he is complete master, he must free himself from one-sided admiration of his teacher, since, from his dependence, his originality is degenerating into a mannerism that bodes no good to symphonies. What real help is to be found in outward excitements, when a strong inward self-elevation, an energetic grasp of art, is required? This artist, with his thoroughly German nature, is worth too much to us for us to avoid pointing this out to him. He is still young; let him next give us rather a Hesse overture than three Spohr-Hesse symphonies; he must cut loose from monotonous sentimentality, if he wishes to make his own name in the world.

The opinion of our paper in regard to Lachner's prize symphony has called forth a violent attack from the usually benevolent "Viennese Musical Advertiser," which journal has hitherto treated the writer of the Lachner article with a distinction of which he scarcely considers himself deserving. But that the attack was anonymous, it would have been answered; it is against our principles to reply to anonymous writers. We shall, however, briefly deny that we spoke disparagingly of the Viennese art judges in our report of the performance at Leipsic. Let any one point to a phrase containing a syllable more than impartiality ought to say, a sentence in which anything is unduly praised. Where is the use of calling attention to its reception in Vienna, which, according to other accounts, was anything but brilliant; or to that in Munich, where the composer lives and conducted it, or of trying to prop it up with the opinion of Mr. G. W. Fink, who is always non-committal? The symphony remains what thousands, with ourselves, found it, and the future will show further. We are the more glad to praise this third symphony, which, if not the best, as Jean Paul says of the world, is at any rate a very good one. Lachner's peculiar combination of qualities shows itself here again, with all its good points and weaknesses; decided gifts, great breadth, Italian cantilena, German detail, brilliant instrumentation, correct style, commonplace rhythm, continual modulation from fifth to fifth, and so on; but all is united so happily, and written down in a so much more than ordinarily favourable mood, that the listener is sustained in tranquil expectation, while, for life and swing, the work strikes us as being the best thing we know of Lachner's. Only the last movement grows weak, like a great many others, in spite of all outward support. This is probably the reason why, in a former performance at Leipsic, this symphony failed to obtain the applause which its first movements deserved on many accounts. The adagio and the first part of the scherzo do not merely equal the first movement in freshness, but exceed it in several masterly traits. May he always succeed as well, and always destroy what he, as an artist, ought to feel is not worthy of him. Far from us be the intention of undervaluing his talent; where we recognise real merit, we are scarcely able to find words sufficiently commendatory of it. For the rest we do not trouble ourselves; we mean it uprightly with art, and have always ranged ourselves on the side of the best.

Our last review of new symphonies extended to January 1841. Our review of to-day is devoted to the few that have been published since that time. Their composers are, R. Schumann, F. Müller (in Rudolstadt), W. Attern, Spohr, and Mendelssohn.

Regarding Schumann's symphony, we shall merely mention, historically, that it has appeared both in orchestral parts and in a pianoforte arrangement, and that it is in B-flat major. As to that by the second composer named, we can only say, from memory, since the score does not lie before us, that it is the work of a practical musician, industriously and clearly worked out, and containing many reminiscences of the older masters, as well as of Spohr. It was spoken of in this manner after its first performance in Leipsic.

Besides the parts of Attern's symphony (opus 16), engraved by Mompour, Bonn, the manuscript score also lies before us. It is the composer's second; the judgment we formerly expressed regarding his first might be repeated, almost word for word, in the case of this. If we except the union of the introduction—in B minor—with the allegro, which, like the other principal movements, is in D major, the work has as little that is striking about it as a brook that flows through quiet meadows; we are pleased while we gaze on it; but faint impressions are easily effaced by more profound ones. This remark will give an idea of the idyllic, limited, contented nature of the work. We have then only to praise the musician, who has cleverly made use of his material, and who knows how to instrumentate with neatness and clearness. The three assistant trombones, however, seem to us unnecessary, considering the general character of the symphony; where flutes and oboes suffice to express an idea, the above-mentioned instruments can only injure it. This cheerful symphony will fully satisfy the modest pretensions of small cities, where only small orchestras can be assembled. Those who are aware of the limits of their own strength may be congratulated; for they accomplish, within small circles, what the more highly gifted perform in large ones. This composer belongs to the former class; may he not stand still, but continue steadily to progress; he will then secure the respect of every one.

We have before us two new symphonies by Spohr, written within the short period of three years. The first of these—sixth of the seven he has written—his historical symphony (opus 116,) was extensively reviewed in our paper at the time of its first performance in Leipsic. We can scarcely add anything respecting it to what we then said, even after studying the published symphony. Of course we are certain to discover more fine features in a work by Spohr the more we become acquainted with it, and therefore, we must somewhat modify the judgment we then expressed regarding the last movement of the symphony, to which we then attributed an ironical meaning, while we now consider this mirror of the present as much less cutting. And have not many things altered already during the past three years? Would not Spohr have written differently now? Yes; we hope that the evening of the worthy master's life will be warmed by the first rays of a better epoch than that which he has characterised in the closing movement of his symphony. Spohr has more finely expressed himself in his latest symphony, to which we devote a few words,—a few, for who can say anything in his praise that has not been already said? The work is in many ways remarkable, and in the originality of its invention, form, and expression, can only be compared to Spohr's earlier symphony, " The consecration of tones." As in that, he has here selected a subject, to which he gives the rather ordinary title " The earthly and the Divine in human life," worked out in three movements, to each of which he affixes a separate motto. In other words, the first movement depicts childhood, the second the dangers of youth and manhood, the third represents the victory of good over evil. We confess to a prejudice against this manner of creation, which we share, perhaps, with a hundred learned heads, whose notions about composition are no doubt wonderful, and who are always calling on the name of Mozart, who thought about nothing at all when he wrote his music. However, some who are not learned also entertain this prejudice, and when a composer presents us with a programme before we have heard the music, I say, " First let me hear whether you have written beautiful music, and then I shall be very happy to read your programme." There is a difference when Goethe, or another, poetises on pre-arranged end-rhymes. So no one will be able to philosophise away the beauties of Spohr's music; for it is one thing when *he* chooses, exceptionally, to set himself a task, and another when this is done by a beginner in art. This question has been discussed already, *àpropos* of " The consecration of tones," and the battle is again being waged about, " You ought not to think of anything when you compose," and the contrary. Philosophers imagine the question to be worse than it is; they are certainly mistaken in supposing that a composer who works according to an idea, sets himself down like a preacher on Saturday afternoon, portions out his task in the customary three parts, and works it up accordingly. The creative imagination of a musician is something very different, and though a picture, an idea, may float before him, he is only then happy in his labour when this idea comes to him clothed in lovely melodies, and borne by the same invisible hands that bore the "golden bucket," spoken of somewhere by Goethe. So keep to your prejudice if you will, but do not allow the master to suffer on account of the failures of students.

We may say, in a few words, that there is a magic about Spohr's new symphony, such as we have not found in any of his others. We do not discover any great and novel ideas in it, differing from those we are accustomed to in Spohr; but it would be difficult to find such pure transfiguration of tone elsewhere. To enhance the charm of his colouring, the composer has made use of two orchestras, and this is one of those ideas that do not enter every one's head; or, if a composer does think of it, he drops it afterwards, for very good reasons. For if a master is needed to accomplish the orchestration of a symphony, how much more accomplished must he be when he successfully makes use of a double orchestra? The undertaking will not meet with many imitators, and, in a certain sense, this is not desirable. It would be interesting to know what Beethoven would have made out of such an idea. Might we not have obtained the greatest results from him? We rather think he would never have felt the need of making use of such a means. This seems more suited to the character of a master in the fine and delicate, than to that of the powerful Beethoven. As we have already mentioned in our paper, it was Spohr who wrote the first double-quartette.

So we have two orchestras in the symphony, one of them somewhat obligato, and simply made up, without brass or instruments of percussion, the other of the usual strong components, with oboes and fagottoes, that always play unisono. This uncommon kind of instrumentation will be an obstacle to the general performance of the work; but on the whole it is not so difficult as "The consecration of tones."

The symphony also differs in many points from the usual cut, both in form and the succession of movements; the first, a picture of happy childhood, is an allegretto after a slow introduction. We award the prize to this; for in it, on green fields stretched far around us, under a cloudless heaven, numberless children are sporting; among them we perceive the master, with his smiling, yet melancholy eye, reflecting on his own childhood.

We have already spoken of the character of the second movement, as sketched in its motto. It is a good description of the meaning intended; the dulled, doubting commencement is followed by a passionate allegro; through this also the noble master seems to look pityingly on the errors of his darling — that is, supposing the symphony has a hero.

Only one passage in this symphony displeases me, which does not seem to have produced the effect the composer intended. It is the solo of the violin of the first orchestra, which sounds thin, and disappears amid the masses of the others. This could easily have been strengthened, but the composer seems to insist on having his idea played by one alone, and we think we understand him. And therefore directors, when studying the work, should see that the second orchestra restrains its strength as much as possible.

In the third movement we find the poet in his accustomed sphere; evil disappears, and the powers of good are victorious. The invention of the theme reminds us of other things by Spohr, especially of the last movement of the trio in E minor—probably written at about the same time—and the close also reminds us of the "Consecration of tones," without, however, failing to produce a fine impression.

Thus the master closes. Let us follow him, whether in art or in life, in all his endeavours. The industry to which every line in the score testifies, is almost touching. May he, among our other great German masters, ever be to us a shining example!

As for Mendelssohn Bartholdy's new symphony (opus 56), all those who had until now sympathetically followed the career of this brilliant star in the heaven of art, were most anxious to hear it. It was regarded as almost his first attempt in the domain of the symphony; for his first symphony, in C minor, belongs to the period of early youth, his second, written for the London Philharmonic Society, is not published, and his symphony cantata, "The hymn of praise," cannot be looked upon as a purely instrumental work. Thus, in the rich garland of his creations, only the opera and symphony were wanting; in all other forms he had already shown himself to be productive.

We learn from a third party that the beginning of the new symphony was written at an earlier period, during Mendelssohn's residence in Rome; the work has been recently completed. It is well to know this, in order to judge its quite peculiar character. As when we draw a yellowed leaf from an antique book that reminds us of a buried past, so that this seems to float before us in distinct outlines, and we forget the present; thus, when the master found among his papers the melodies he had formerly written when in fair Italy, lovely reminiscences must have played round his fancy, until, intentionally or unintentionally, this tender tone-picture arose; a picture that for a while—like the pictures of Italian travel in Jean Paul's "Titan"—causes us to forget the sorrow we feel at never having beheld that beautiful land. It has been often said that an original folk-tone breathes from this symphony—only a wholly unimaginative man could fail to observe it. This peculiarly charming colour is the quality that will assure to Mendelssohn's, as it has assured to Franz Schubert's symphony, a place apart in symphonic literature. We do not find in it the ordinary instrumental pathos and massive breadth, nothing here resembles progress beyond Beethoven; it rather approaches, especially in character, the Schubert symphony, with this distinction, that while his gives us an idea of a wild, gipsy-like existence, Mendelssohn's places us under the heaven of Italy. Of course we only mean by this that the recent symphony possesses a graceful and more sedate character, one less original and foreign; it is understood that Schubert's has other good qualities, among which we must number his richer power of invention.

In its plan Mendelssohn's symphony is distinguished by the inward connection of all its four movements; even the melodic treatment of the principal themes in the four different ones is similar; this may be perceived on merely a cursory examination. More than any other symphony it forms a closely interwoven whole; character, key, and rhythm vary little from each other in the different movements. The composer even wishes, as he explains in a prefatory remark, that the four movements should be played with but a slight pause between them.

In regard to the purely musical side of the composition, no one will think of doubting its perfect finish. It stands beside his overtures in tenderness and beauty of construction as a whole, and in the detail of the numbers that unite it; nor is it less rich than these in charming instrumental effects. And every page of the score proves how well Mendelssohn understands how to return to his former ideas, how finely he ornaments a return to the theme, how rich and interesting he can render his details, without overloading them or making a display of pedantic learning.

The effect of the symphony on the public will partly depend on the greater or less virtuosity of the orchestra. This is, of course, always the case, but here doubly so, where the power of masses is less in question than the polished use to which each separate instrument is put. Above all, the work demands fine wind-instrument players. The effect of the scherzo is irresistible; a more intelligent one has scarcely been written in modern times. The instruments speak in this like human beings.

As the pianoforte arrangement is by the composer himself, it is the truest reflection of the work that could be imagined. In spite of this, we cannot more than half divine the charm of the orchestral effects in the symphony.

The close of the whole symphony will excite various opinions. Many will expect it to be in the style of the last movement, while actually, rounding the circle of the work, it reminds us of the beginning of the first. We consider it very poetic; it is like an evening that promises a fine morning.

OVERTURES.

First Overture, by J. W. Kalliwoda.—Opus 38.
Second Overture, by the same.—Opus 44.

THE present day is characterised by its parties. As in the political, so in the musical world, these may be divided into liberals, moderates, and reactionaries, or, romanticists, moderns, and classicists. On the right hand sit the elders, the contrapuntists, the antichromaticists; on the left hand sit the youths, the Phrygian caps, the despisers of form, the genially daring, among whom the Beethovenians form a class. In the happy medium we find young and old intermixed. Among them most of the productions of the day are included—creations of the moment that are set up, and then denied by them.

Kalliwoda belongs to the moderates—the pleasant, clever, ordinary men of the day. His symphonies are flashes of lightning that glide over Roman and Grecian ruins. Else, nothing is to be feared from him as a republican.

As an introduction to any public meeting, this overture is very suitable. At such times people do not care to reflect on the music. Before the play, before the actual concert begins, this and that needs adjustment; at such a time, light, neatly put together, musical trivialities are in the right place.

The first violin thema of the first overture is in the style that has been much used by Marschner, Reissiger, and Wolfram, through Spohr and Weber. The second, in the usual major key of the third above, is not new, but *cantabile.* The middle phrase, borrowed from the figure in the introductory adagio, is well worked out, though not highly contrapuntal. There is a somewhat too suddenly springing cadence in the repetition of the first violin thema. All as before, in the transposed passage to the second. A climax is attained by means of a *piu mosso.*

The second seems to be a mere twin sister of the first, looking at one agreeably enough with Italian eyes. When one has talked over the first, little remains to say about the other. The second thema of this one is the finer. The sextolets in the adagio are nothing of the kind, but rather triplets. How often we have to point out the difference between these!

J. MOSCHELES:

Overture to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."—Opus 91.

THE poverty of verbal description strikes us most forcibly when we attempt to sketch our favourite pieces; we count this overture among ours, and not merely as one of our favourites among the compositions of Moscheles. If, on its first performance in

Leipsic,—so far as we know, the first in Germany,—the public of this literary city showed itself more unsympathetic than the composition deserved, the reason is obvious. Many thought of the splendidly costumed Schiller tragedy; while this music, without much point or impassioned expression, informs us of a famous event and a time of excitement; it is as though we had to do with the history only, but not the person of the historian. When I listened to this music, I seemed to read an old, knightly chronicle, neatly written in Gothic characters, and gaily coloured in mediæval style. Only towards the close the composer himself seems to grow melancholy at heart, at the fine passage where flutes and clarionets call from above,—the same moment where Schiller's Joan points to the rainbow in the air, at the words: "I dare not come without my banners," and so on. If we seek for characters, we shall easily recognise the modest maiden heroine, the knightly Talbot, and others. Of course, in this, every one will give his fancy free play; but all will agree that the overture could scarcely have been composed to any other subject, it seems to us so penetrated with the spirit of this. I should require something more than a mere mastery of the notes,—than even a fiery performance,—from an orchestra that would play this overture to my satisfaction. Such a performance should it be, that applause would seem impertinent after it; for it would be music whose entire significance could only be felt after it had died away, and partly through the perfect rendering, in which individual virtuosity should resign itself to a sacrificial presentment of the historical fact related in tones.

H. MARSCHNER:

Great Festival Overture (in D).—Opus 78.

We have hitherto raised our hats respectfully to the talent of Marschner; with this overture we cannot do so. Would that the business of writing cosmopolitan overtures, one-quarter Italian, one-quarter French, one-eighth Chinese, three-eighths German, and in the sum-total, null, had never been cultivated by our best composers! Would they had rather turned Rossinists than that they should try to reconcile all things. Did we not regard Marschner as a good royalist, we could fancy his thoughts about "God save the king" (especially in the allegro, where it appears shortened and Anglicised) to be anything but enthusiastic. But that side of the question belongs to another court of justice than ours.

HECTOR BERLIOZ:

Overture "Les Francs-Juges."—Opus 3.

The subjects Berlioz selects as the foundation of his compositions have already been nicknamed genial.

He has written to Goethe's "Faust," Moore's poems, Shakespeare's "King Lear" and the "Tempest," Byron's "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus." I do not know whether the above is intended to serve as an independent concert overture, or as the introduction to a drama. The title, however, sufficiently implies its meaning and character. It was written, as the reader may learn from an early biography of Berlioz, at a critical period of his life, and bears the trace of it. Certainly the arrangement is little more than a poor skeleton, for which the composer might render the arranger responsible; but no orchestral music exists which is more difficult to arrange than that by Berlioz. As far, however, as we may judge the orchestration from the parts, we think the trouble of a German conductor in bringing the work out, would be well rewarded, were it only to understand from this overture the two extremes of the French School, Auber and Berlioz. One writes with a feather, *á la Scribe,* the other with the club of Polyphemus. Our worthy cantors will faint over these harmonies, and make a great outcry about their sans-culottism. We certainly have no intention of comparing this overture with Mozart's to the "Marriage of Figaro:" but we are firmly convinced that certain pedantic scholars do more harm than the practical heaven-stormers, and that protection of poor mediocrity is worse than praise of poetical extravagance; and we beseech posterity to bear us witness that we never waited ten years, in critical wisdom, to review the compositions of Berlioz, while we have always said that in this Frenchman's brain, the flame of genius burns.

JULIUS STERN:

"Ecclesiastical Overture."—Opus 1, Score.

THE title page informs us that the composer of this overture has received, in recompense for it, the grand medal for composition from the Academy of Arts in Berlin. Consequently we are led to expect something from it. But it seems as though the musical section of this Academy is not happy in the bestowal of its prizes; mistakes, even, have been allowed to remain in the score, as at page 7, measure 6, the octaves between the first violin and the bass, and at measure 12 in the same parts, which at least should have been corrected before publication; not to mention anything regarding the spirit of invention. But how could this be excited by such a theme as that given to the composer. We have nothing to say against him; he has already displayed his talent in many graceful songs; but how could the Academy furnish such a theme, and then award a public recompense to a labour evidently accomplished without any pleasure? The overture is a merely mechanical variation on a dry fugue theme, such as any half-finished pupil might write at any moment. There would have been more reason in awarding a medal to Herr Stern for his smallest song, than for all this overture.

P. LINDPAINTNER:

"Warlike Jubilee Overture."—Opus 109, Score.

THE title informs us what we have to expect. This is an "occasional composition," written for the celebration of the 25th year of the king of Würtemberg's reign, and enters with all the possible pomp which is wholly in place on such an occasion. Weber gave us the key-note for this kind of thing; his jubilee overture has not yet been excelled. Like Weber, Marschner, Leibroch, and others, Lindpaintner also makes use of "God save the king." He also introduces the noise of battle and victory, and his overture thus somewhat differs from similar ones. Every one will believe that an experienced instrumentator like Lindpaintner has found the proper colours for such a picture; and it cannot fail to produce its effect. But at the pianoforte the piece is not successful; it is as if, after witnessing a fine military review, one should set up a regiment of toy soldiers.

JULIUS RIETZ.

Overture to "Hero and Leander," for the Pianoforte (4 hands). —Opus 11.

A FINE and remarkable work. Our paper needs to make amends to this worthy artist; we find his earlier overture spoken of, in former numbers, in an insufficient and inappreciative manner, the excuse for which must be that the reviewer was then only acquainted with the pianoforte arrangement of the work, and had not yet heard it performed by an orchestra. We must mention this now, because his first overture seems to us an excellent forerunner of his second, because what was then only fruitful seed, here seems to have attained to a riper development; because what was formerly a noteworthy endeavour on the part of uncommon talent, has reached a much higher grade of fulfilment in this later overture. Indeed, so long as the present epoch is able to point to such works, such able talent as we recognise here and in a few other examples, it need not blush at the recollection of the grand art period so recently passed away, as some who lag behind would fain induce us all to do, though we are not forbidden to hope for a still more productive future. In this work knowledge and talent charmingly join hands; there is scarcely one inartistic measure in the whole, if we except a few slight reminiscences of well-known compositions. Had the composer weeded these out, we should have placed this overture, which certainly is the best thing he has so far published, among those he could esteem as wholly of his own creation. But the passages at the end of the tenth and eleventh pages disturb us as too Mendelssohnian ; less so, perhaps, some others that remind us of Beethoven's ninth symphony and "Coriolanus," because in the latter case the resemblance is one of character, in the former, of the treatment of the melody. With the exception of these few passages, we feel great respect for the entire work. We gladly recognise the predominance of a preferably broad form, the invention, beauty, and significance of separate motives, and the extremely noble keeping of the whole. Nor must we forget its principal feature, the instrumentation, which we consider masterly, save for a few unclear passages that might yet, perhaps, be made clearer; yet, on the whole, this is masterly, and in some details very original. We have heard the overture played twice in Leipsic here; it produced a fine impression on both occasions, and we have no doubt but that it would have produced a still finer one, the more the orchestra became familiar with it, for this was also the case with Rietz's first overture. It is difficult to play, whether for the separate instruments, or in its ensemble. But when carefully studied and understandingly played, it is certain to reward its performers by its success.

We have not said anything regarding the subject, but who does not know the touching legend that has been so gracefully sung by Musæus? We must confess that we are unable to explain the close of the work. Does the tone-poet sketch the lovers' night of parting, or merely the happy and loving pair? We are unable to decide; but such joyful contentment resounds from this close that we do not care to question it, and simply express once more our admiration for the artist, especially returning thanks for those charming flute passages, the touching clarionette melody at the beginning, the murmuring violoncellos in the introduction, the trumpets at the close when D major comes in, and for everything that vitalises the work, and must render it a living one to those who are able to comprehend it.

J. W. KALLIWODA, fifth Overture.—Opus 76.
A. HESSE, Overture No. 2.—Opus 28.
C. G. F. WEYSE, Overture to the Opera, "Kenilworth," arranged for the Pianoforte, for four hands.
W. S. BENNETT, "The Naiads," Overture, arranged for the Pianoforte, for four hands.—Opus 14.

IN Kalliwoda we have an agreeable example of talent that speedily attained development and recognition, with the saddening one of an equally speedy decay followed by oblivion. He awakened and fulfilled many hopes. His symphonies, by no means precious Beethovenian diadems, may yet be compared to softly opaque pearls, and through these his works may yet gain a hold on the future. But what he produced subsequent to these, and especially lately, was nothing but gold leaf, false jewellery; all opinions agree upon this point. This fifth overture, too, though pretty enough for an amateur orchestra, easy and pleasantly instrumentated, is, on the whole, commonplace, and made up of ordinary phrases. Even its composer himself cannot consider it of great value.

Hesse's overture, an earlier work by this composer, is suitable enough for a prelude to a Kotzebue play. It has an ordinary sort of comfortable face, is rounded off quite happily, like most of Hesse's works, and has been written in a fortunate hour. Instead of following the orthodox manner of bringing the second theme in the dominant, in this overture it modulates into a rather distant key, the minor third of the dominant. There is nothing to say against this, when the modulation is as cleverly done as it is done here; but the themes do not differ, and that which we term the second, is really only a slight alteration of the first. It may be, however, that the arranger found it impossible to introduce the melody, which we imagine to have existed as a second idea, into the pianoforte transcription.

It is well known that the composer of the overture to "Kenilworth" possesses considerable powers of mind. And yet, for the action which this overture is intended to introduce, a more fanciful and complicated picture would have been desirable. This brings us again to the question whether an overture should present a sketch of the whole subject, or simply introduce it. Examples of each system are to be found; but here, neither principle has been observed. It may be that hints of Amy Robsart's character are intended in the repetition of the adagio in the middle; but, on the whole, the music is only of a festive, hospitable character, as if the feast at Kenilworth were the central point of the opera, which is entirely unknown to us. Apart from this, the work is clear and sound throughout, though perhaps a little too long, and, like the preceding overture, presenting too little contrast in its principal themes.

We have already spoken of Bennett's overture, entitled "The Naiads," as a charming, richly and nobly executed picture; that it is, indeed, and fresh, as if newly bathed. In spite of the similarity of its subject with that of Mendelssohn's "Melusina," it is stamped with that originality which we have so often praised in this most musical of all Englishmen. While listening to the overture it needs but little fancy in any hearer to imagine that he sees lovely interlaced groups of sporting, bathing Naiads, while the soft flutes and oboes suggest surrounding rose bushes, haunted by cooing turtle-doves; even prosaic brains may be certain of experiencing at least such an impression as that awakened by Goethe in his "Fisherman," that is to say, the summer feelings that may be softly cooled by flowing waters,—so glassy clear, so agreeably and invitingly the music extends itself before us. We have already reproached it for displaying a certain monotony; this probably in part arises from the many parallel passages, repetitions of periods in the upper and lower octaves, and so on,—a very facile mode of form, yet which, though it strikes us in many other composers as a sort of slovenliness, seems with Bennett to be rather the result of negligence in invention, than obstinacy in holding continually to favourite ideas and mannerisms.

CONCERTOS FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA.

C. H. SCHORNSTEIN—Concerto.—Opus 1.

IT was not necessary to write on the title page of this work that its author is—as any one may perceive—a pupil of Hummel. Why the appendices that only lead to a comparison between master and scholar? If they are suggested by modesty, publicity and the critic have nothing to do with it, but only with the success and originality of the work itself. Until the artist is convinced that the work he publishes will not merely increase, but will enrich the mass of other works, he ought to labour and to wait. What is the use of repeating the ideas of a master—ideas that we enjoy more at their fresh source. Above all things, this concerto lacks individuality; at the same time it possesses other qualifications, which we hope it has not gained at the expense of the first.

We find in it a happy copy of that beauty of form which is so admirable in the school of Mozart, in Hummel's compositions; and not merely as a copy of manner, but also as an inborn sense of unity and proportion. Much is already won by this; it elevates the youth to the topmost outward step near the curtain that covers the tabernacle. A few bold spirits fly in through the dome, others forcibly tear the veil aside; but many more do not possess the strength to accomplish an entrance in this way; for them the safest and best road is that which our composer has trodden. If he strives no further, it shall not be our fault; we advise him to cultivate energy, and that self-elevation without which nothing extraordinary is accomplished.

The affix "first" concerto, suggests others to follow; perhaps, then, a few observations may be useful to the young artist. Nothing is to be said against his forms; they follow those of the best models. As to the separate ideas of the concerto, and the manner in which they are presented and made use of, they never rise to the remarkable, or sink exactly to the common. We could have wished, however, for more revision, selection, refining. The first sketch of the whole is ever the happiest; but detail, by means of which talent obtains regard for itself and duration for its work, must often be remodelled and filed so that an interest may be excited, which the conception of the whole is unable to awaken. Under the head of detail we include elegance in the passages, charm of accompaniment to the melodies, colour in the middle parts, working out and over of the themes, opposition and union of different ideas, whether in the orchestra or the solo parts. We find something of all this, but never in so high a degree that it is not possible to say, here and there it might have been done otherwise and better. We would gladly point out these passages to the composer, but should be led too far in doing so; he may, however, be convinced that where imagination does not suffice, understanding may accomplish wonders. Should the difficulty of these requirements alarm the composer, we would give him an almost opposite advice; not to force his creative powers, not to compose every day, but to concentrate himself in repose, so that the necessity for communicating his thoughts may be increased; but then let him yield himself unhesitatingly to his good genius. Unfortunately we meet too many young composers, who, when we ask for their works, unroll a Leporello-long list of beloved names, beginning with symphonies, contemptuously hanging to them some dozens of smaller works. If we shake our heads about this fertility, and fear that this may at last become bankrupt, they answer that, "To-day one is obliged to try every style," and soon; or else we receive no answer at all. Let our composer stand in dread of a reputation for productivity, and, since he possesses capacity enough to do so, let him give us, in the place of many insipid works, one healthy, well-considered creation.

THEODORE DOEHLER.

First Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 7.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the newest concertos, which we are in the habit of reviewing for our readers, are in the minor ; one sometimes fears that the major third will disappear altogether from the tone system. When I took up Doehler's concerto, found that it was in A major, the key that above all others overflows with youth and strength, and saw the laurel branch on the title page, I hoped to meet a cheerful man at last, one who would tell me much of fair Italy, where he has so long travelled, and for whom, in thanks, I could weave the branch into a crown. At first things went tolerably well, but already in the middle I began, while playing one page, to cast hopeful looks towards the next, for the composer displeased me more and more; and at last I was forced to confess that he had no idea of the real worth of art, for the cultivation of which Nature had endowed him with some capital, though not, indeed, an extravagant sum. If any one writes an airy rondo, he is in the right. But if any one woos a princess for his bride, we understand, as a matter of course, that his birth and intentions are noble; or, without carrying the picture any further than necessary, when any one labours in a great art form, towards which the best in the land modestly advance, he must be aware of it. And this is precisely what irritates us here. The most talented of the composers of light music, Herz and Czerny, endeavour, in their larger compositions, to accomplish something worthy. But when a younger and much less talented composer demands things from us, which even those, under whose standard he fights, do not dare to expect, he shall receive, at any rate, a warning. For the improvement of the composer, may his good spirit drop this leaf in his hands ere he packs up for Italy again; and may he listen to our entreaty to avoid, by a circle of twenty miles, the land that sends back to us our young and healthy musicians effeminated and rendered incapable of labour. Italy has her magic songs, but also her own composers for them, so that it is quite unnecessary for us to set ourselves up as awkward Swiss guards in her ranks, perhaps to invade our own land, without mentioning the contempt with which such deserters are sure to be regarded by their new friends. But if our composers must make Italian acquisitions, let them do so with judgment enough to prevent them from paying for one gain with ten losses; let them not sacrifice strength to effeminacy, beauty to fashion,—in a word, the kernel for the shell. And thou, merry imperial city, who canst count so many admirable artists among thine own, remind them more often that within thy walls one of the greatest men of the land dwelt; and beware lest thou shouldst drive thy children into the sandbank, in which, to the sound of thy thousand voiced bravos, they will sink deeper and deeper.

C. E. HARTKNOCH.

Second great Concerto, with accompaniment of grand Orchestra. —Opus 14.

IT is easier to say than to prove that we all die at the right time. It is certain that in this artist death cut short the development of a talent that would have more perfectly ripened with time. It is true that over this concerto a presence as of death seems to hover; here it displays itself as weariness, there as satiety of life, then the forces gather themselves up again, but spasmodically; then longing, then regret, seem to overcome the writer, then he writes almost touchingly, as if he sought to recommend his last bequest to the world; while the painful reality misleads us almost into seeing more in the concerto than it truly contains. However, this composition is certainly his best, and was evidently his own favourite, on which he lavished many hours of care in its formation. He has laid down in this piece all the knowledge and experience he possessed; he has given us almost too much, for one thing crushes another; but we must be grateful to him for the good-will he has displayed in neglecting nothing that, according to his judgment, could win the love and respect of the world for his darling creation.

The successes and failures in this work can be most properly treated of in verbal communication with the student. And this work lends itself especially well to the task of instruction.

Struggling too closely with form on one side to give free flow to his imagination, wavering on the other between new ideals and old models, here he rejoices in the repose of past times and the wisdom of those who lived in them, there he delights in the excitement of the future and the courage of combat-loving youth. Thus we find a convulsive unrest everywhere; sometimes he breaks pieces up only to set them together again, sometimes he speaks simply and cheerfully, sometimes gloomily and with exaggeration. A clear self never steps forward; he stands, undecided, on the threshold of two periods.

This doubt summarily displays itself at the end of each movement. The whole character of the first and last betrays the minor mood; now he turns and winds to bring in, at the close, a few clear major chords, and produces an unpleasant half impression, against which the composer's ear could only have become hardened through much playing. On the other hand, in the adagio, where an untroubled major close is necessary, he touches on all sorts of small intervals, and begins anew, where the mood should softly melt away. In such cases, an umpire like Molière's housekeeper is required (that is, one who feels correctly and naturally) to alter without pity wherever simplicity is sacrificed to embellishment and artificiality.

It would be easy to point out many examples of such hypochondriacal uncertainty. I think I do not err in placing the real beginning of the pianoforte solo eight bars later than its apparent entrance, for those first eight measures are devoid of connection with the whole. He probably inserted them in order to destroy the hearer's reminiscence of the beginning of the concerto in B minor, by his master, Hummel. But, as we see, he did not succeed; and then such an accidental reminiscence is better than a desperate independence. How finely and easily (from the letter B on) he might have rested in G minor, and then led into the beginning (the beginning we have pointed out). The disturbing effect of this insertion again occurs at page 14, instead of passing at once into the tutti at staff 5, bar 1. It was evidently done, in the last case, on account of outward symmetry; but although these little reminders and refinements of form have succeeded finely with many great artists, and though Beethoven breathed an etherial air over them, our younger artists should beware of falling into smallness, and breaking up the inward flow of the whole by unnecessary details. But aside from these and similar errors, which, as we have said, still spring from the well-meant intention of giving an artist-like polish and proportion even to little things, enough excellences remain to lead us to regret the loss of this artist, who, it seems to us, needed encouragement and recognition, and to whom these few words can no longer avail anything.

Parted early from his home, and thrown on himself, he probably dreamed of that youth of genius whom we call Chopin; and as his dream often embodies itself in pictures, it seems as though his old and honoured master shook his finger at him, and warned him not to forsake the faith of his fathers; as he awakened from his dream, the concerto was finished.

But I see by those eyes of thine, Eusebius, that thou art determined to honour the early departed one by singing his swan's song to those who demand it from thee—which is often done.

JONATHAN.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

Great Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 5.

THE works of Thalberg have always been blamed with a certain severity in these pages, because we recognise in him a decided talent for composition, that threatens to be ruined by the vanity of the executive artist. This time he disarms us entirely. His work does not at all reach that point of excellence, from which, in this cycle of concertos, we judge. Perhaps the composer already repents (the concerto appeared three years ago) that he allowed himself to be persuaded by friends, whom his brilliant playing dazzled, to publish an entirely unripe youthful production. But with this "perhaps," we must also chronicle a doubt of our own, the probability of which Thalberg's later productions have scarcely left as a mere doubt; for these works of his do not allow us to suppose the existence of such repentance. At present he is in Paris. His residence there will have its good and bad results; good, because in intercourse with more distinguished composers, it will be impossible for him not to compare the narrowness of his own aims with the ideal endeavours of others, bad, since his joy in the laurels, that are so liberally bestowed on fine performers there, may finally smother the composer in him. Yet should the last case prove true, we would no longer reproach him. He may then enjoy the delightful mortality of a virtuoso life, at the expense of an unenjoyable posthumous fame, but he must not expect us then to see more than the virtuoso in him. In the first supposed case, we shall not allow a single opportunity to escape of offering him that recognition with which we are so happy to greet and encourage all true talent, even when it has for a time denied its nobler origin.

HENRI HERZ.

Second Concerto with Orchestra.—Opus 74.

IT is allowable to write of Herz in a sorrowful, ironical, or comical style, or in all three together, as we do now. People would scarcely believe how timidly and carefully I avoid conversations about Herz; I would stand ten paces away from the man himself, lest I should praise him too warmly to his face. For if any one has meant it more honestly with himself and the world than our countryman Henri Herz, it can only be Saphir.* What more does he want, then, save to amuse and become rich? Will he succeed in persuading any one to love and praise Beethoven's last quartette less? Does he desire a comparison with this? Is he not satisfied with being the gay *élégant*, who never bends any one's finger—above all, his own,—except to play to make money and to secure reputation? And is not the anger of the classic Philistines a laughable thing! For ten long years they have stood at arms, with staring eyes and levelled bayonets, excusing themselves, lest he should come too near their children and children's children with his unclassic music, while all these secretly delight in it! Had the critics, on the appearance of this small comet, properly rated his distance from the sun-centrum of the art-universe, and had not their outcries given him an importance he could else never have hoped for, this artistic influenza would have passed away long ago. It is in the ordinary course of things that he now hastens, with giant steps, to his end. The public will soon tire of his toys, and throw them, worn out, in a corner. Besides, a younger generation is stepping in, with strong arms, and courage enough to use its force. In the social circle, when polished but empty men of the world have for a time led the conversation, let a truly intellectual man enter the arena, and the former are obliged to draw back fretfully while the guests listen to the new-comer; so is it with Herz,—he can no longer talk and compose as before. He is less petted; he feels uncomfortable; he dare no longer jingle in the old way; he tries hard to discourse like Jean Paul (but with tin gloves) on the keyboard, because his superiors are looking over his shoulder and observing every false tone and other errors. Then we must not forget that he has been played by a million fingers, and that the public, in playing his variations, has attained a mechanical dexterity that may be employed in the performance of compositions of a better, of an entirely opposite class to his. We are convinced that when a player has mastered Herz's bravura pieces, he will be able to play a Beethoven sonata more easily and freely; and so we advise our scholars to practise—very seldom and at the right moment—difficult Herz music; and then, should they play such music to an audience, when their hearers cry out at the fine intervals and trills "Superb!" they should answer, "Even this has its utility for us Beethovenians."

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* Saphir, little known to English readers, was, between the years 1826 and 1854, very popular in Germany as a satirical journalist and humorist. A master in repartee and the play of words, his serious writings possess little value.—Tr.

Herz's second concerto is in C minor, and will be liked by those who like his first. If, by chance, at a concert, a certain C-minor symphony should happen to be given with this, it is to be hoped that the symphony may be given after this concerto.

F. KALKBRENNER.

Fourth Concerto, with Orchestra.—Opus 127.

I DENOUNCE concert-concerto composers for two reasons; in the first place, because they write the solos first, and the tutti afterwards, unconstitutionally—as the orchestra is the Parliament, without whose consent the piano does not undertake anything. Why not begin at the regular beginning? Was our world created on the second day? And is it not far more difficult to take up a torn thread (especially musical threads, which are so fine that every knot must be found out with critical antennæ), than to wind it off quietly? Should we lay a wager that Kalkbrenner found his introductory and middle tutti last, and then inserted them in the solos, we should be tolerably certain to win it. In the second place, I denounce this modulation,*

$$\begin{array}{lcl} \quad 7\flat & & \quad 5 \\ \quad 5 & & \quad 3 \\ X \text{ major} & \text{to} & X+1 = \text{major,} \end{array}$$

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* With the X we designate a fundamental tone; the X + 1 signifies the bass tone of the first degree ascending; major and minor determine the kind of scale. The numbers above describe the intervals of the chord; the ♯ raises, the ♭ lowers. Were

$$\begin{array}{cccc} 7\flat & 7\flat & \qquad 5 & 5 \\ 5 & 5 & \qquad 3 & 3 \end{array}$$

X = C, then X + 1 would be D flat.
Gottfried Weber has hit upon something similar in his theory, if I am not mistaken.

the refuge of so many young composers, who do not well know how to advance; they generally use it in such a way, that when the first half of the modulation has moved crookedly and loudly up and down, the second is brought in whispering gentle, ethereal tones. These sorts of surprises are all well enough for Messieurs Doehler, Thalberg, &c., who make use of them by the dozen; but a master like Kalkbrenner, who lays claim to the title of a cultivated man of the world, should prepare newer surprises for us.

But sometimes we may judge the entire person from certain small details which many think too insignificant for remark; and thus, when a composer modulates several times in such a manner, I know at once where he belongs. If I ever said that I was a great admirer of the compositions of Kalkbrenner, I certainly spoke falsely, but it is true that in boyish years I willingly heard and played his first, cheerful, really musical sonatas for youth; in these we saw much to hope for from his future, and did not yet find that affected pathos, that pretended earnestness, which so offends us in his later large compositions. Now, when the extent of his productions may be very fairly determined, we see clearly that the D-minor concerto was his highest bloom, the work through which all the bright sides of his cheerful talent broke, but also the boundary, beyond which, if he attempted to pass, his star abandoned him. Though it is certainly worthy of observation that he was not wanting in the courage, though he might be in the strength, to take a few more steps in advance. And here we meet with the rare case of an old acknowledged composer striving to rival a younger one in his flight. In the concerto that lies before us, we see the unmistakable influence of the young romantic world that ran away from Kalkbrenner's school; he, however, seems to stand doubtfully at the cross roads, not knowing whether to pursue the old path with his well-won laurels, or to struggle for fresh ones on the new. Here he is allured by the comfortable and the customary, there by the fiery huzzas of the romanticists. But, true to his accommodating character, he does not wildly throw himself into the new sphere, but seems as though he would first try what the public thinks about it. If the public resembles ourselves, it will decide that an æsthetic misfortune has occurred. Fancy the elegant Kalkbrenner facing a pistol while he writes "*con disperazione*" in the pianoforte part, or despairing on the border of an abyss, when he takes three trumpets for his adagio. It does not become him; he has no talent for romantic daring, and though he should don the most diabolical of masks, every one would recognise him by the kid gloves with which he held it. Yet we confess that these comparisons only fit the first movement; in the third he is wholly himself again, and displays himself in all that natural, virtuoso amiability, which we prize so highly in him. Let him keep his old, well-deserved fame, as one of the most masterly pianoforte composers for hand

and finger,—one who uses light weapons with the greatest possible dexterity—and let him delight us anew with his dazzling trills and flying triplets; we esteem them far more highly than his four-part fugued passages, his falsely melancholy suspensions, &c.

F. RIES.

Ninth Concerto, with grand Orchestra.—Opus 177.

EVEN Napoleon lost his last battles; but Arcola and Wagram still shine in glory. Ries has written a C-sharp minor concerto, and may sleep in peace on his laurels. But what is that which awakens so pleasurable, so contented a feeling in us, when we listen to works that have been written by artists in advanced years, and even in spite of an apparent decline of imagination and natural art in them? It is the joy of accomplishment, the repose after fight and victory, when there is no longer a necessity for further struggle. In such a sense, this ninth concerto completes its predecessors. We find no progress, either of composer or virtuoso, in it. The same ideas as before, the same expression of them; all firm and clear as though it could not be otherwise; not one note too little; the whole moulded in flowing, fundamental idea, harmony, music. There is as little to be said—it is as difficult to speak of such works, as of the blue heaven that smiles on me through the window; and I wish that all interested, who read these lines, could see it with me, that they might as quickly perceive the points of resemblance between the concerto of an old master, and yonder blue, reposeful vault.

W. TAUBERT.

Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 18.

"IF one should endeavour to find fault with this concerto throughout, one could only say, that it lacks nothing save the faults of modern times." Something like this was remarked by a man who descended the Gewandhaus stairs, in October 1833, as Herr Taubert had finished playing his concerto. I cannot describe the enjoyment which this piece had given me on that evening; and I felt averse to the fault-finder, on whom the concerto had only made this pitiable impression, that he regretted it had not turned out worse. But after reflecting on the observation, I found a certain sense, which I will proceed to explain, behind it.

If the praise which I would scatter over this music, as from a horn of plenty, be not found sufficient, then the publisher alone is at fault in not having lent me the score for which I asked (he does not possess it). To think of judging the work without this, would be like speaking of a marriage engagement of which one knows only one side, so closely are orchestra and pianoforte parts united in it. However, I have been able to gather much by comparing the separate orchestral parts. But I must again beseech all composers to remember that it is not always possible to call up an accompanying orchestra by enchantment; and it would be advisable for them to add an abridgement of the score in small notes, over all passages in concertos where the orchestra alone breaks in, so that the whole beauty of such places could be enjoyed. And now to the concerto itself!

Allegro, E major, $\frac{6}{8}$ time, horn tones from afar; and whom do they not entice to the distance, and deep within the greenwood? He who would learn the hunter's joys and modes of life (as Hoffmann has depicted them, oddly enough, in the "Devil's Elixir") in music, will find them here, and nothing more of romanticism save a few pale-blue, longing streaks at the skirts of the wood. But whatever gloom veils the andante, is not mere grief for this or that ordinary event, but a charming, general feeling of melancholy, such as twilight ever insinuates within the breast. The last movement is merely a continuation of the first, and the minor is little more than a veiled major, until the latter breaks through alone, bright and roseate. To speak plainly, I consider this concerto one of the very best. And when so-called classicists rush in and cry out about the degeneration of modern music, holding up a Mozart concerto, and croaking "That is dear and noble!" (a fact that nobody ever doubted)—then such Taubert concertos are good to hush the first anger, and to prove to them, in cold blood, that people can still invent and compose in our day. For what can we reproach this concerto with, when we look at it from the old point of view? If it is crooked in form, unnatural, complicated, or broken up, these are the favourite epithets of classicists when they cannot understand a thing at once; and does not the concerto possess, besides the highly-prized repose and clearness, other peculiarities, such as we find united only occasionally in older writers, namely, poetic language, uncommonness of situation, tenderness of contrast, interweaving of threads, and orchestral accompaniment full of life and eloquence? But if we look at it from the new and newest points of view, we shall stumble against the "missing deficiencies" of the Gewandhaus man. We fancy the composer intended it to be so. We all know that diamonds are worth more than ribbons, and that an able composition ranks higher than one by Auber, for example. "All things in their time and place, however," said our village sexton, Wedel, with the great score open before him. With a concerto we must please, if possible enrapture, the hundred-headed crowd that will in turn delight the virtuoso with its applause. On an average, the French make too great a use of piquant means of pleasing, and overstrain themselves in the effort to invent new ones; but we Germans, to the injury of the virtuoso, who also needs to live, make too little use of fair means of charming our hearers.

From this point of view, the concerto that lies before us does not strike us, however, as the entire profession of faith of a few composers who reside mostly in Berlin, and who think to subdue the misbehaviour of virtuosos by perpetually crying up old-fashioned formulas and modes of speech. But though we should insist on concerto composers imitating our forefathers even to wig and queue, merely yielding, when unavoidable, to modern needs, we are yet convinced that were a genius like Mozart to arise in our day, he would rather write Chopin concertos than Mozartean ones. And,—to return to our worthy composer,—we think his inventive powers lack here and there the charm of novelty and piquancy. Heaven forbid that we should advise him to try to do anything that he cannot really accomplish; but he will understand us when we say that we could wish the passage-work with which he veils his ideas were more finely chosen, less according to the old pattern; and that we find themes like the first to the last movement, excellently as it lends itself to working out, somewhat too stiff and out of date to suit the requirements of a brilliant concert-public. As it is, it cannot be altered; may our authors remember that all reasonable demands of our time may be fulfilled without really sacrificing artistic honour. A word ere we close this.—Though it has always seemed to us foolish to call attention to every passing resemblance between, or reminiscence of, other composers, the relationship between this concerto and that by Mendelssohn in G minor seems to us too striking and interesting to be passed over. Intellectually, both these composers work the same field; and this is the reason why the resemblance between them is not offensive; outwardly, in moments of importance, they approach each other so nearly, that we are forced to imagine, if not an absolute rivalry, at least an acquaintance with each other's work during its progress,—always understanding that Mendelssohn is generally a couple of paces ahead, and the other forced to look sharply out that he may come up with so valiant a forerunner; from which cause his composition has acquired more rapidity and conciseness than is usual with him. We would call attention to such points as—I., the entering of the tutti with the complete theme* (a), II., the trill at the deceptive cadence (b), III., the leading of the theme to the close of the first part (c), IV., the preparation of the middle movement (d), which is tender and flowing with Taubert, stiffer but also more effective with Mendelssohn. In Mendelssohn's andante, the violoncello predominates, in Taubert's the oboe; both are remarkably beautiful, both are lost in the

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* (a)	Mendelssohn,	page	5,	staff 4.	Taubert,	page	3,	staff 4.
(b)	,,	,,	11.	,, 2.	,,	,,	6,	,, 7.
(c)	,,	,,	14,	,, 5.	,,	,,	9,	,, 2.
(d)	,,	,,	15,	,,	,,	,,	9,	,,
(e)	,,	,,	18, close		,,	,,	15, close.	
(f)	,,	,,	29, staff 2.		,,	,,	23, staff 2.	

distance. Both end with a pause (e). Both begin the last movement in recitative style; the themes of these resemble each other less in notes than in character, and especially in the way in which small details are worked out. Both recall in a similar manner, a slight thought from an earlier movement (f), both with effect. Both end in the same manner.

Whether this be the result of accident, sympathy, or what not, Taubert's concerto, we repeat for the sixth time, is so excellent and independent a work, that even Ludwig Berger, the early master of these young composers (himself guilty, be it said *en passant*, of a pair of concertos), might reasonably and joyfully doubt whether more honour be due to the right or the left. So we prefer to do, and place these two among good pianoforte concertos, at an equal degree of beauty.

I. MOSCHELES.

Fifth Concerto with Orchestra.—Opus 87. Sixth Concerto (concerto fantastique) with Orchestra.—Opus 90.

THE alphabet of blame contains a million more letters than that of praise, and therefore this review will be short, in accordance with the excellence of both these concertos. We have often heard them played by their composer, and again have proven that no one, not even the most experienced and cultivated musician, can give a thoroughly certain judgment of any work, from a mere hearing. It was perhaps on account of the (well-known) composed and quiet performance of the composer, that these works, like his earlier ones, scattered only sombre sparks, and had not the same success that they would have had, played by a more inspired pianist. It seems to us that many compositions of a fantastic character gain more, and produce their effect more quickly, through a certain roughness of performance, than by modish smoothness and finish; such an observation has been made *àpropos* of the never enough to be praised playing of the Brothers Müller, in some Beethoven quartets. Yet, as compositions, Moscheles' later works gain by the absence of outward display; to be properly comprehended, they need a thorough musician's touch, that of one who knows how to bring out a picture, and how to subordinate small details to the general effect of the whole. Still, they present, to a degree rarely found elsewhere, a complete opportunity for the virtuoso to display his talent and to impress his hearers.

We fancy we can point, with certainty, to three periods in the artistic development of this master. In the first, between the years 1814–20, we find the Alexander variations, the concerto in F and part of that in E flat. It was the time when the word "brilliant" was in vogue; when legions of girls were in love with Czerny. Moscheles was not behindhand with his brilliants, only, as might be expected from his cultivation, he cut them more finely than was common; but on the whole the fine musician in him was somewhat cast in the shade by the admired virtuoso. In the four-hand E-flat major sonata, he passed into the second period, in which composer and virtuoso, of equal strength, offer each other the hand of alliance; the season of bloom, in which he wrote the G-minor concerto and the studies, two works, in which alone he joined the very first pianoforte composers of the present day. The bridge to the third period, in which the poetic tendency of composition began to exhibit itself fully, is formed by the fifth concerto in C; and the first work of consequence in this period is the "concerto fantastique." If we call both of these romantic, we would thus designate that charming, shadowy light that lies over them, and of which we cannot decide whether it proceeds from the subjects themselves, or whence. Certain passages, through which this romantic, misty light penetrates most strongly, are not to be grasped with hands; but we feel that it is there, especially in the rare E-minor adagio of the 5th concerto; this, of an almost ecclesiastical character, stands quietly between the other two movements, the latter of which is practical, fiery, and interesting throughout. A musically written, artistic movement always has a certain point of difficulty, from which all grows out, and in which all the radii of intellect are concentrated. Many place this in the middle (like Mozart), others towards the close (in the manner of Beethoven)

But the total effect depends on its power. When one has listened attentively and anxiously, there comes a moment when for the first time one breathes freely; the ascent is climbed, the glance flies contentedly, clearly, backwards and forwards. Such a point is that in the middle of the first movement at the passage (page 16, at the beginning) where the orchestra enters with the principal motivo; one feels that here the idea breaks forth freely at last, and the composer cries at the same time with a loud voice, "That was what I willed to do." In the last movement we find this point, though with less preparation, where the violins begin to fugue, while the orchestra holds shortly to the theme, and the pianoforte repeats it. Always humoristic, he does not choose to lead to the goal through gradual transitions, as befits serious movements, but looks up and down boldly. The whole is very like Moscheles; he possesses certain peculiarities of style, and we can only rightly judge him when we have played these often for ourselves (page 18; staves 5, 6, page 29; last staff, page 31. A penetrating judge might easily point out the characteristics of different composers by means of small examples within a few bars). Yet we could wish the bass chords to the first theme in a different position (the tenth), and the following melody (at staff 3, third measure), perhaps, an octave lower; these passages would be richer in tone were the harmony held more closely together.

The "concerto fantastique" consists of four movements, continued without pause, but in different degrees of time. We have already declared ourselves opposed to this form. Though it does not seem impossible to construct an agreeable whole in it, yet the æsthetic dangers appear too great in comparison with this possibility. Still, there is a lack of smaller concert pieces, in which the virtuoso can give us, at the same time, his performance of an allegro, adagio, and rondo. It would be well to invent a new one, to consist of one great movement in moderate tempo, within which form the preparatory passage might take the place of a first allegro, the cantabile that of an adagio, and a brilliant close might replace a rondo. Perhaps this idea may suggest something which we would gladly see embodied in a peculiar original composition. The movement might well be written for pianoforte alone.

Apart from its form, this "concerto fantastique" contains true salon music, is throughout excellent, original, and valuable, and highly effective in spite of its somewhat undecided forms. It is an intellectual, alternate dialogue with the orchestra, for almost every instrument has a share in the business, a voice and a meaning. After the first movement, we most prefer the andante, with its antique, romantic style; but we do not like the following uniting passage, which again brings in the thoughts of the first movement, but in a somewhat forced manner. The principal theme in the last resembles that in the overture to the "Maid of Orleans," which we only mention to save others the trouble of trying to remember where they have heard it before. The second naïve theme, which the left hand plays to the trill of the right, might have been written by Bach. The whole, in closing, seems as though it might yet continue long,—and thus masters in the art are fond of closing.

With sincere joy, we look for the appearance of the new "pathetic concerto" by this artist, and then for a new cyclus of *études*, which we have already begged for.

CAMILLE STAMATY.

Concerto for the Pianoforte, with Orchestral Accompaniment (A Minor).—Opus 2.

ONLY a very firm, even a hard character, will wholly deny the influence of an attractive or repulsive personality on his judgment of that person's artistic efforts. In the same degree that many works seem to lose when we meet their composer face to face, others appear to gain from our personal knowledge of their creator. We come more easily on the track of errors, bring them into more speedy connection with good qualities, and learn better how to help and advise. Since this is so in an art like ours, where so much depends on performance, in which skill is enabled to conceal what is common, and to present all that is excellent in a bright light, it is not to be wondered at that I regarded the above concerto with much more interest, after hearing it admirably played by its composer, than I might otherwise have done.

The young artist who makes his first appearance to-day in our critical halls, was born at Rome of a Grecian family, and has lived since early childhood in Paris. We can scarcely reproach a lively, striving mind, dwelling in a city where political leaders are changed not oftener than artistic ones, for hesitating under which banner to pluck his laurels; whether Auber, Berlioz, Kalkbrenner, or Chopin, shall be his choice. However, the artist in question studied thorough bass and counterpoint with Reicha, while he gained his elegant playing from Kalkbrenner. Not yet satisfied, he, last autumn, carried into practice a long determined plan, that of listening to German music in Germany; he then recommenced his studies under masterly guidance, with an industry that is not common among French musicians, and with such good results already, that it is easy to distinguish his recent compositions from earlier ones. He returned to Paris a few weeks ago.

The concerto which we are about to review to-day is, in regard to length and form, Stamaty's principal work, and belongs to the earlier period I have already mentioned, when the young composer, not yet knowing where or to whom he belonged, touched the strings sometimes with poetic tenderness, sometimes wildly, as a Chinese, seeking expression for the lofty feelings that were apparently awaking for the first time within him. Imaginative as we know the composer to be, he leads us through deceptions and truths, up and down hill breathlessly, often wearisomely, often awakening our admiration in spite of his madness. I am convinced that . . . (the name of this immortal critic has escaped my memory), who found as many errors as there are days in the year in Mozart's C quartette, would find millions in this concerto. We have here not only fifths and octaves, but barbarous modulations, suspensions, &c., besides; especially in the first movement, before the composer had written and played himself warm, as he did in the last, where, though the form is somewhat entangled, things are brought to a close with the grasp of power. Though this manner of composing may have pleased him formerly, we trust that he will find it difficult in future to write or even to think such things. For one who has learned to delight in Sebastian Bach, as Stamaty has done, will carry something of his rapture into his own fancy, as I have found to be the case in some of his later and yet unpublished compositions.

This concerto, with its weak and its brilliant sides, contains subject enough for hours of discussion. But these lines must at present suffice to recommend our friend to German attention.

HENRY HERZ.

Third Concerto for Pianoforte, with Orchestral Accompaniment; in D minor.—Opus 87.

"HEART, my heart, oh, why so mournful?" sang I, as I went on playing; three times in the first movement we have con dolore, while the espressivos and smorzandos are countless. All the preliminaries, indeed, awake expectation. D minor already, the Don Juan key, the not common three-crotchet time, a gentle beginning, a short four-page tutti; certainly his deepest work, thought I, and such it is. Our winged darling has donned a coat of mail, and if he has borrowed a good deal from others for his armour, he does not deny it. But to commence. In the introduction, only his most inveterate enemies (and great souls always have enemies) can affirm that they find a likeness to Moscheles' G-minor concerto, one in the first theme to Chopin's in F minor, an echo of Kalkbrenner's D-minor concerto at page 6, staff 5, measure 3; one of Weber at page 8, staff 3, measure 3; and a Thalbergian ground tone on page 14. But all his friends will recognise in the andante an apotheosis of the romance in Chopin's above-mentioned concerto; in the beginning of the finale we find Beethoven's scherzo from the second symphony alluded to, while a Chopin thought occurs in the second theme, followed by the march from "Jessonda" on page 35. And then, to introduce a little dramatic life, we have a passage, on page 35, from Beethoven's ninth symphony, which Herz is certainly not acquainted with; and the concerto closes with a passage, for the sake of unity, from the same Moscheles' concerto (in G minor), on page 43, staff 4, measure 2. All the rest, we must, however, acknowledge, that is to say, the ornaments, the chromatic pearls, the floating arpeggio ribbons, and so on, belong indisputably to him. We see that he is determined to learn from the best; and only condescends a little occasionally to heroes of the second rank, like Thalberg and Kalkbrenner. May his bravery hold out; we will be his heralds, in spite of the most general of "Musical Times," who long ago acknowledged him and Hunten as masters (and tradesmen too). So let the concerto be studied! What were fingers made for?

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO. By I. MOSCHELES.—Opus 93.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO. By F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.—Opus 40.

PIANOFORTE composition holds a considerable place in the modern history of music; in it the first dawn of a new musical genius is generally displayed. The most talented composers of the present day are pianists; a fact that has been observed during former epochs. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, all grew up at the pianoforte; and, like sculptors who first model their statues in small, soft masses, they may often have sketched at this instrument what they afterwards worked out in grander orchestral forms. Since their time, the pianoforte has been improved to a high degree of completion. Side by side with the continually progressive mechanism of pianoforte playing, with the bolder sweep and swing which composition gained through Beethoven, the instrument has gained in compass and significance; and should pedals be added to it, as in the organ (and this, I believe, will eventually be the case), new possibilities will suggest themselves to the composer, who, freeing himself more and more from the support of the orchestra, will acquire a richer, more harmonious, and independent movement. We see this separation from the orchestra prepared beforehand ; in spite of the symphony, modern pianoforte playing is determined to predominate through its own resources only, and this may be the reason why recent times have produced so few pianoforte concertos, and still fewer original compositions with orchestral accompaniment. Since the establishment of our journal, it has reported the appearance of all new pianoforte concertos ; during the past six years, scarcely 16 or 17 of these have been published, a very small number in comparison with past publications. Thus, art epochs alter, and what was formerly considered as an enrichment of instrumental forms, as an invention of consequence, is now voluntarily given up. It should certainly be considered as a loss, if the pianoforte concerto with orchestra passed entirely out of date; but we could scarcely contradict pianoforte players should they say, "We need not the assistance of others; our instrument is most completely effective when heard alone." And so we must wait patiently for the genius who may show us how the orchestra should be united to the pianoforte, who may disclose all the powers of the instrument to its conquerors, while rendering the orchestra something more than a bystander, and enlivening the whole scene with more varied characterisation. We would gladly insist, however, that young composers should give us, as an indemnification for that serious and dignified concert form, equally serious and dignified solo compositions; no caprices, no variations, but finely rounded, characteristic allegro movements, that might be used, at any rate, for the opening of a concert. But, until then, we shall often return to those older works that open a concert in so artistic a manner, and that so fully and worthily test the powers of an artist; to those admirable concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, or—should a highly refined and chosen circle desire to gaze again on the face of a great man too little and too seldom honoured—to one by Sebastian Bach; or, if we wish to produce a novelty, one of those later ones, in which the fine old path, more especially that of Beethoven, is tastefully and happily pursued further. Among these we reckon two concertos recently published, by I. Moscheles and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. We have so often spoken of these artists in our paper, that we may explain ourselves briefly on this occasion. In Moscheles we find a rare example of a musician, who, already somewhat elderly, and still unweariedly occupied with the study of older masters, yet observes the course of modern progress, and makes use of its improvements. As he masters these influences with the originality that is native to him, the result of such a union of old, new, and individual, is a work, like this latest concerto, clear and sharp in its forms, approaching the style of the romanticists, and yet as original as its composer is known to be. But, to confess the whole truth, though this concerto everywhere betrays the master, all things have their prime, and the composer who once wrote the G-minor concerto exists no longer, though he still remains the industrious, admirable artist who spares no pains to render his work equal to the best. He renounces popularity from the outset this time; the concerto is entitled "pathetic," and is so, for what will ninety-nine virtuosos among one hundred care about it! Its deviation in form from other concertos, and from Moscheles' own earlier ones, will strike every one at once. The first movement steps quickly forwards, the *tutti* are shorter than usual, the orchestra fits in everywhere; the second, with its slower interludes, seems to me to have been invented with more difficulty, and introduces the last, which takes up the pathetic character of the first, but in more impassioned motion. This concerto can scarcely be termed mechanically difficult, in comparison with other modern ones; its figuration is carefully chosen, but may be mastered by mediocre players with little study; played with the orchestra, however, it demands great care on both sides, with a thorough knowledge of the score; performed in this manner it is certain to prove highly interesting on account of its artistic interweaving of ideas, which we remember with pleasure as it was played by Moscheles in Leipsic.

We owe especial thanks to recent concerto writers, because they no longer fatigue us at the close with trills and octave passages. The old cadence, in which old virtuosos crammed every possible difficulty, had a far more sensible reason for its existence, and might possibly be successfully revived. Might not the scherzo, so familiar to us in the symphony and sonata, be introduced with effect in the concerto also? There would be a charming contest between the separate orchestral parts, but a slight change in the whole form of the concerto would be necessary. Mendelssohn, above all, should be successful in such an attempt.

And now we must speak of the second concerto. Mendelssohn is still the same here; he still roams the well-known cheerful path; no lips smile more charmingly than his. It will be difficult for virtuosos to display their astonishing execution in this concerto, for it gives scarcely anything to do that they have not already done and played a hundred times. This complaint is often made respecting Mendelssohn.

There is some justice in it; opportunities for displaying technical power by means of novelty and brilliancy in executive passages, should not be omitted in a concerto. But music is the highest consideration; and he who always gives us this in the richest measure ever deserves our greatest praise. Music is the outflow of a noble soul, careless whether it rises in the presence of hundreds, or for itself in solitude; but always the expression of an elevated mind. This is why Mendelssohn's compositions are so irresistible when he plays them himself; it then seems as if his fingers were an almost unnecessary means of interpretation; the ear hears, to be sure, but the heart alone is judge. I often think that Mozart must have played in the same manner. If Mendelssohn deserves the praise that he always gives us such musical music, we cannot, however, deny that in some of his works this character is less, in others more, observable. This concerto is one of those in which it is least impressive. I err greatly, if he did not write it in a few days, perhaps even in a few hours. It reminds one of a tree from which, when it is shaken, the sweet, ripe fruit falls without further trouble. It will be asked what relationship this holds to his first concerto. It is the same and not the same; the same because both were written by a finished master; not the same, because this was written ten years after the other. Here and there, in the conduct of the harmony, Sebastian Bach looks out upon us. But for the rest, melody, form, instrumentation, are wholly

Mendelssohn's. Let us then rejoice in the fleeting, happy gift; it resembles some of those well-known works by antique masters, in which they rested from greater creations. Our young musicians certainly do not forget that such masters often followed up such works, suddenly, with powerful productions; as a proof we may point to Mozart's D-minor concerto and Beethoven's in G major.

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, Serenade and Allegro for Pianoforte, with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Op. 43.
W. STERNDALE BENNETT, Fourth Concerto for Pianoforte.
J. N. HUMMEL, Last Concerto for Pianoforte.

I REMEMBER that I heard the first piece played by the master himself when in one of his happiest moods. The pianoforte part only allows us to surmise half the charms that the complete orchestral score of the work contains. The title suggests what is to be expected from it: a serenade,—evening music, followed by a fresh, healthy allegro. Who can tell for whom the first is destined? Not for a beloved one—it is not sufficiently concealed and mysterious in character; not for a great man,—nothing of that kind is in it; I think it is homage paid to existence, perhaps suggested to the poet by a fine moonlit evening; and when we remember that from his study he is able to glance into Sebastian Bach's cantor chamber, the composition easily explains itself. But why so many words about such music? What avails it to dissect the Graces, to weigh moonshine? He who comprehends the poet's language will also understand this; and though we have lately been informed, by somebody in Jena, that Mendelssohn's imagination often fails to attain the correct height, why, go hang thyself, hop-o'-my-thumb from Jena, if this lovely world seems to thee too lowly.

Unfortunately, I have never heard Bennett play his own concerto, nor have I heard it at all with the orchestra. On this account my opinion will, perhaps, appear not sufficiently favourable. Bennett might have added more frequent suggestions of the orchestral parts, or might have sometimes given them to the pianist also. Composers who can carry their works about in their heads, generally expect too much in this respect, and there exist very few players able to suggest the absent orchestra. The form of this concerto is the old one in three movements, the key F minor, its character inclined to seriousness, though not gloomy. A cheerful barcarole carries us from the first movement to the last; I am told that this won all hearts to the concerto when Bennett played it here in Leipsic. As though the Englishman could not abdicate his nature, water plays a principal part in Bennett's works, though not in the sense intended by a wit who has observed the same thing in other people's compositions. This barcarole may be added to his other most successful compositions, the overture to the "Naiads," and his masterly sketches, "the lake, the millstream, and the fountain;" played with the orchestra, it must produce an enchanting effect. The other movements present no novelties in construction, or rather, they give us some unpretending, but not conspicuous novelties: thus, at the close of the solos, where we usually find trills heaped on trills, Bennett interrupts the trill, and suffers it to die away, as though he would prevent a storm of applause, while nothing in the concerto is calculated for the sake of bravura or approbation; he only cares to display the composition itself, while execution is treated as merely a thing of secondary importance. New combinations of finger mechanism and virtuosity are not to be found in it, though it presents many fine opportunities for remarkable playing, rather intellectually musical than light fingered, however, while the solo part sometimes commands and is sometimes commanded by the orchestra. It contains an abundance of fine melodies, and in form it is as charming and flowing as all Bennett's compositions. The last movement is quite humorous, in opposition to its composer's individuality; but his lyric nature penetrates here also. Let this suffice for a slight description of the work. Bennett's name is already so well established in Germany, that good pianists only need to be made aware of the existence of this concerto. May its composer labour and create for a long period yet, to the true advantage of art!

Hummel's concerto is probably the last thing that he wrote; he did not outlive its publication. His mere name teaches us beforehand what we have to expect. No one will suppose it to be, or look on it, as a work of his prime, like the A-minor concerto, the F-sharp minor sonata, &c. In art, as in life, childhood and old age often touch. And this concerto is no ascent from the former, but rather a retreat towards the latter; unobtrusive, narrowed to the circle of its own ideas, almost simple in melody, but still as elegant and clear in its executive passages as might be expected from Hummel at any time. Let the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" say what it will, this work will not produce any reaction. But this artist is already so highly decorated with well-won orders, that it is scarcely necessary to bestow a new star upon him, and awkward zeal invariably creates suspicion. It is our intention to refer again to other posthumous works of the departed master.

FERDINAND KUFFERATH.

Capriccio for Pianoforte with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 1.

WE have already spoken of many works by this talented young composer, who lived near us for some time, and who received much advice and instruction from Mendelssohn, though he was not actually one of his pupils. This influence may be distinctly traced in the composition that lies before us, and more strongly than in any later ones bearing his name, with which we have met. The capriccio does not display art to us in any new light, but an aspiration that appears doubly respectable in our day, when pianoforte composers are so little able, from ignorance of orchestral writing, to accomplish anything like this. We remember hearing the concerto played here with orchestral accompaniment, and having been much pleased with its discreet and thoughtful instrumentation. If, as we hope, its composer has not stood still since then, we may expect still finer things from him in this style, and he may be certain to find recognition; for, as we have said, there is a continually increasing desire for similar compositions. What the capriccio lacks is a graceful melodious character, the euphonious charm that streams from even the earnestness of a master. Perhaps the keys —D-flat major and C-sharp minor—have something to do with this insipid effect; in these and similar keys the orchestra works heavily, unwillingly, and, Jean Paul would say, as if in tin gauntlets. May this hint induce the young composer to select easier keys when in future he again writes for the orchestra. Every one must, in a certain sense, accommodate himself to that obstinate monster. We look forward to the future achievements of this artist with great hope.

W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

Capriccio for Pianoforte, with Orchestra.—Opus 22.

THIS capriccio contains all the excellences we have so often praised in the compositions of this most distinguished of living English composers. But we are beginning to entertain a fear lest Bennett may become involved in a mannerism, from which he will find it difficult at last to extricate himself. He has lately repeated the same thing to us, though in an altered form; but the more perfectly he has learned to master the latter, the more his original power of invention has seemed to decline. In order to give his forces the spur, he should throw himself into grand works—a symphony, an opera, &c.; he must turn from the sportive and elegant, and strive to discover the language of power and passion. Perhaps he has already done so without our aid. We trust so, yet in any case we are grateful towards talent that must be counted among the most genuine that now exists.

ALOYS SCHMIDT.

Brilliant Rondo for the Pianoforte, with Orchestra.—Opus 101.

THIS composer is well known from his collateral relationship—which this rondo again clearly proves—to the Hummel school. All that we are accustomed to find in that, namely, correctness, clearness, flow in writing, we also find here, beside a Field-like flavour, explained, indeed, by the author's title, "Souvenir of John Field." This work distinctly betrays the great alterations that have occurred, and the different demands made in these last seventy or seventy-five years. Had this rondo been published earlier, it would certainly have made its way; but we scarcely think it will do so now. We have got quite beyond that half style of music, in which the composer and the virtuoso allow each other to shine by turns. It was Beethoven, poor, once much disparaged, Beethoven, who gave us such new conceptions in regard to music. However, good citizen-like prose may keep its use and place, provided that narrow minds abstain from placing it on a level with the poetry of an immortal—a Beethoven. This begins to happen less frequently; judgments are growing clearer about such things.

And now we come to the concertos, or rather concertinos, that have lately appeared; we feel inclined to sigh heavily about the unfruitfulness which this field of pianoforte music displays, and the insignificance of the little that appears in it; quantity and quality look most unpromisingly. A concertino by J. Rosenhain strengthens us in the suspicion, which we began to entertain some time ago, that this not ungifted composer begins to relax in his endeavours, and threatens to fall, in time, into the irretrievable career of a mere mechanic. We know that circumstances occur, under the press of which an author may forget himself, and must write for publisher and public. But only neediness has any claim on the critic's consideration; in other cases, indulgence is misplaced. We have nothing more to say, then, respecting this concertino, save that it is a speculation hidden in the brilliant gold leaf that often proves effective on the birthdays of the pleased fathers of untalented daughters; but there is no question of music in it. Nor have we anything to say about the concertino by C. Czerny (opus 650). He who writes in this way may easily bring it up to opus 1000. But it will need a good deal of—talent—for that. We expected more from the concerto (opus 70) by Carl Mayer. It contains scarcely anything but passages, though things more praiseworthy may be found, perhaps, in the orchestral score, which we have not yet met with; but the pianoforte score has given us little pleasure. Cheerful omens of a better art future appear here and there in the musical heaven, but works like this concerto, in which everything is sacrificed to mechanism and finger bravura, are very discouraging. We are often told that the public is spoiled; but who has spoiled it? Ye, ye, virtuoso composers. I cannot remember a single occasion in which the public has grown sleepy over a Beethoven concerto. We have often, and with justice, praised smaller pianoforte pieces, miniature pictures, by Herr C. Mayer, who belongs to the better class of the gallant school; but his concerto does not betray any progress.

Another concerto remains for us to mention (opus 300), by Jacques Schmitt, which, though not new or remarkable in invention, betrays thorough talent and ability, and worthy form, we mean the great one in three movements, which we should so much regret were it to disappear from concert music, though the door should not therefore be closed to genial novelties. This composer is well known, like his brother Aloys, of whom we have spoken above; they possess many qualities in common, and have been educated in much the same school. But Jacques Schmitt's composition displays, besides clearness and ease, a peculiar euphoniousness, and more melodious inventiveness. It is, besides, very cheering to see a man whom we had believed forgotten already, stepping forward with a greater work, and though this may not elevate its kind to a higher degree, it is not a useless example; on the contrary, this concerto may be beneficially placed in the hands of young players, as a preparatory study before undertaking Hummel's works.

Such are the best things that have appeared within a period of three years, in this particular kind of composition. Did we say too much when we said that the prospect looked rather discouraging in this branch?

SONG AND THE LIED.

"Esther," a Cycle of Lieder in ballad form by L. Giesebrecht, in Five Divisions. Composed for Voice and Pianoforte by C. Loewe.—Opus 52.

KING CASIMIR of Poland desires the fair Jewess Esther to become his mistress. She gives herself to him under the condition that her people, banished from Hungary, shall be protected in his kingdom; on the other hand, her first-born must be baptized as a Christian. Afterwards the king and the child die. Esther is driven from the palace. Her child is buried in the Christian cemetery.

This is the subject of the poem, which appears novel and natural enough, though it needs to be read separately once or twice in its separate parts in order to be understood. The very first verse leaves us in doubt as to whether it is uttered by the king's son, who has not yet ascended the throne, or by some one else. It is easy to see that the situation contains many musical elements,—a tyrannous sovereign and an oppressed people, a great king and a lovely Jewess, the mother's grief, and her self-sacrifice for the sake of her tribe; contrasts such as music is well able to reflect, and which no one is better capable of uniting in one picture, according to their character, than Loewe.

Each lied possesses its own peculiar tone. In the first, a secret meeting, a passionate declaration of love, the Jewess's rejection, "Christian, thy words of love consume my soul; but can I part from Israel, chosen of, rejected by God?" Nearly all is in A minor, little of C major.

In the second division we have the king's demand to Esther, in a threatening tone, which she repulses; repeated more threateningly. F major into minor. She finally decides, "Then, king, it shall be; but only for a lofty pledge; life and security for Israel, and half thy Poland." The music is passionate, almost theatrical.

In the third lied we have Esther's submission, and her consolation in the safety she has obtained for her people; then grief over her first-born. "Whither shall we fly? the priests advance; his brow is moist with baptism." The following motivo recalls one in the second part.

In the fourth lied we have Esther's joy in the twin daughters that have been left to her; a peculiar accompaniment. Her son's death is announced; "God of Abraham, Thou gavest, and what Thou hast taken is Thine." Fine chords that die away as with the sound of bells. The marshal announces the king's death. She is driven away. "Come, children, to our people; the street of the Jews will open to us." A backward glance towards the beginning tenderly rises from the music.

In the last we have a rich A major. Israel has become prosperous; "My twin daughters blossom like lilies in God's garden; but silently in grief I wander," speaks Esther. The music returns to the original A minor; "By the white cross I shall find my son's grave. Here all is still, here I may weep." And the curtain softly falls on the lonely scene.

"The God and the Bajadere," by GOETHE.
"Knight Toggenburg," by SCHILLER.
"The Bride of Corinth," by GOETHE.
Seven Poems from "Pictures of the Orient," and the Frithiofs-Saga.
Hymn by RELLSTAB.
Three Songs by GOETHE. All composed by Bernhardt Klein, for Voice and Pianoforte. (Books 1 to 6 of his posthumous Ballads and Songs.

IF Loewe paints characteristically almost every word of the poem in his music, Klein designates his subject, whatever it may be, through the merely necessary sketch, in a simplicity that is sometimes incredibly effective, but often appears narrow and painful. Simplicity alone does not make a work of art, but is sometimes as blamable as its opposite excess; only the thorough master knows how to select the right means at the right time. "The God and the Bajadere," this finely human poem, could scarcely be more worthily comprehended in its sublimely reposeful passages, than it has been by Klein; but where the poem becomes sensuous, picturesque, Indian, his music lags behind. Here we need rich, soft tones; Franz Schubert, Loewe, and some other moderns have carried materialism a little too far, Klein remains at the same distance behind the right medium, or, when forced towards it, does so without joy or freedom. If we forget the presence of the fine words at many significant passages, we find nothing but ordinary harmonies, commonplace rhythms and melodies. However, if we forgive the obstinacy with which we find material means neglected in Klein's compositions, we can recognise, in both the Goethe ballads, noble creations not unworthy of the poet, works which the composer has evidently taken pleasure in writing. And though, with much of the height, he has a lesser share of the depth of genius, he rises at the close like the god himself with the bajadere, leaving us deeply impressed, and gazing long after the happy beings, floating, blest and united, through æther. The story of Toggenburg is related in an equally quiet and unornamented way; some passages seem almost to stand still. To be effective, it needs enlivening by refined declamation, like all of Klein's songs. In itself it presents no remarkable points.

Among the seven songs, we point out the fifth with its unfinished close; like the poem, it seems to direct towards the future. In the Stieglitz Oriental pictures, more charm, warmth, and novelty were desirable; in contrast with these, the stiff Tegner Saga sounds original and peculiar.

The composer begins Rellstab's hymn in G minor and closes in A-flat major, as though the mood should become more elevated, as in the poem. It was scarcely possible to fail with these words, nor do they call for a deeper illustration.

Among the remaining Goethe songs, the second, and especially the last, seem to me excellent; but in Mignon's lied, "Knowest thou the Land," if painful, inward feeling is not wanting, yet we miss all the charming grace that emanates from the poem as from some angelic face.

"Pictures from the East," by H. STIEGLITZ. Composed for Voice and Pianoforte by Heinrich Marschner.—Opus 90.

THESE are indeed pictures that greet you, dear reader, pictures in gold and silver frames, in which we see the love stories of rose and nightingale, or the happy face of Hafis, or wandering caravans, or neighing Moorish horses. The poems themselves seem to have sprung from Oriental sources flowing over pineapples, and the singer gathered the waters in a precious cup. Every one will be refreshed by such songs, by such a double life of speech and music; here everything lives and murmurs, every syllable, every tone has feeling; two masters met, and understood each other. With the first song we stand before Fitne's tent in passionate expectation. In the second, the Husseinites cast lots as to "who may boast of Turan's murder;" in the third Jussuf will revenge Turan. Then Fitne seeks to awaken her murdered lover with her kisses, a song so sad, so true, that its tones sound like falling tears. In the fifth, Maisema stands beside the brook, awaiting her beloved; and as she is certain that he is hers, the music also is firm yet gentle, and Oriental withal. So wherever we open the leaves we find the originality, freshness, grace, and charming beauty of these songs overflowing everywhere, until we cannot decide to which of them we should adjudge the prize. Honour to the master!

Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Words by G. KIEL, Music by FERDINAND STEGMAYER.—Opus 13.

IF we desire to drive what is enervating in foreign song from the field, and to encourage the love of the German people for music that expresses deep, clear, and natural feelings in an artistic manner, we must, above all things, cultivate and protect our German lied. Every one knows that we do not lack songs; we might cover Germany with those that are published yearly; but who would undertake to review all these, and yet how much merit may be hidden among them? And among these meritorious songs we place those of Stegmayer, which, proceeding from the inmost heart, cannot fail of their effect upon the hearts of others. Only a German can write such trustful songs, and these seem to sing themselves; but there is nothing in them that will astonish. The thoughts of a happy lover, the bliss of a kiss, a spring song, a night song, a spinning song, then a delicious serenade, all with pretty words, beautified and enlivened by music. The accompaniment is as far removed from the old triplet humdrum, as from ultra romantic tone painting, and steps forward or retires according to the demands made by the words. In the last song, which I have just called delicious, the sudden return, at the close, to the first key, is a mistake; it would have ended better in D-flat major. Involuntarily one turns over the last page to see whether more songs are not coming; in other words, we ask for many more!

Six Songs from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Composed for Voice and Pianoforte by Joseph Klein.
"The Castle by the Sea," and "The Landlady's Little Daughter," for Voice and Pianoforte, by Joseph Klein.

To speak plainly, those songs sound to me as if the composer had been afraid of injuring the poems by grasping them too warmly; everywhere we find pauses, stoppages, embarrassments. But the poem should rest like a bride in the singer's arm, freely, happily, wholly, and then it will sound as from a heavenly distance. But if formal reasons are considered, if sympathy is lacking, no happiness can exist, or can be conferred, as it should. This formality in detail, which hampers the effect of the above songs, though on the whole they are well considered, is increased by the frequent change of measure, in short songs of twelve lines only. And why? Do we ever find in "Wilhelm Meister" a hexameter following a three-footed Iambic line, or is not this rather the regular equable pulse-beat of such a poet heart as is rarely to be found in the world? It pains me that in "Knowest thou the Land," almost every composer takes the expressive "thither" so lightly, writing it in semiquavers. Certainly it ought not to be declaimed as is the same word (*dahin*) in "Jessonda," but certainly more inwardly and significantly than it is done in most of the compositions to these words. But with the exception of Beethoven's, I know not a single setting that at all approaches the effect of the words without music. It is a matter of indifference whether or not *all* the verses are composed; but find out from Beethoven where *he* found his music! I consider the second and fifth songs from "Wilhelm Meister" as the best, but Philina's song is altogether a failure.

Uhland's ballads, both much in the same mood, are well set, and contain some fine separate passages. In the second, the composer fights a battle with Loewe. The idea of commencing a lied with "Gaudeamus igitur" would be good, were it not that it stands in the way of the declamation here and there. The first half of the hostess's answer pleases me throughout, the second seems unsuitable. True grief does not scream, even among the lower classes of people. If he had set the second half like the first, in E-flat minor, how much more tenderly Herr Klein would have expressed it! And so, contrary to the expression of the poem, the grief of the first student is much deeper, in the music, than that of the rest. Loewe has given us a masterpiece in his setting of this poem. However, the comparison of his composition with this is instructive and interesting.

Four Songs for Bass or Baritone, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by H. TRIEST.—Opus 1.
Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by H. TRIEST.—Opus 2.

NOTHING more delightful can be said to a young composer of his opus 1, than that it displays talent; we can give Herr Triest this good news at once. More is needed to reach perfection, especially in the songs of opus 2; some of them seem to me, if not unworthy of publication, yet too insignificant for it, considering the demands we see reasons for making, on the strength this composer displays on the whole. Among the failures I count No. 4, "On the journey," in which the music is opposed to the sense of the words nearly throughout, especially in the four times repeated ascending sixths; but the greatest failure is Heine's "Longing," for whose deeply wounded pain music possesses quite different modes of expression. The most insignificant are "The Valley" and "Angelic Tones," in the last of which I wish away the misplaced tone painting of the nightingale's song, or, if the composer has set his heart on illusion, at least I should prefer to hear it given to the accompanying pianoforte. The rest of these songs are praiseworthy; the best are Nos. 1 and 3 in opus 1, which is remarkable, because they move in a sphere in which Loewe has created so much that is unique; but it is natural, since, on the title page, the composer terms himself a pupil of Loewe. Uhland's "Song of the Prisoner" also pleases me well, save for a little harmonic stiffness at the close; in the voice part, this lied ends with a sharp dissonance. May the composer, in future works, develop into fullest and purest bloom!

Four Songs by Lord Byron, with English and German text, composed, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by FERDINAND RIES.—Opus 179.

Six Bohemian Songs by W. Hanka (with German translation by Swoboda) for Voice and Pianoforte, by W. T. TOMASCHEK.—Opus 71.

WITH a great feeling of sympathy I took up these books of songs. Yet it awakens both sad and joyful feelings to hear two old masters singing simple songs in their old days again; joyful, because then we know them to be yet living and labouring; sad ones, because "evening with long eastward pointing shadows" always excites such. Is it possible to judge these late comers by the same standard that we applied to their composers' earlier works? Nearly so. Tomaschek's lieder are cheerful, full of life, almost amorous; the texts he has selected are simple love songs, that treat of nightingales, blue eyes, violets; those by Ries are more gloomy, dissatisfied, Byronian. Both books are simple, well worked out, masterly on the whole, and in detailed parts, very fine.

THREE GOOD BOOKS OF SONGS.

EVEN the most hard-hearted critic is sometimes seized with a desire to praise. So I said to myself, "Of what avail is it to encourage passable beginners in song composition, or to endeavour to stop the throats of mediocre screamers? I would rather sit down before a pile of songs, and never rest until I have found a few really good ones that will enable me to praise, at last, to my heart's content." I searched for a long time among about fifty collections. At last I found three together that warmed, delighted, and filled me with the breath of praise. The names of their composers are Veit, Esser, and Norbert Burgmüller; the two first still living and working, the last already departed.

I have no intention of explaining what a fine song is here. It is as easy and as difficult as a fine poem. "It is only a breath," says Goethe. Among the three above-mentioned composers, Norbert Burgmüller knew this best. He esteemed it — as all should—the highest task to follow a poem into its smallest details with fine musical material. It was seldom that he missed or failed with one trait where he grasped it. Human weakness is the fate of even the greatest in unguarded moments.

The book of songs that I refer to is his third, numbered opus 10. It contains a song by Walter von der Vogelweide; by Uhland, "Parting and Rejection," the "Serenade," and "Departure;" and by an unknown poet, "Hopeless." The anonymous writer is, it will be conjectured, the composer himself. Compare the biography which we published some time ago in our paper, and which contains the first verse of this poem. The composition was written at a painful time, is deeply melancholy, but awakens the deepest sympathy, and is true. True; do not your small hearts tremble, ye composers, when you hear this word? Pillow yourselves more softly in your lovely songful lies, but you will never get higher than to be sung by a few other Judas' lips, though perhaps seductively enough. But when a real singer again steps among you, curse away with your hypocritical art, or learn the truth, if that be still possible. Burgmüller is true throughout; more than that, he generally gives us the truth in a beautiful garb. Were he yet living I would beseech him to clothe it sometimes in a richer one, where the poem allows it. He is often contented with the very simplest. B. Klein carried the simplicity of song to such an extent that he was cried down as whimsical. The artist should beware of this extreme also. We find an example of it in Burgmüller's songs. Here is the often, and often not ill-composed serenade, by Uhland, where the gradually-slumbering child tells its mother of the "sweet tones" that waked it, that it is "no earthly music," but "angels that call it in songs." This song is certainly one of the most excellent of the collection, and perhaps the best setting of the poem that exists. And yet, I must confess that cry "from above" sounds to me too poor. Angels, I believe, call in quite a different way; but who among us has really heard such voices? And if any among us ever have done so in some rare instant of our lives, are we not usually silent regarding them? Yet, as I have already said, this song, and "Hopeless," are the finest of the collection. And I also consider "Departure," with its fitly chosen, discouraged fundamental mood, as excellent. Only at the close, where the wanderer, who has seemed indifferent because he has been allowed to go without causing especial grief at his departure, adds sorrowfully, "Yet this grieves me in one," I could have wished for another melody than that of the preceding verses, and a more significant one, especially as in the preceding there are some little declamatory sins that call for reprobation.

In these three numbers, then, we find the treasure of the collection. "Parting and Rejection," and the old German song, though also the offspring of a true poet-heart, are more unassuming.

The second lied composer whom we recommend to our readers as a good one to-day, is W. H. Veit, a young Bohemian, of whom we have frequently had good tidings to report. There are no heavy trials of inventive power to be found in the collection of which we speak; he even seems to prefer poems of limited subject. Is there then a lack of good poetry among us? A "yes" in answer would be an insult to our poets. How much is still to be gleaned from the old German classics, how much from the epoch succeeding Goethe; then the moderns, and finally the foreign poets! Why select mediocre poetry that is certain to mirror itself in the music? A wreath of music round a true poet's head—what can be finer? But why squander it on an every day face, and to what end the pains? Though their talent may not wholly desert our composers when they write for such weak poems, yet it is certain to display itself more freshly and richly in better ones, such as those of Heine and Mosen; and the composer now in question must himself allow that he set these to music with far greater pleasure.

Veit is also most careful to give a true reflection of the words in musical expression; and this is the highest praise that can be bestowed. When this is accompanied by a considerable flow of clear and healthy melody, the artist is certain to meet with double praise, and we find good melodies in all these songs. There is no deficiency of small, fine turns of accompaniment, neither is there any of small faults in the declamation—small enough to be overlooked in the compositions of scholars, but large enough to be pointed out, with friendly intentions, to a man of cultivated talent. (Thus the "*es*" on page 3, staff 3, measure 2; the "*du*," page 15, staff 3, measure 5.) Nearly all the songs of the collection are distinguished by melodious cheerfulness, which we consider a step in advance towards mastership, especially when we compare the book in this respect with one (opus 8) written at an earlier period.

We may conclude our favourable criticisms with the report of a book of songs written by X. Esser, a Rhineland composer, little known among us until now. Half the poems of the collection are by Rückert, the charming poet, the great musician in words and thoughts, who unfortunately leaves so little undone for the real musician to do; the other half by less known poets. The compositions themselves are a most agreeable surprise; and how delightful it is to be able to say this of an opus 4! Harmony: pure and choice—melody: clear, not without originality, easily singable,—accompaniment: natural, enhancing the effect,—choice of texts: judicious, earnest. Can one desire a better passport into the kingdom of musicians? I can trace a preference, though merely an allowable one, for Franz Schubert, in the third and fifth songs; a strikingly strong reminiscence of Weber ("Arabia, fair Arabia") in the fourth. Yet amid so much that is good and original, such a perhaps unconsciously borrowed trait disturbs us little, or not at all. May this composer, who deserves all our sympathy, go on his way progressing; as he is still young we rejoice the more in his future.

And so ends my sketch of the little, critical festival of song that I celebrated to-day, and that I would gladly find an opportunity to celebrate more frequently.

H. F. KUFFERATH.

Six Songs by R. Burns, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.
—Opus 3.

BURNS is the favourite poet of our young composers to-day. The ploughman of Dumfries certainly never dreamed that his songs, so many of which were called up by old folk-melodies, would, after nearly a hundred years of existence, awaken so many new melodies, and on this side of the sea. In Herr Kufferath, Burns has found a very gifted illustrator. The colouring of his songs is a happy one, and truly Scotch in character. A certain monotony in the melodies seems unavoidable here; they all resemble each other, especially the first and fourth songs, both of which remind us of the well-known Italian folk song "Michelemma." *Au reste*, the young composer possesses taste and talent, and in many passages he displays the refined polish of the modern artist to such a degree, that this, his first vocal work, is certain to prove welcome to the amateur as well as to true musicians. We observe, in nearly all of these songs, the peculiarity of an accompaniment that almost continually moves with the melody, so that each one may be played, independent of its vocal part. This is not a good trait in a song, and it hampers the singer considerably ; but we have often observed the same thing in those young composers, who have early busied themselves, from preference, with instrumental composition. But in spite of this, these songs are not unsympathetic, while they are easy to sing and effective. Therefore we hope to meet their composer often, on this very ground, where he has made so happy a beginning and one so worthy of encouragement.

CARL ZÖLLNER.

"Spring of Love," by Rückert ; Nine Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

THESE songs rise far above the level of that mediocrity, of which we have lately seen such a frightful abundance in this branch of composition. We direct attention to them ; at first apparently simple, almost prosaic, they gain more and more on acquaintance, and betray such real talent for melody as is rarely found among hundreds. The term simple is especially applicable to the accompaniments, which, the reverse of those by Kufferath, of which we have just now spoken, appear poor and insignificant without the vocal part. The power of these by Zöllner lies in the melody for the voice ; to display their full value, they require a singer who knows how to speak as well as to sing, and as they lovingly follow every emotion of the poem, so should they be felt and followed by the singer. How often we hear it said that good lied singers are still rarer than good lied composers. And yet Zöllner's songs are so natural and vocal, that only complete stupidity could wholly spoil them ; but it may be necessary to defend them from superficial understanding and polite misappreciation. We compare them to precious stones whose lustre is concealed under a homely crust of earth ; industry and care are necessary to bring out their full value to the light. But then every one will rejoice in the pure brilliancy they emit. Rückert, the thoroughly German poet, though sometimes glowing with "Eastern Roses," was precisely the author most likely to prove sympathetic to our composer. In the "Spring of Love," blossom opens beside blossom ; and yet German composers have only lately resorted to them. Zöllner has chosen some of the finest among them all. As a composition, we consider "Oh, grief of parting," the best ; here simplicity has become depth, the poem is transformed into music ; it is so beautiful a song, that it would be no dishonour to a Beethoven. After this, we give the preference to "When the roses are in bloom," for its inward understanding of a poem that could not have been easy to compose. The first half, inclining to recitative, seems to us excellent, but the close is a reminiscence of Weber. The duet, "Happy wish," is admirably conceived, in the antique German poetic tone, while the close is touching in its feeling. "My longing, my presentiment," is sung from the heart, though it rather resembles one of Marschner's airs from "Hans Heiling;" and Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner have certainly served as models to the composer. In the song, "Why wilt thou ask?" the second half decidedly pleases us, up to the close, *tremolando*, where we should rather have had simple, sustained chords. No. 6 has a ground tone of inward feeling, which is rather troubled towards the middle of the song by some tedious modulations; the second measure, though declaimed well enough, melodiously does not please us at the word "bosom;" for the bride of whom Rückert sings it is not chaste and maidenly enough. Of the two folk songs, we prefer the first; it must be well sung and declaimed. The other is the least significant of the whole collection, which, however, we recommend, in sincere conviction, to all those who cannot only sing but can also speak and think to their own pleasure and that of others.

HENRY HUGH PEARSON.

Six Songs by Robert Burns, for One Voice, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.—Opus 7.

AN uncommon spirit is wafted towards us from these songs—one that, if not that of a master, is certainly that of an interesting foreign individuality. Nearly all of them are injured by a sort of superabundance, which, in young composers, is partly caused by technical uncertainty and partly by a desire to do everything equally as well as possible. These faults will, we hope, be greatly modified at a riper age by self-knowledge and practice. To express our meaning briefly, we might say that too much dress is wasted on the text; too many notes for such simple words. But it is impossible to refuse praise to the young artist for his industry, and his warm appreciative setting of some of the songs, awakens our sympathy; but he does too much, and, consequently, fails æsthetically, where he has evidently aimed at the best. The greater number of Burns' poems favour a broad treatment in composition; they seem to flow from a truly inspired, poetic mood of mind, yet they are always clear, concise, logical; this is why composers love them so much, why they seem naturally to crystallise into song, and most of all into that form which is peculiar to the genuine folk song. But this composer required more; he gives us largely carried out pieces that certainly do credit to a striving musician, but that too often contradict the simple form of the poem; his music even has an occasional dramatic or theatrical touch, and then he seems to be farther than ever from the goal. We also consider his idea of the meaning of the poems as a partly mistaken one, and the 1st, 3d, and 5th songs as far too pretentious and heavy; yet even these, it cannot be denied, contain much originality, besides an indescribably characteristic quality, a bold aristocratic air, such as we are accustomed to find in so many of this composer's country people. It cannot be pointed out in words, but every one must feel it breathing sympathetically towards them from this music. We should encourage every strong, manly expression in music to-day (when even our favourite masters too determinedly incline to the reverse), even when, as in this case, it does not seem to be a perfectly finished one; and let us not forget that but a short time ago a Beethoven lived, and said, "Music should strike fire from a man's soul; mere sentiment will only do for women." Few think of this; the many only endeavour to excite as much emotion as they can. They ought to be punished by being dressed in women's clothes. But sobs and tears are not the aim of this Englishman; he gives us more marrowy melodies than we are accustomed to find in German lied collections, and for this we esteem him. The songs we most prefer are "John Anderson" and the "Soldier's Song;" the former is of that melancholy tone which the poem breathes to so high a degree throughout, and yet it possesses characteristic power; an echo of "Marlborough" rings in the "Soldier's Song," with a peculiar, romantic charm, while still we feel ourselves transported to the Scottish Highlands. These songs were, of course, originally composed to English words, but a German translation is given with them.

CARL KOSSMALY.—Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment. (Third Book.)

CARL HELSTED.—Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment. —Opus I.

THE first-mentioned name is no longer a strange one to most of our readers.

Our paper has often been a means of communication for him, in which to express opinions and intentions directed towards the very worthiest aims of art; and nothing less was therefore expected from him as a practician. If in his writings we divined a good musician, hidden behind the critic, in his songs the reverse is the case; and if we gladly followed the somewhat intricate course of his ideas in the world of reflection, we still more willingly meet him as a musician amid his own tone creations.* The songs are not of equal worth, and seem to belong to two different epochs in the composer's life. I should place Nos. 1 and 3, "Spring Faith" and "First Loss" and No. 6, "Near the beloved," in the earlier period, the rest, I fancy, are of still more recent creation. The difference between these two divisions is remarkable. Though in the newer ones the composer attained to greater clearness, and a lighter, freer treatment of word and tone, yet I would not exchange the older ones—though these often betray a gloomy mood of mind—for them. I prefer them, because they were invented with greater ease; the others were deeply mined for.

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* Carl Kossmaly, one of Schumann's collaborators in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," was a pupil of Zelter, Berger, and Klein. He filled various positions in different German cities as music director, chapelmaster, and teacher; has composed much, but published less music than works treating of music and translations. As late as 1874 he published an addition to conservative musical literature entitled, "On Richard Wagner."—Tr.

How beautiful a period in a young artist's life is that, when, untroubled by a thought of time or fame, he lives for his ideal only, willing to sacrifice everything to his art, treating the smallest details with the closest industry! The three songs which I mentioned first above seem to have been written in such a period; they should be sung in private, not without some trouble, but with careful finish; they would freeze in presence of the public, would pass uncomprehended; like a profoundly-feeling man through a frivolous drawing-room society;—their details, full of deep meaning, would even excite discomfort. The other three songs are different; they are far more transparent, more calculated for momentary effect, and therefore they would certainly obtain applause more speedily; but they have not the same depth and originality,—we observe in them an inclination towards the melodies of others, especially Schubert and Marschner, while the older ones, only occasionally and slightly reminding us of Spohr, seem to have sprung from the most intimate feelings of the composer. The most striking qualities, on the whole, in Kossmaly's lieder, are, their deep conception of the poem, and the careful industry bestowed on their accompaniments. In performing them, a clear understanding is necessary between the singer and the player, that the often four-part web of the accompaniment must not be allowed to veil the song in an untroubled evolution of the golden thread of melody. One might sometimes complain of too much in the accompaniment; but, on a closer examination, one sees that it has so grown up with the invention of the whole, that scarcely anything can be taken away. May this composer return to the tone which he at first sounded; it was his own, he cannot yet have lost it, and we may still look for many noble blossoms of his talent.

The composer next mentioned above is a young Dane. Denmark has lately produced some remarkable talent, as we may see, in the works of Hartmann, Gade, Hornemann, Von Loewenskiold, and others; we are glad to add to these distinguished names that of Herr Helsted, who introduces himself to Germany most honourably in these songs. Many young musicians, yet unknown, doubtless look longingly towards Germany—still the good fatherland of true music—from foreign lands; but there are very few such art-loving princes willing to grant them the means of obtaining cultivation and fame, as the Danish prince who assisted this composer in a foreign residence, for the purpose of study, for many years. We mention this, as it explains many things in the lieder; the German text, the almost invariably good declamation, the whole style of the music, which may be termed thoroughly German, though sometimes sounding more northern. Unfortunately we cannot say this of all our own song composers; we have Hamburghers and Viennese, but very few genuine German writers, and in this sense, the young Dane might serve as a model to many. At the same time, I do not mean that his lieder are masterly works, but a fiery, good beginner always stands higher than a master in mediocrity, and the former title our young composer deserves, in the best sense. Perhaps the songs, numbered opus 1, are the first lieder he has ever written; the melody appears unfinished here and there; the form is not always finely constructed. Many young artists resemble the spring, which, ere it becomes a rich, broad stream, rushes onward in restless haste over pebble and rock, forming many a waterfall; and this picturesque beginning is sometimes more charming than the comfortable bed in which mastership often outspreads itself. To continue the metaphor with regard to these songs, they present so much primal freshness and attractive wildness, that we gladly forgive in them the small faults that are the inevitable consequences of a first attempt. In the songs of Herr Kücken, for example, we find little that can be objected to in a formal sense; but the whole tendency of this composer, and of others of a similar stamp, is a vulgar one, while, though the works of others, of a different tendency, present many errors of form, the point from which they start is an incomparably higher one. And we observe with pleasure that the tendency of these songs is a noble one throughout; they are something more than mere smooth melodies with accompanying chords; they enter into the life of the poem, and their generally correct conception does not exclude an artistic execution. So we occasionally discover little imitations, behind which the melody peeps out all the more archly; fine traits, that prove how fine is the musician's ear, second and third melodies invented at the same time as the principal one. Of this kind, "The Nun," and "In the distance," seem to me the most successful; the latter, especially, if taken in a slow tempo, must be very effective; it has become my favourite. And the characteristic variety in the songs, compared with each other, makes them highly interesting. While other composers find it impossible to shake themselves free from "Cradle," "Miller," and other songs, for years together, each one in this collection displays a different colouring, though the choice of poems already renders this quality indispensable. The deeply felt "Spring Faith," the wild "Mad Musician," by Eichendorff, Heine's cynical "A fine fable dances through my brain," the two "Old German songs," and the last, melancholy, "In foreign lands," all strike a different tone, though one that is always fundamentally correct, a circumstance of the most favourable omen for the composer, should he in time direct his attention to the opera. But in which case may not some details deserve blame? So, the first song, in spite of its inward feeling, seems to me rather heavy, the Old

German ones lack flow, the close of "The Nun" is unsuitable, &c. But, as I have already said, the principal requisites are there, namely, talent, earnest industry, finish, already carried far; the genii who have bestowed these qualifications on the composer, will certainly not refuse him their further aid.

THEODORE KIRCHNER.

Ten Lieder with Pianoforte Accompaniment.— Opus 1.

IN the vocal wood of modern German song, these first blossoms of a very youthful talent for composition will be esteemed as among the most characteristic. And although we do not find anything remarkably original in them, they seem to flow from so genial a source that we trust their spring may be a long one, followed by a fruitful summer. (Two books of very genial pianoforte pieces, published in 1852, afterwards fulfilled this prophecy.) In connection with the progress of poetry, the Franz Schubert epoch was immediately followed by a new one, which made especial use of the—meanwhile greatly developed—accompanying instrument. We must not overlook the circumstance that the composer terms his songs Lieder "with pianoforte." The voice alone cannot reflect everything or produce every effect; besides the general expression, the finer details of the poem should be rendered without injuring the melody. This is what our young composer must pay attention to. Some of his lieder strike us as independent instrumental pieces, that often scarcely seem to need the voice at all, in order to produce their full effect; they are a sort of translation of the poems for the pianoforte, songs without words, called into existence by words; the melody of most of them seems but a gentle whisper of the poem, and the principal meaning is frequently placed in the accompaniment. No one can say, however, that the composer lacks melodious power, but it depends too much on the harmony, and the treatment of the voice is of a too strictly instrumental character. But where so much talent and such a decided poetical tendency is apparent, we need not fear that the composer will come to a standstill. In the very first attempts of gifted writers, a capacity for further development, which is not afraid of the strong pressure of criticism, may be recognised; this capacity, which, like modesty, is a sure sign of talent, seems natural to our young lied composer, who, we hope, may long retain it.

The predominant character of these lieder is longing enthusiasm; and the selection of poems (by Heine, C. Beck, T. Mosen) responds to this feeling. In the rapture of spring joy—in the aspiration toward distant wandering over mountain and valley—as these sentiments have been so often and so beautifully expressed by our poets—the young musician seems to take especial pleasure, and succeeds best with such poems. For the performance of the lieder, well exercised hands and voices are necessary, especially the first, as the principal expression mostly lies in the accompaniment, and mere flexibility will not be sufficient, but tenderness is also necessary, and softness in the lights and shadows. We consider his setting of Heine's songs the best; they seem to have been written with enthusiasm, especially the two spring songs, No. 4 and No. 6. In others, as in No. 9, for instance, we are disturbed by some far-fetched modulations, where, perhaps, the composer felt most inspired; but the excess injured the fine, sure form, of which he then loses control. Should the future fulfil the good wishes expressed in these lines, recognition on our part will not be lacking; in the meanwhile, let the name of this talented young musician be inscribed among those names of which we have reason to expect good report in future.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

DUOS.

THE reader will find, in the following papers, a partial review of the latest chamber music. What a pity that reviewers do not resemble kings, who have only to nod and an orchestra appears, without the trouble of laying the separate parts round them, and painfully seeking out the best in their work. Should the writer of this article overlook many details, he begs those whom it concerns for indulgence beforehand, as they may reckon on his, if, for example, they happen to have written something like a Beethovenian B-flat major trio. To commence with the duos.

FR. KÜCKEN.—Two Duos in Sonata form, for Pianoforte and Violin Concertante (or Violoncello or Flute).—Opus 13.

H. HAUPTMANN.—Three Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, —Opus 23.

J. P. C. HARTMANN.—Grand Sonata Concertante for Pianoforte and Violin.—Opus 8.

JOSEPH GENISCHTA.—Grand Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello (or Violin).—Opus 7.

WE should judge Herr Kücken, from his duos, to be a smooth, cheerful, young man, against whom it is difficult to bear a grudge, though he shakes his melodies out of his sleeves. His sonatas resemble Reissiger's in lightness of form and melody, though they betray less invention and careful choice. Their form is the old, ordinary one: C major, G major, a little A minor, C major; the melody stands between German prose and Bellinian effeminacy; in the first movement of No. 2 the famous triplets of the "Montecchi" finale are rather too perceptible. The scherzo lacks the refinement of wit, though it cleverly and naturally expresses the style "á la Russe." The consecutive octaves on page 11, staff 4, are, we hope, errors of the press. These sonatas will neither injure nor benefit, though they may entertain young people of talent.

The three following sonatas embarrass me, because their composer has already written some pianoforte and violin sonatas, with which, in my opinion, these cannot be compared. Every one who loves purity and truthfulness of invention, may believe the reviewer. When a composer abjures all that might render his work more interesting, he must not wonder that others are not interested in it. Genius can sometimes afford to lay aside decorative aid, but talent needs it all. This affected simplicity is a dry by-road, leading back to the ultra-classicism of the Haydn and Mozart period. The rich resources of modern times are not to be blamed for the non-appearance of such masters in our day, but rather the false use made of them, and a hundred other reasons; above all, one must come into the world a Mozart. These sonatas, and the instrument, are treated in the old way, and the composition has turned out so easy in consequence, that the poorest performer could play it at sight. If it was the composer's intention to write for mediocre minds, he would have done better to write sonatinas, which take up less space, and would have been of some use. Yet all this does not prevent our declaring that these sonatas contain some good music. They are well written, of quietly flowing form, moving in a broad, if not deep, channel, are inventive, smoothly, naturally melodious, outwardly correct, and only once permit a little boldness (sonata 2, page 11, last measure but one). The third sonata is the most lively of the three, especially in the middle of the last movement; the andante of this number is also winning. Would that these few lines might persuade this clever artist from his too stoical indifference towards the life of our day, and inspire him with the desire to draw fresh strength for new works at richer fountains of art life; he has cultivation and knowledge enough.

Herr Hartmann's sonata is a work that gives pleasure; it contains nothing extraordinary, much that is orderly; all forces work together in natural movement, leading us onward, even increasing in interest from one movement to another, until it reaches its climax on the last page. The first movement possesses that playful sort of earnestness which we are accustomed to in Hummel's compositions. Its form betrays a regard for the old law of moderation that renders it smooth and correct throughout. But our composer dare not yet freely let himself go. The scherzo has life, its imitations occur naturally; the trio is most successful, both in melody and management of the parts. The andante does not strike me as being sufficiently interesting for its length, but it is good and well meant. The last movement has something of an Onslow character; I could have wished for more grace and originality in the first theme, but the middle movement, with its clever changes and imitations, is therefore the more satisfactory. I consider the two last pages the freest and most spontaneous in the sonata.

It is long since I have met with a composition that promised so little at a first glance, yet which gained so much on a closer acquaintance, as Genischta's sonata; it bears witness to a clear mind, and the sort of talent that is scarcely aware of the difference between good and bad, yet always instinctively attains the former. It is lyrical, full of feeling, and seems so happy in itself, that one scarcely wishes for anything more; a musical still life. I only wish the composer could have attained the higher flight he seemed preparing for on the 19th page. As might be expected from his unpretending character, however, he returned quickly again to the green, firm earth, rejoicing in it. If we take the violin for the accompaniment, we miss the fine tenor character of the violoncello, and it seems to have been originally composed exclusively for the latter instrument. The work needs no further description; its value is plainly and indubitably seen.

Grand Duo on Themes, &c., for Pianoforte and Violin, by FR. CHOPIN and A. FRANCHOMME.

THIS is a composition for drawing-rooms, in which, behind the lovely shoulders of countesses, the head of a famous artist appears here and there; it is therefore not fitted for tea parties, at which people play a little in the intervals of conversation. It is essentially a work for the most refined of circles, in which the artist receives the respect and attention his position deserves. It seems to me that Chopin must have sketched it throughout, while Franchomme said a gentle "yes" to everything; for whatever Chopin touches, takes his form and spirit, and even in this small salon style he asserts himself with a grace and elegance, compared to which all the finish of other brilliant writers is lost on the winds. If the whole of "Robert le Diable" were filled with such ideas as Chopin has selected from it for his duo, it would need re-baptism. And Chopin's fantastic finger plays hither and thither, veiling, unveiling, so that ear and heart long retain the tones. The reproach of extreme length, which anxious virtuosi may bestow on the piece, was perhaps not unjust, for at the twelfth page there is a sort of lameness in the movement; but already on the thirteenth the strings are grasped with true Chopin-like impatience, and on the music flies again to the end, with a wave-like figure. Is it necessary for us to add that we recommend this duo with our very best will?

TRIOS.

Trio by J. Rosenhain, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. —Opus 2.

TAKE the key of C minor, the limited three crotchet measure, imagine a fiery player at the instrument, with two gently accompanying, appreciative friends, shed a little morning light over the picture, and you will have an idea of this trio. It pleases me both in plan and in form; I reckon its composer among those Mendelssohnian characters, who conquer the difficulties of form before they leave their mother's knee, and trust that he will not disappoint our expectations of his future artistic productions, which must be a source of lively enjoyment to us all. If we find, in the latter growth of talent, many with lofty aims and aspirations, rarely do we meet with one who knows how to reproduce, with equal strength and modesty, that which he has appropriated to himself; I say "appropriated to himself," because we do not find in this trio any uncommon traits, or a remarkably original style, but always the general, the essentially human; it is an admirable study from the best masters; everywhere we find love for the adopted art, talent, even devotion. This is delightful to meet with, and deserving of recognition.

The first movement is the most musical of all; everything in it is organically and happily connected. It is true that we fancy we have met with much of it before, especially in Beethoven and Ries; but the examples of imitation are not so striking that they may be pointed out letter by letter. The melody of this movement is easy and noble, the treatment of the themes gives promise of mastership to come. The effect, in spite of an almost vehement minor, is striking and complete.

In the andante he passes to a style in which we can no longer equal our great predecessors, Mozart and the rest; this seems to us a kind of music which is closed up, and we must now think of middle movements of a different character. However, this one contains musical soulfulness, and that alone is most praiseworthy.

We recommend this trio emphatically; the facility of the three parts will render it quickly popular; the more emphatically, since the later works of this talented young man, so far as our experience of them goes, scarcely equal the excellence of this beginning. This half blame is intended rather as a request that he will follow them up with greater compositions.

Reader, did you ever step from a brilliant, elegant room, with inviting, whitely-draped tables, at once into the night of a pine-wood, its paths rough and uneven and overgrown with knotted roots, while heavy raindrops fell, and you ran right and left, tearing yourself on the branches, until, after long wanderings, you found an outlet? Such an experience is that of passing from Rosenhain's trio to one by

ANTON BOHRER,

For Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—Opus 47.

To begin with, I must acknowledge two things; first my error in having counted Bohrer, few of whose compositions I had hitherto seen, among the brilliant, scribbling virtuosi, the German Lafonts; next, that there is no more wretched score than that which one patches up from separate parts; and as I have not once heard this trio, my review of it cannot be considered infallible.

As regards the first point, one is quite surprised to find, instead of the hoped-for triplet pearls and golden spangles, a highly tragic plan and an unruly style most rarely met with in a 47th work; this remark is not intended as blame, but rather as the expression of hope that the composer may, in a smaller frame, endeavour to alter and clarify his manner of writing.

One thing pleases me in every movement,—they have all a fundamental colour and character, even though it be a fluctuating, bottomless one. The first looks in so furiously on the wretched doings of men, feels so uncomfortable in its garments, and glances about it so longingly for advice and consolation, that one regrets the impossibility of help, as the trio is already printed.

The second moves in C major, somewhat milder and lighter, but very much out of humour; yet it would be certainly effective played by a Bohrer trio party.

The last makes some attempt at the grotesque in an easier flight; once, at page 35, staff 4, it is on the point of reaching the *right* elevation, but the unfortunate Icarus wing, which I detect throughout the trio, drags it down to the *wrong* one again.

Played in Paris, by Frenchmen, this trio would doubtless excite a feeling of admiration; and when the trio is laid on the desk, I see place respectfully made for it, while it is envied for its supposed German "depth."

I really hardly know what to say about it (and this is why my review is already so long); if we find some uncommon ideas in the work, an invisible, strange, inimical, struggling spirit displays itself also. If it leaves an uncertain impression behind it, it certainly excites sympathy, and a sort of poetic longing for that which we wish to find in it. If this effect be granted by any one to whom Beethoven's last works appear clear and, in a high sense of the word, popular, we must believe there is something in the work, though the fact of not having heard it will certainly render its chiaro-oscuro more striking.

From a close comparison of all the parts we gather either that the composer is wanting, not in ideas, but in an inward fount of song, or else that it has not yet found its way to the light. This seems to create a certain dissatisfaction with what he has completed; he seems to dread lingering in the old tracks, blindly gropes about him, and plucks up such fearful harmonies, that they make one's very ears tingle. For instance, on page 9, we find a complete E minor, A minor, E-flat minor, B minor, F minor. In certain cases this might sound finely; but here these modulations are irritating; and we cannot but remark the composer's anxiety to return to the key that floats before him from a distance as the correct one.

As we might expect, the violin and violoncello are treated in a practical, instrumental style. But the pianoforte! What a hodge-podge! enough to spoil any fingers brave enough to tackle with it. In comparison, the most difficult things written by one perfectly versed in the difficulties of the keyboard would appear the easy trifles of an amateur. One might never end with reproaches here; but a good pianist should arrange the piano part anew; its author would greet the work as new, and with pleasure.

These are our opinions regarding this trio; the composer cannot accuse us of having treated it unsympathetically.

When it is possible to say of a composition that it would be almost impossible to improve its harmonic treatment, that it is melodically pleasing, interwoven here and there with light counterpoint of an attractive character, full of agreeable ideas (though echoes of Spohr may sometimes weaken its ground tone), much is said in its praise; and then we think at once of

A. HESSE,

whose 56th work is an admirably instrumentated trio, and will be heard with attention everywhere. There is not much to be said of a composition finished with so much routine and technical mastership as this, except that we glide over it as over a plain, without a shock. Musical publications would cease to appear, were there not, unfortunately, or shall we say, thank heaven, a few poets in the rough left for us to smoothe down yet. The trio moves in the so-called martial key E-flat major, through its happy medium road between grief and *abandon*, though we wish a little of the latter were more perceivable in the scherzo, a movement invented to serve as the escape valve for a composer's effervescence.

All will agree that the larghetto, already sufficiently clothed in Spohr fashion, becomes a mere reflection of Spohr in the last variation. We wish this were otherwise. Herr Hesse is too strong, too old, to lean on a model, and that, too, tender as a flower; Beethoven would have been better, under his mantle thousands of us may shelter ourselves. The first and last movements have a more independent air; never so much, however, but that we might have guessed at some other composer, only for the title page. There is not much to be said of a composition that—ah! I was about to repeat a former sentence,—but I am surprised that a man of such remarkable contrapuntal knowledge does not allow this to be seen; to be sure, he begins to open a fugue in the last movement, but leaves off again. Heavens! how I would make people feel that they know nothing about fugues,—I would augment, revolve, and revolve in double inversion! Or does the composer rank among those talents that flow forth more clearly and transparently the more they work in the secret mine of counterpoint, while others unearth elephant tusks, pearls in the shell, and petrified palm leaves? I know the first, let him prove the last in future trios!

If the trio that lies before me, by

F. W. JÄHNS,—Opus 10,

increased in excellence from the really happy commencement to the close,—or if it culminated towards the middle, and then fell again to the level of the beginning, we could freely praise it. But already on the second page the composer falls into a rhythm—which we all certainly have to go through with, like a lyrical "woe and alas" period—the very same with which Beethoven commences his C-minor symphony; I felt beforehand how the composer would labour through it, for I know from experience how it weighs down the unlucky one who has to do with it. To be sure, on page 4, in the last staff, a much more tenderly sketched, if not a newer idea, breaks through; but the earlier one still keeps the upper hand, and the movement never rises to a fine height. But when we remember how many are yet unacquainted with this rhythmic figure, if we consider the composer's industry, and the flow, as well as the good, musical, contrary motion of the outer voices—always a sign of a cultivated musician—when we think of the endless French-Italian stolen plunder, scarcely worthy to serve as blotting-paper for works like this—then the first movement may be called good, worthy of praise, and deserving of place in any trio programme.

The second movement, termed an adagio, also contains good ideas. But in fact it is only placed there because such is the custom. Sterne says that men have scarcely time enough to pull on their boots. Therefore write no more adagios, or write them better than Mozart's. Are you wiser for putting on a wig? Your adagio thoughts are wanting in truth, life, reality; and where will you put your imagination and wit? I hoped to find more life and originality in the scherzo; but that is the weakest movement in the trio, unbearably Weberish besides, and against this latter fault the composer needs to defend himself.

Little more was needed to make the trio by

J. C. LOUIS WOLF,—Opus 6,

another sacrifice to that C-minor symphony rhythm. Who this composer is, or where he lives, I know not; but his trio is good, and runs so easily, naturally, and prosaically on, that moderate players could read it without hindrance at sight; indeed, an experienced musician could foretell with tolerable certainty, four bars ahead, what is to come and where it will turn.

As usual, the first movement is also the best here; it is true, the composer stumbles a few times on that dangerous rhythm, but not so often as to prevent the appearance of other thoughts also; the second movement is a larghetto in A-flat major, common time, pretty, and well intended, but somewhat ordinary.

The last movement has a real Haydnish beginning, and is determined to be a rondo.

In form, the three movements resemble each other to a hair, and are somewhat too much spread out. Each is separated into three parts, the last of which is a transposed repetition of the first; the middle one is a little concentrated and worked out, but there is no deep involution. Every page of the work has a cheerful, agreeable character that almost passes into a reminiscence of the Mozart-Haydn period. As this trio is only the sixth work of the composer, it is to be hoped that he will strive onwards. For he who supposes that in our day all is finished with the study of those two great ones will remain behind. The highest mountains have not yet been ascended, and the depths of the sea still conceal many treasures.

And now we come to a very pleasant composition, a ternary, as Wedel calls it, a trio by

AMBROISE THOMAS,—Opus 2,

a salon trio, listening to which one may busy himself with his lorguette, yet not wholly lose the musical thread; not heavy, not light, not classic, not romantic, not deep, not sickly, but always euphonious, and in some places rich in fine melodies; for instance, in the soft principal one of the first movement, which, however, in the major, soon loses its charm and becomes common—such a difference is sometimes created by the major or minor third.

Every movement is distinguished by brevity and tenderness; in the first, the form is so compressed that no independent second theme appears, but we have instead a little melodic passage in the violin, which the violoncello takes up. The andante contains nothing remarkable, and leads happily into the last movement. Over this is written "Finale," but "rondo" would be more correct. We find both German learning and French ease here. But the composer must avoid falling into the sweet and effeminate, and this he can do by aspiring to the highest with truth and earnestness. May he do so often!

It would be unpardonable in me, were I to neglect informing trio circles, of which we have so many happy examples in Germany, that the most unamiable of our favourites, Ferdinand Hiller, has also written trios. And as he always aims and sometimes arrives at the highest, he did not publish one, like a timid beginner, but, like Beethoven, three at once, one in B-flat major, the second in F-sharp minor, the third in E major. One may see by the keys that they are not connected.

Unfortunately I cannot pronounce judgment here with the necessary certainty, as I have only heard that in E major, long ago; yet I remember very well that, when it was over, the players looked doubtful whether to laugh or to cry. They quietly laid the trio aside, and if I read aright, their faces said, "That Hiller is a queer fellow!" or something like it. It seemed less odd to me than to them, and now I even find uncommon things in it. And in our day, when even the most talented, fearful lest they may not quickly attain popularity, abstain from attempting great works, so powerful an endeavour must be signalised.

Later, my opinion regarding Hiller became settled; it may be found in many numbers of our paper, and on that account I shall speak briefly to-day. I do not retract one iota of the blame I have formerly expressed, but in respect to these trios I have a great deal to say in praise. The first, especially, in all four movements, seems to me to have been written in a happy mood and with great pleasure and freshness; so much so, that we can regard the oddity and unripeness that has crept in amid the haste of composition, with exceptional indulgence. Indeed, the uncommon character of this trio awakens such especial pictures, that during a few minutes it seemed to me that I was standing in an American primeval wood, under giant growths, amid which serpents glided and silver pheasants fluttered. Both the others seem to me more insipid and forced, too, as if he had determined to write three trios. But this opinion must not induce any one to lay them aside, for here also we find the new and striking; and let not any one be satisfied with playing them a single time, for the pearls under the rubbish will not be found in the first grasp. May these remarks suffice to draw the attention of trio circles to these early works of Hiller!

Among musicians by profession we light upon a dilettante (for such I believe him to be), the Baron Carl August von Klein, whom we cannot treat roughly, for he surely means well with music, to judge from his timid manner of composing, and whom we are tempted to cry out to, "Do not be too much afraid of artists!"

I think a pedantic, schoolmaster-like hand has had too much to do with the trio. Had this not happened, had the composer written ever so thinly and poorly in his own fashion, simplicity would not have been carried to the verge of dryness and affectation. A flower may be painted in blue and green, a waltz may be built on tonic and dominant, but for a landscape one must know how to use every colour freely. A passing false tone is soon overpowered by a strong idea. Yet in spite of its timidity, the work is not correct, and betrays an inexperienced ear. For aught I care, the fifths may ascend or descend chromatically, the melody may be doubled in every interval in octaves, but——! Yes, lately I heard (in a dream) an angelic music filled with heavenly fifths, and this happened because, the angels assured me, they had never found it necessary to study thorough bass. Those for whom it is intended will understand my dream.

Although, as I have said, the author seems too closely confined by the trammels of the school, yet an able character makes itself apparent, and this may yet learn to play with its fetters. The little romance encourages such hopes, though it also sticks and stumbles. The scherzo would certainly please if well performed; not so the trio, which is decidedly too old-fashioned.

The principal melodies of both the remaining movements are cantabile. We never fall upon entangled working up, union of the themes, close responses, &c.; generally the violin begins a theme or passage, then the 'cello takes it up, then the pianoforte, or the reverse. And it strikes me as characteristic that in all the parts the signs of expression are omitted, with the exception of a few "dolce" and the ordinary *p*s and *f*s.

The pianoforte part, in order to be played and to sound well, should be rearranged by a virtuoso more fully and heavily. This sounds oddly, but such is the case; two notes are sometimes more difficult to manage than ten, and Liszt fantasies are easier than many lines of the trio by Klein. On the other hand, the string instruments are treated with careful knowledge of their peculiarities.

To conclude: nothing in the trio is sufficiently decided to enable one to judge with any certainty regarding the possible future works of its composer; indeed, it would be difficult to guess whether it be written by a young or an older man, though the former is the more probable supposition. This accepted, may the composer give us more opportunity to restrain, than to spur him on, in future!

If any one wishes to learn how to write in the trio style with roundness and precision, let him take, for instance, the latest—

TRIOS BY REISSIGER

as models. When I think of this composer, the words, "neat, lovely, naïve," and others expressive of the attributes of those lesser graces who have chosen Reissiger as their darling, spring to the pen. When we meet him in a happy mood, we are certain to find pleasant entertainment; but when he tries to be tragic or humorous, he easily falls into a certain theatrical, declamatory style, or (supposing the latter case) a superficial ballet tone. So his eighth trio, in which he keeps himself at a distance from both these extremes, pleases me exceptionally, and more than all the four first that I know, by him. No great preparations are made in that, no chairs set stiffly in order; we stand unexpectedly before a man of the world, who converses with us of his travels or of famous men, in smooth speech, without forcing anything, and keeping up our attention to the end, though more through the grace of his manner than the meaning of his thoughts. It is to be expected that such a character should win friends, and we would not blame the liking of many for such companionable music; but let them not, perhaps, therefore despise one who stands at a distance in a poor coat and yet unknown, but whose eyes contain a Beethovenian idea.

In these latest trios we find every side of the composer again. All that has a general resemblance to Weber has by degrees so melted into Reissiger's own physiognomy, that it is difficult to make a distinction between them. On the other hand, I am much disturbed by a motivo in the eighth trio, that belongs to a ballad by Löewe, or, to go further back, to the scherzo in Beethoven's C-minor symphony. When I found it again in the scherzo, I thought there was to be a transfiguration of this motivo hidden in every movement; but I was mistaken, and as it appears again in the finale of the ninth trio, we must look upon it as a favourite passage of this composer, such as we know composers at different periods are apt to favour and work over. I was also surprised at the beginning of the allegro to the ninth trio, which stands, note for note, at the beginning of a trio by Löewe. It is a phrase, however, that we may meet with innumerable times, and which any one has as little right to claim for his own as the rhymes "pleasure, treasure," or "dove and love."

Should astonishment be expressed at the increasing number of trios by Reissiger (two more are already on the way to Leipsic, as we hear), we must openly declare that he, for one of our most experienced chapel masters, takes the matter easily. He does not trouble himself at all about new forms, turns, or modulations; the second half of the movement usually brings in the first again, transposed note for note; his passages are of the simplest kind. The violin and 'cello parts are interwoven with the pianoforte part just as naturally and easily. In short, he can get a trio ready in two or three days, and a trio party may learn it in as many hours. These two works, light and merry wanderers, will certainly make their way in the world. If they needed a passport, I would describe their eyes as blue ones.

To conclude this list of trios published within the last three years, I will make a few observations to my readers on some by Moscheles, Franz Schubert, and Chopin. I would also mention two less known, one by Von Löwenskiold, another by Bertini.

The first name sounds Swedish, but must not be confounded with Schoppe's painter name in "Titan;" for we find the very opposite of the Leibgeber spirit in this trio. It is an ordinary, clear, euphonious, occasional, or salon piece, written without any very high aim, yet by a hand that might accomplish deeper works of art were it seconded by more industry and aspiration.

The first theme of the last movement must be termed graceful, in the finer meaning of that word. I must mention the measure at the close of the first movement, for the sake of its originality, in which both hands, in octaves, sweep the keyboard (in F major). Now, B flat is a black key, and difficult to seize in the vehemence which the proper tempo demands; B natural is certain to be played, and may perhaps pass unheard in the swiftness of the passage. The composer has roguishly shut his eyes, left the B flat printed, leaving the student to find out how it is to be played. It strikes me as a funny idea.

With the best will in the world, we find it difficult to be angry with Bertini; and yet he drives us distracted with his civility and his perfumed Parisian phrases; all his music is as smooth as silk and satin. The trio may fulfil its destiny, to be worn out and then laid aside. Every one of the movements, excepting the scherzo, would have gained in effect had they been cut down to half their length; however, what is printed, is printed, and in the first movement (which repeats the brilliant passage three times, and the favourite harmonic progression at page 6, bars 7, and 13 to 14, many more times), one may think of something else—of other compositions by Bertini. I am quite pleased that he does not wish to be regarded as belonging either to old or young Germany, and takes it ill if he is not considered a true Parisian. The easily flowing harmony of the whole trio deserves especial praise.

It is still more easy for me to speak of the trios by Moscheles, Chopin, and Schubert, as I have heard them all so finely played, the first several times by the composer himself, the other by Clara Wieck and the brothers Müller, the last by Mendelssohn and David.

The trio by Moscheles is one of the master's best works. It is elevating to see the elder, early-recognised master pressing forward anew. While others would have rested on their laurels after writing the G-minor concerto, and two books of studies, models for all time, this one renounces his old fame, and places himself in the ranks with the young opponents of formality, mannerism, and Philistinism. So, in this trio, we find thought prominent, a poetic foundation, a noble frame of mind. A spirit less moving and eloquent than penetrating, concise, and sterling, speaks from every movement. It will strike every one that in the first movement he merely brings in the first melody again (in place of a second) unaltered, save that it is in the major. It surprises me because another thought might have been so easily found at that passage. But through this very circumstance, the piece has acquired a character of unity and strength, to which it had perhaps not else attained. I remember, too, that the gentle by-thought (page 7, staff 5, from bar 1, on) is not brought in again by the violin in the repetition at the end. This restrained close is especially lovely. The adagio has no great originality; indeed, in the middle period in F minor, it declines from the first mood; yet it would have sufficed for the honour of even famous names. The scherzo is witty and spirituelle all through; a Scotch national melody seems to lurk at its foundation. Speedily conquering this excessive merriment, the last movement brings a number of interesting pictures before us, and ends cheerfully, as if conscious of having accomplished something worthily.

In regard to the trio by Chopin, I may remind my readers that it appeared a few years ago, and is already known to many. Let no one take it amiss in Florestan, that he prides himself on having first introduced a youth, from an unknown world, to publicity, unfortunately in a very somniferous spot (see the first of these papers, entitled "An Opus 2").* And how finely Chopin has realised his prophecy, how triumphantly he has issued from the fight with the ignoramuses and Philistines, how nobly he still strives onward, ever more simply and artistically! Even this trio belongs to Chopin's earlier works, when he still gave the preference to the virtuoso. But who could have well foreseen the development of such an anomalous originality, such an energetic nature, that would rather wear itself out than submit to the laws of others? Chopin has already left several periods of development behind him; the difficult has become so easy to him that he throws it aside, and, like all thorough artists, turns with preference to the simple. What can I say of this trio, that every one who understands it has not already said to himself? Is it not as noble as possible, more enthusiastic than the song of any poet, original in detail as in the whole, every note life and music? Wretched Berlinese reviewer, who couldest not comprehend anything of all this, and never willst. How I despise, yet pity thee, miserable man! *

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* See page 4 of the first volume of the English edition of Schumann's "Music and Musicians."

One look at Schubert's trio, and all our pitiful human striving disappears, and the world is fresh and fair again. About two years ago a Schubert trio passed across the ordinary musical life of that day like an angry, heavenly apparition. It was his hundredth work, and a little while after, in November 1828, he died. This lately-published trio seems to be an older work. It does not betray in style his early period, and was probably written a short time before the famous one in E-flat major. Their inner meaning divides them far apart. The first movement, which in the other is inspired by earnest anger and excessive aspiration, is in ours graceful, trusting, maidenly; the adagio, there a sigh, which swells to heartfelt anxiety, is here a happy dream, a rising and sinking of fine human feeling. The scherzos somewhat resemble each other, but I give the preference to that in the earlier published second trio. I cannot decide regarding the last movements. In a word, the trio in E-flat major is more active, manly, and dramatic; this, on the contrary, is more passive,

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* This reviewer, incapable of understanding the genius of Chopin, was Ludwig Rellstab, once a man of no inconsiderable reputation as dramatist, romance writer, musical reviewer, and professor of singing. He gave early proof of a combative disposition, serving, at the age of sixteen, as a volunteer in a campaign against Napoleon, afterwards studying in the military school and becoming an officer of artillery. His satire, "Henrietta, the fair singer," cost him several months of imprisonment; his twelve years' musico-patriotic quarrel with Spontini also ended in a prison experience. He died in 1860.—Tr.

feminine, lyric. The work he has left behind him is to us a cherished bequest; time may yet produce countless and noble things, but never again a Schubert!

TRIOS FOR PIANOFORTE, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS. (1840).

YEARS have passed since we last reviewed compositions in the above form; our readers may perhaps remember a cyclus of criticisms, in which we spoke at length of all the trios that had appeared during about ten years. While searching for every new publication, we have been astonished to find that so few works of the above description have been printed within a period of two or three years past. A far larger number must certainly have been written; but who is able to decide about that? At this moment, only four trios and a quartette lie before us, and our judgment concerning them must not be considered exhaustive, as we have only heard one of them performed; for though the inner musical hearing is the finer one, the spirit of realisation has its rights; the clear, living tone has its peculiar effects, respecting which, even the good musician may deceive himself when he merely reads the work on paper. It is already an easier thing to judge from the score—and it is becoming a praiseworthy custom to publish the score of ensemble pieces; but where this does not exist, the critic is not to be blamed if his criticism is merely a wholesale one. The first of the trios to be reviewed to-day lies before us in the pianoforte part as well as in score; it is by B. E. Philipp. The name of this composer, who resides in Breslau, has already often appeared in our paper. If we are not mistaken, he appears with an ensemble piece of large dimensions for the first time in this trio. It is in F minor, and only differs in its form from other trios, because it does not contain a scherzo. On the whole it possesses the true trio character; that is to say, no single instrument predominates, yet each one has a voice in the whole. Its mood is especially lyrical, and its fundamental tone remains so, although we almost fancy the composer had dramatic intentions in the last movement. The first movement is the most quickly effective; it has flow, and is well rounded. Its effect would be still greater with a more energetic and significant conclusion; as it stands, we feel that the composer had got to the end, and that the fantasia had nothing more to give; and yet it is the most successful movement of the trio. The adagio has little to tell us; the first eight bars of the cantilena are, melodically speaking, well invented, though they remind us somewhat of the adagio of Beethoven's F-minor sonata; what follows, however, has no musical progression, and even the middle period in B-flat minor is bald and devoid of charm. The last movement, finale, is well connected with the adagio, and takes a bold course at once. The first measures of the allegro resemble strongly, it is true, in movement and character, those of the last movement of Beethoven's C-sharp minor fantasia; but although this partly destroys its effect, we feel that atonement is speedily made by the very good and melodically flowing cantilena in the major key of the major third below, which afterwards appears again in the traditional manner in the major of the principal key. A passage from the adagio appears once more before the close, we can scarcely decide whether effectively or not. There is danger in such retrospective views; if they are not the consequence of a free flight of fancy (as in the finale of the C-minor symphony, where the scherzo reappears), so that we feel constrained to say, "It could not have been otherwise," they look forced and made up; and yet such a glance behind has its judicious reasons, and we are always glad to welcome these. In summa, the trio will, in many respects, please those who do not expect from it the highest degree of mastership; its composer's aim was an unmistakably good one; and we trust that he may always find, for similar works of large dimensions, publishers to produce them in as liberal a manner as this. The trio is dedicated to Adolph Henselt.

We are not able to say more, regarding a trio by C. Seyler, save what a silent performance, with the parts laid round us, will allow. It seems, however, clear enough to dispense with a score, and does not apparently rise beyond that mediocre flight of thought which may always be guessed at a few minutes beforehand; in the pauses of the pianoforte part, I am nearly always able to imagine the filling out of the other instruments. The character of the piece is modern, pleasing, civilian; it possesses melody, though rather small and familiar; the harmony is light, but correct. So far as we are able to presume, the composer seems to be young and striving. But double force is necessary to persevere on a serious path in a large city like Vienna. Public and publishers there desire above all things what is light and entertaining, and a firework exhibition suits them better than a robust gladiator. So it has often happened that those who did not understand this, but struggled against the stream, have been obliged to do so alone and unapplauded; while those who abandoned their higher aim and yielded, swam with a hundred others in the current, and disappeared without leaving a trace behind them. We wish the young composer perseverance enough to save him from degenerating into the latter class: for the applause of a fashionable mob is not worth the esteem of one quiet, true, exclusive artist. A public crowd is never to be satisfied; but a carefully worked-out, finely-finished work of art re-echoes through centuries. We have fallen into this moralising tone, because we know that talent in great cities, though it may begin well, too often stops short at the beginning for want of encouragement. May this "premier trio," then, prove only the precursor of far finer ones to come, and may its composer continue to strengthen and control his powers by exercising them on grand forms.

To these trios by Philipp and Seyler, we must add three recently-published ones by A. Fesca, J. P. Pixis, and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

We have already done justice in our pages to the talent for composition of the first-mentioned artist. One sees that he works easily; a number of large works by him have lately appeared in print. The trio, if not the composer himself, is of a butterfly nature; he tastes and sips art, though with love and pleasure, indeed, and this prepossesses in his favour. He gladly attaches himself to his more lofty contemporaries in art, and it is not difficult to find Mendelssohn, Henselt, and Thalberg mirrored in his works. The ease and grace with which he annexes himself, however, soon lead us to become reconciled. If we forget the always rougher German element, the young composer may be not inaptly compared to the French Bertini. We do not know whether this comparison will please him; yet we think he has material enough in him to render it null, and to work himself up to a higher and more manly tone of expression. The trio sounds like one of Bertini's, pleasing and pretty throughout. He does not trouble himself much about grammar, or even octaves and fifths (at least as regards the eye); he writes down what sounds well to him, and considers the ear the highest court of appeal. We have nothing to say against this principle. Whatever sounds well mocks all grammar, whatever is beautiful may scoff at æsthetics. After all we have said, friends of art will divine what they have to expect from the trio. It stands, like a mediator, between artist and dilettante, and will satisfy all persons who do not absolutely demand the highest. I should have mentioned that the trio must be played from beginning to end without intermission. In spite of this, the separate movements do not possess any inward connection or reference to each other; and a little pause may be introduced after each one, just as well as not. The pianoforte part predominates, but not too much to prevent the other instruments from displaying themselves; and the clearness of arrangement in the whole is very striking, as the work of a young artist like this composer.

The trio by J. P. Pixis is the sixth by this composer, and the first considerable work of his pen that has appeared since a long interval. I have not heard it completely performed; had I done so, perhaps it would have appeared less unclear and broken up to me. Its commencement is peculiar. The pianoforte begins with a wild figure, into which the basses introduce the principal thought of the first movement; indeed, the whole first movement is as wild as it can be in a composer who is not precisely a Beethoven, and who, wandering in Sicily at the side of an admired daughter, under evergreen triumphal arches, has no precise reason to complain of his existence.* The capriccio, in the place of a scherzo, is very piquant and intelligent ; Pixis is always happy in such small forms. The adagio, of a sentimental character, lasts nearly as long as all the three other movements together, and is therefore too long ; we find in it a number of harmonies wasted on a commonplace melodic idea, which, simplified and contracted, would have produced an effect. Richer life is introduced by the closing movement, written, like the first, in the uncommon key of F-sharp minor. The close reminds us of one of Rossini's "Soirées," and the octave leaps in the principal figure of the drums in the scherzo of Beethoven's D-minor symphony. The whole composition is brilliant and difficult, yet thankful to perform. Though we cannot prophesy for it, as for a masterwork, great length of life or continuous effect, yet it may be ranked among show pieces as a remarkable and original one, demanding more than mere dexterity from the player, giving more than mere amusement to the hearer.

And now, we need only speak of Mendelssohn's trio—and but little, for it certainly lies in the hands of every one already. It is the master trio of to-day, as in their day were those of Beethoven in B flat and D, as was that of Franz Schubert in E flat; a wholly fine composition, that, when years have passed away, will yet delight grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The storm of last year begins to be allayed, and has certainly thrown many pearls on shore. Mendelssohn, though he has perhaps been less influenced by it than others, still remains the child of his epoch, has also struggled, and has also heard the shallow gossip of a few narrow-minded scribblers,—"Music's season of bloom lies far behind us," and has soared so high, that we may venture to say that he is the Mozart of the nineteenth century, the brightest among musicians, the one who looks most clearly of all through the contradictions of the time, and reconciles us to them. And he will not be the last artist. After Mozart came Beethoven; this modern Mozart may be followed by a newer Beethoven, who is perhaps already born. And now, what can I say of this trio, that will not be said by every one who hears it? though he who has heard its creator play in it will certainly be happiest in his judgment. There are bolder executants; but I scarcely know one who performs Mendelssohn's works with such enchanting freshness as himself. Yet this should not deter others from playing the trio also; compared with others, those by Schubert, for example, it has less difficulties,—for these, in art works of the first order, generally stand in precise relation to the effect, and the greater this is, the more numerous these are. I need scarcely mention that this trio is not written for pianoforte players merely, or that the other instrumentalists are required to take a living and important part in it, to their own and the listeners' enjoyment. The new work will, as it should, produce an effect on all sides, and is a new proof to us of its creator's artistic power, which now appears to have reached its fullest bloom.

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* Pixis adopted a Fräulein Guringer as his daughter, and by means of his instruction she became a singer of some distinction, under the name of Francilla Pixis. Her voice (contralto) was especially admired for its power of expression ; she sang with success throughout Europe, but with greatest effect at Palermo and the San Carlo in Naples, where Pacini wrote his well-known opera "Saffo" for her. After a short career, she married, and left the operatic stage.—Tr.

TRIOS FOR PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO.

ALEXANDER FESCA.

Second Grand Trio.—Opus 12. Third Grand Trio.—Opus 23.

UNFORTUNATELY no score of these trios lies before us, and this is also the case with most of those we are about to speak of; therefore, our review makes no pretension to infallibility, and rather aims at directing attention to newly-published trios than at serving as a critical mirror of any of them. And then the different composers in question are so well known, that every one may fairly guess what he may or may not expect from them.

The first trio, by the above-named young composer, was reviewed in our pages some time ago; we then said, "it possesses a butterfly nature, if such, indeed, is not that of the composer himself." This expression, with its good and bad meaning, is also applicable to his two later trios. Like the first, they seem to be the production of a lively, changeful nature, such a one as is very pleasing at times. But life, especially artist life, is too short to be lived through in butterfly fashion. We know not whether this be the intention of Herr Fesca; but he is certainly inclined to do so, and the applause of the multitude, the smiles of sentimental women, are poison-flowers to such a nature. The true artist is initiated in a different manner; in solitude, or in the society of other artists, and nothing is so enervating as the favour of mediocrity. No one, it is true, can be more profound than he really is; but every one can learn and strive. The greatest objection we find to these two trios is the mediocre standard they assume. From this the composer will certainly be able to accomplish something finished in its way; such a form will come easy to him; he is not wanting in pretty melodies, he writes effectively for the player; a sort of youthful openness is especially pleasing in him. But such a form is ordinary and trivial; the melodies need more varied expression, and we may seek in vain in both works for original, elevated aspiration. In a few words, the composer seems to be satisfied with his talent, and with what he has so far learned, and thinks it will last him his lifetime, which we rather wish for his sake, than hope or believe. Yet let us not be too timorous! Every artist's life has its holiday time, when it pleasantly rocks on the waves of the present; but when beckoned to new labours, the hushed voice is no longer silent. The German has so many models of lofty manhood; let our youths look up to these sometimes, and to Bach, who considered all works written by himself before his thirtieth year as non-existent, and to Beethoven, who, in his last years, could not bear his own "Christ on the Mount of Olives." Do you not tremble, young artists, when you reflect what your opinion regarding your own compositions may be, after fifty? However, what kings throw away, tradesmen are greedy enough to swallow. They certainly will not burn any of their immortal works; so let them rejoice in their short life, but let them not blame the future, when it has forgotten them. The preceding observations will give an idea of our opinion in general regarding the later works of Herr Fesca; in detail, they may yet contain many special points worthy of praise which have escaped us for the want of a full score. But we do not think our judgment of his entire artistic character is an erroneous one; and in the future, that makes all things clear, we shall remind ourselves and others of these lines.

W. REULING.

Grand Trio, &c.—Opus 75.

THE number of the opus shows that we have to do with an experienced musician here. And so it also appears on reading over the pianoforte part, and on comparing the other parts with that, a proceeding that must suffice to us instead of studying a full score. Besides this, the composer is conductor at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna, and has lately made himself known by an opera. We have decidedly not to do with a novice. If we are not mistaken, the principal reproach made against his opera, on its first production, was its wavering between the German and Italian schools, so that neither of the parties that stand so violently in opposition to each other in Vienna, declared itself satisfied with the work. The same thing has been said, with the same result, of a hundred other Viennese composers; they want one thing, yet cannot give up the other; they must be artists, and yet please the crowd; boundless failures in this endeavour have not yet opened their eyes to the fact that nothing can be attained on such a path; that only one aim leads to an end, and to reach that, we must fulfil our duty to ourselves and to art. The tendency to which the above remarks refer may be traced in this trio also, though probably in a lesser degree than it is to be found in his opera. We believe that the German artistic element in the composer will finally obtain the victory; but decided progress is only to be obtained by decided abandonment of all amateur indulgence, of all Italian influence. Have we Germans no original melodic style? Have not later times taught us that there are minds and masters in Germany who know how to unite profundity and facility, significance and grace? Do not Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others, know how to sing, and how to write for singers? We must point this out to the German-Italian mongrel school, which has so many adherents in Vienna. But the union is not natural; the highest peaks of Italian art do not reach much beyond the first beginnings of the German; and how can we stand firmly, with one foot on the peak of an Alp, and the other on a smooth and pleasant meadow? And yet the form this composer has selected proves that a nobler aspiration predominates with him. In chamber music, within four walls, the true musician displays his real powers. But many defects may be covered in an opera by the brilliancy of stage display. Face to face, however, every rag that ought to cover poverty is seen. We gladly acknowledge this new work, one that at any rate is written in a worthy art form, from the imperial city—from the same city, we say with regret, once consecrated by the footsteps of many noble artists, the same city that has given us so many model trios, those of Beethoven and Schubert. Once the Viennese court composer was named Mozart; now it is Gætano Donizetti,—at a salary not in precise proportion to his value. These few words will suffice to sketch the former and present musical history of Vienna. Italianisms seem to have conquered there for the moment; but we good German Philistines, who think something of Bach and others, will at least hold to them as long as we can, and will make the more good music within our own dwellings, since we are not able to hear it in the theatre. In this sense, then, we also hail this trio, and trust the composer will again climb the art ladder that leads, if to modest, to lasting triumphs, and leave to itself the garland-hung, worm-eaten scaffolding of Italian quackery to the ruin that must overtake it sooner or later.

H. MARSCHNER.

Grand Trio, &c.—Opus 111.

THIS is the first work by Marschner, in the grand style of chamber music, with which we are acquainted. It is always delightful to find an older artist essaying a new form, because it proves that he knows himself too well to believe that he is already at the goal, and it shows how warm is yet his aspiration; and so we were touched with sincere pleasure on the appearance of this work, which, on a near acquaintance, in no degree lessened our favourable preconceived opinion. We are by no means blind to the faults of the work and its weaker parts, such as the second thema and its working out, where the composer has been too rapid in his proceeding, and has too easily contented himself with what he first invented; but Marschner's ever original freshness always delights us, as well as his lively movement and the assured hand with which he so well knows how to sketch separate details characteristically. In this trio we find him about the same artist with whom we are so well acquainted in his operas. His details are not always excellent; but the whole, the total effect, is so good, that it leads us, if not to forget, at least to overlook, the lack of finished, artistic, detail work. Nevertheless, we do not consider the total effect of any composition would be lessened, but rather heightened, by such careful labour in detail as we find in Beethoven's works—such as the independence and vital movement of separate parts, the significant treatment of modulations (as in a passage from minor to major), the finer relations between the principal theme and the working out of other motivos, &c.; and our intelligent readers will understand us. With Marschner, the upper part usually predominates; it seems as though he is unwilling to spend the time needed to attain to deeper combinations; he is irresistibly carried onwards to the close of the composition. The works themselves produce the same effect; one is carried away, dazzled; great traits of talent flash out everywhere; but on a closer inspection, the more superficially treated side of the music appears. To speak figuratively, the receptacle in which he presents to us the golden fruit of his talent is often of mere earth. Let us then be the more grateful for the bright side of this trio. As we have said, it forms—except the adagio, which does not seem to have been written at the same time as the other movements—a living, effective whole. The key of the opening and closing movements, and of the scherzo, is G minor, that of the adagio the distant one of A-flat major. Those movements are wild and passionate in character, but the adagio is quite an opposition in its mildness and repose. The fact that the adagio appears again in the last movement, seems to throw a doubt on our supposition, that it was composed at an earlier or later period than the rest of the trio. But we know that experienced composers often introduce such reminiscences successfully, even after the completion of a movement. And this reminiscence is managed with a tender touch, and is pleasing amid the restless hurry of the close. The cantilena of the adagio itself is charming, and quite characteristic of Marschner; we even consider it the most original in the whole trio. The answering violoncello solo is, however, according to our opinion, in too large a style, and melodically too trivial and theatrical. Marschner also enters, in this trio, that sphere where he often moves so happily, the domain of the fantastic and ghostly; a little in the first movement; but in the scherzo and finale with frantic pleasure in his creations; these last movements are the most humorous, too. We may mention, in passing, a few light echoes of Franz Schubert's trio in E-flat major.

We think this trio will become popular; we are not overrich in good works of the kind, and this one is decidedly clever. It does not present any especial difficulties of execution, while the pianoforte is very effectively handled.

LOUIS SPOHR.

Trio, &c.—Opus 119.

SO far as we know, this trio is the first which the admired master has written. We must repeat the same observation which we made at the commencement of our article on Marschner's trio. One feature separates the masters of the German school from those of the French and Italian—a feature that has made them great—the former use their powers in every mode of construction, while the others usually confine themselves to one branch. When we hear some favourite Parisian opera composer entitled a great artist, we feel inclined to ask, "Where are his symphonies, quartets, psalms, &c.?" How can they be compared to German masters? Spohr has worked in almost every form, from the oratorio to the lied, from the symphony to the rondo for a single instrument; and this many-sidedness is not his smallest claim to admiration; and therefore we greet this new gift as a fresh blossom from his rich mind; one that may well be interwoven amid the garland of his creations. To be sure, we are already familiar with the colour and perfume. But this artist's mind seems inexhaustible in its depths; though he ever remains himself, he always knows how to fetter our interest. Spohr might publish anything without the necessity of putting his name to it; he would be instantly recognised. The same thing cannot be as truly said of any other artist of to-day. But our interest in his creations is founded on something more; that is not the mere magic of his individuality, but his perfect artistic finish, the purely musical beauties that contrast with the characteristics of his individuality. It is possible for a remarkable character to strike us in music, while the music itself may be lacking in mastership. Spohr gives us everything in a masterly form, and he even clothes familiar things in carefully chosen and altered surroundings. He is never weary of bestowing the greatest possible perfection on his works. See, for example, how he newly harmonises the first thema of the first movement of his trio as often as it appears. A more easily satisfied artist would have done it in the same way every time, without further trouble. Few persons have any idea of the conscientious industry of this composer, which seems rather to have increased than to have fallen off with added years; but it revenges itself in his works. And it is quite unnecessary for us to praise Spohr's artistic virtues; the world has long been agreed on that point. This trio is also an honour to its master; it is cast in one mould from beginning to end, and only the adagio is, according to our opinion, a trifle dull. The other movements have very original traits; the first is a fine web, artistically carried out by a certain hand. The scherzo is one of Spohr's best; we desire to hear it over and over again. The motivo of the last movement is one that has become almost universal through Spohr himself, but the whole sweeps on in an extraordinary manner. The violoncello *pizzicato* it is impossible to forget, or the finely inwoven melody from the adagio. We do not need to express the general character of the trio. We find Spohr in the first, in the second movements, and everywhere. If Schiller's "I know nothing finer, long as I may seek and choose," suits any one, it suits Spohr. Long may he yet labour among us!

TRIOS AND QUARTETTE.

ANTON HALM. Grand Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—Opus 57.

W. TAUBERT. 1st Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—Opus 32. 1st Quartette for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.—Opus 19.

IT would be difficult to find a more complete example of good will, lofty aim, with solid foundations laid on prosaic ground, than we find in the above first trio. Sometimes, I confess, I could not avoid, in looking it over, such a smile as would be awakened by the sight of skating on wretched plaster; but more often I felt moved, while reflecting on the unequal distribution of gifts, while wondering why one so industrious has obtained nothing at the hand of the highest Giver,—one who would have gladly excelled (*had he been more gifted than they*), even Beethoven and all the others together. It would be impossible to meet with a more curious trio. Here we have great intentions and clownish leaps, changes from elegance to complete awkwardness, mysterious hints and open stupidity, the influences of Beethoven and Schubert mixed with Viennese vulgarity, but no fancy, not once a trace of the discipline of good taste. Imagine the æsthetic misfortune that results from this; it haunts the composer throughout, so that he is even blind to his successes, as at page 44, where all goes well, and yet he does not repeat the passage, though everything else is transposed into the dominant. And yet one cannot be angry with the trio. It good-naturedly avows its incompetence; will not deceive or flatter, only wishes to be borne with, and to feel its good-will recognised; and this is certainly done. Nature would exhaust herself, if she continually produced Beethovens. The adagio is the best part of the trio, overlooking its flourishes. But every one must examine this curiosity for himself. One can judge Taubert's trio with surety, as (like the last-mentioned trio) the pianoforte part is also a score; one is less certain of the quartette, though I heard the composer produce it sometime ago, however. I consider the trio to be the better work in workmanship, invention, originality,—in all things, no matter how momentary its conception and production may have been. It forms a whole, and seems to be held together in all its movements by an inward connection, such as we only find to exist in the best works. Though we can perceive a foreign influence in most of Taubert's earlier works, generally that of Mendelssohn, this trio seems to have been rather inspired by Beethoven and Schubert. I ascribe much in the first movement to Schubert, indeed the whole character as well as single passages in this remind one of Schubert's E-flat major trio, though the resemblance cannot be pointed out note for note; in the last movement there is much of Beethoven, and in the second principal theme a reminiscence of Mendelssohn's "Calm sea and happy voyage." But the allegretto stands alone and original, as though the composer had just there fallen on a happy vein of humour and roguery, while his thorough knowledge also displays itself, interesting us still more in the musical workmanship. This allegretto is sure to please; in its national colouring it reminds me of some of the songs in Moore's "Irish Melodies," which work now lies before me. The adagio has a certain familiar air, like that of pretty faces which we fancy we have seen somewhere else. The principal melody leaves no deeper trace behind it; while we listen, we think it fine; the dreamy chords, that seem almost to trickle down, are effective in some passages of the pianoforte accompaniment. The often sudden, but always happily-brought-in, returns to former motivos, are agreeable points of every movement. Thus, in the first movement, page 9; all through the second; the third, on page 25; the last, page 34. It is not necessary to observe in respect to a composer who is already so far advanced, that in all these we trace the same tone of fundamental colouring. In default of a complete score, I cannot fully trust my own opinion with regard to the quartette. The impression I received from the composer's playing was a very happy one, though not thoroughly penetrating and warming; I except the scherzo, however, with which he has succeeded in quite a novel manner. He must forgive me if I say that the principal melodies at the beginning of the first and last movements appear too insignificant for quartette music, and the continual modulation towards the dominant is too mechanical. Throughout the work we find many scattered points of light, many strong and sound thoughts, such as are only possible to an admirable artist.

QUARTETTES.

LOUIS SCHUBERTH. Quartette for Pianoforte, Violin, Alto, and Violoncello.—Opus 23.

C. G. REISSIGER. 3d Grand Quartette for Pianoforte, Violin, Alto, and Violoncello.—Opus 103.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S quartette is the first work of consequence which we have read by this composer, whose talent has often been recommended to us as uncommon. It partly disappoints me, partly justifies his reputation; for although talent appears throughout, it does not betray the thorough cultivation that a masterpiece displays. Its workmanship is too unequal; common things appear among better ones; the effect of fanciful passages is quickly destroyed by mechanical filling out. Not one movement is striking, played in its right succession, and the trio is least so of all. The scherzo, which I consider the best, seems to me, not only on account of its foreign key, to have been taken from a, perhaps, later work, and inserted in this. If I am wrong, it is still interesting and full of life. In the other movements, as I have said, nothing decidedly successful can be pointed out; there is no high result attained by frequently good intentions. A great deal might have been accomplished with the principal rhythm in the first movement, though this has often been used before; but it stops at the mere succeeding entrances of the instruments; everywhere we miss a contraction, an intellectual concentration of thought. After the exciting beginning of the andante, we expect more results; but it passes by almost without a trace. I have already mentioned the clever scherzo. The theme of the last movement, although not without reminiscences, must be considered fresh and enjoyable; the second is more original, but might have been put to much better use. We believe the composer treats his talent with too much indulgence; greater success should result from so many gifts.

I expected Reissiger's quartette to turn out just what I have found it to be—very entertaining, graceful, and melodious, a recreation for artists, not too laborious for amateurs. One must be a chapelmaster, and in continual delightful fear of interruptions from charming countesses while one is composing, to excuse the many easy, brilliant passages, that do not absolutely disfigure, though they lower, Reissiger's compositions as art works. We are sure that Reissiger must be able to write a work of deeper contents, one that will resound beyond the limits of the brief present; and such he should produce, unless he means to spoil his players for the study of more difficult and serious things, by common passages that secure speedy applause from the public. Who is not pleased with applause? But the praise of the stricter critic, whose glance ever seeks the noblest in art, should also be desired and honoured; and this would also be granted, were it not for the too visible thirst for applause. There are many pleasing, happy points in this quartette—an easy, lyrical swing; in short, all the good qualities that prejudice us in favour of Reissiger's compositions. The first movement is, according to custom, the most important; it satisfies, leaves nothing to wish. The peculiar commencement of the second part leads us to expect something finer, more poetic; the quick entrance of the principal rhythm reminds us of that in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The scherzo has something broader than common in it, and consequently stands out in relief more originally. The melody of the trio is fine, though familiar and Weberian. The andante seems to me somewhat spread out, notwithstanding its cheerful character; a player whom I know thinks that the composer certainly invented it in less time than its playing occupies. The rondo has no deep value, but ends cheerful and pleasant things. The D minor and new rhythm on the last page come in unexpectedly. Not one part of this quartette is difficult. The pianoforte predominates; my viola player especially complains that he has nothing to do; the composer should have allowed him to work a little with his low tones.

FIRST QUARTETTE MORNING.

Quartettes by J. VERHULST, L. SPHOR, and L. FUCHS.

"WE have had the Schuppanzigh, we have the David quartette, why should we not also have"—thought I to myself, and then conjured up a four-leaved clover. Then, addressing these, said I, "It is not long since Haydn, Mozart, and another lived and wrote quartettes; have such fathers left unworthy descendants behind, who have learned nothing from them? May we not investigate, and somewhere perhaps discover a new genius in the bud, and needing only the touch of encouragement to bloom? In a few words, respected friends, the instruments are ready, and there are many novelties, some of which we may play in our first matinée." And like experienced musicians, without much ado they were soon seated at their desks. I shall gladly give a report of such works as occupied our morning, if not in critical lapidary style, at least in the easy manner suitable, yet firmly holding to first impressions, such as they made on me and on the players; for I rate the impulsively outspoken execration of musicians higher than whole systems of æsthetics.

Nothing ought to be said of the quartette by Verhulst, as it was yet warm from the workshop, still in manuscript, and its composer's first quartette. But as the future will certainly offer us many delightful things by this young artist, as his name is certain to reach final publicity, he may be introduced as a musician of fame, whose Dutch nationality makes him doubly interesting. We have lately seen young talent of all sorts of nationalities arising among us: Glinka of Russia, Chopin of Poland, Bennett of England, Berlioz of France, Liszt of Hungary, Hansens of Belgium; in Italy every spring brings forth some, whom the winter destroys; finally, we have one from Holland, a country that has already given us many good painters.

The quartette of our Hollander betrays nothing of the phlegm with which his countrymen are reproached, but, on the contrary, a lively musical disposition, that has certainly found some trouble in restraining itself within the bounds of so difficult a musical form. It was promising to find that precisely that movement in which the existence of genuine music best expresses itself—I mean the adagio—was the most successful of the quartette. On such a path the young artist will attain strength and facility; an instinct of order and correctness secures him from great errors, and it need only be his care to attain more fulness, elevation, and refinement of thought, though this is certainly more the affair of intellect than of will.

Our quartettists then played a new one (opus 97) by Spohr, in which the well-known master greeted us from the very first measure. We soon perceived that a brilliant display of the first violin was more the object here than an artistic interweaving of the four parts. Nothing can be said against this manner of quartette writing, which makes great demands on a composer, when it is done openly and naturally. Forms, changes, modulations, melodic entrances, all were in the well-known Spohr manner, and it seemed as if the quartettists were discoursing in the work of a very well-known subject. A scherzo—not exactly this master's strong point—is wanting, but the whole possesses a contemplative didactic character. In the rondo we are attracted by a very pretty theme, which, however, needs a second more marked one as a pendant. The following remark was suggested to me by a complaint of one of the quartette players. Young artists, who always desire something novel, and, if possible, eccentric, esteem too lightly the easily-conceived and perfected works of finished masters, and are greatly mistaken in supposing that they could accomplish the same thing equally well. The difference between master and scholar can never be overcome. The hastily thrown off pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, and still more those of Mozart, are equal proofs in their heavenly ease of these masters' pre-eminence, as are their deeper manifestations; finished mastery plays loosely about the lines drawn from the beginning of the work, while younger, more uncultivated talent, whenever it leaves the foothold of custom, strains ever tighter at the yoke until misfortune is the result. To apply this remark to Spohr's quartette: If we forget the composer's name and his famous achievements, we still find a masterly form, invention, and mode of writing as far removed as heaven itself from that of the scribbler or student. The advantage of the superiority won by means of study and industry is, that it remains ductile even to advanced age, while superficial talent loses facility through neglect.

A quartette (opus 10) by L. Fuchs, published about a year ago, was highly interesting to us all. The composer lives in Petersburg, where he cultivates our noble art in small circles, generally esteemed as a teacher of composition, of which he proves himself now to be practically a master. The quartette is not too involved to be comprehended, at a first hearing, in its heights and depths, when one holds the score in one's hand, as we did; and even without this latter assistance, its originality in form and contents is striking. One thinks oftenest of Onslow as the composer's model; and yet he gives proof of having studied the remote art of Bach, as well as the more recent manner of Beethoven. This is, in contradistinction to that by Spohr, which we have just described, a true quartette, in which each part has something to say; and often really fine, often oddly and unclearly interwoven conversation between four men, during which the spinning out of the threads is as attractive as in model works of the most recent period. We do not often find the concentration and reserve of Beethovenian thought—in this the quartette is a little behindhand ; but it is generally interesting throughout for its rare earnestness and polished force of style, if we except a few insipid measures. Its form seems to us a good one, and is especially piquant in the jig and the last movement. The jig does not properly belong to this quartette ; I am certain of it, for the manuscript contains quite a different scherzo, one more suitable to the other movements, but less interesting than this ; yet from this alteration it happens unfortunately that the jig is in B-flat major, while the following (last) movement is in C minor ; a succession of keys which I cannot endorse in a form that draws much beauty from the quality of severity. In the andante, the new Russian popular song (by Lwoff) is introduced and varied, after the manner of a well-known Haydn quartette. Such foreign ideas rarely fall in with one's own flow of thought, and I, in this case, should have preferred to offer a work all my own, rather than one in which strict criticism cannot even recognise the attraction of patriotism. However, we trust this esteemed artist may really possess, as we hear he does, a store of quartettes, wholly his own, ready for publication and for the gratification of the friends of genuine quartette music.

SECOND QUARTETTE MORNING.

Quartettes by C. DECKER, C. G. REISSIGER, and L. CHERUBINI.

IF I compare together the faces of many trembling musicians ascending the Gewandhaus staircase, on the way to perform some solo or other, with those of our quartettists, then the latter appear to me far more enviable. They form their own public, and need not feel any anxiety whatever; nor does the appearance of a listening child at the window, or the interruption of some nightingale outside, cause them any disturbance. And so they prepared, with the usual enthusiasm, to plunge into a newly-arrived quartette from Berlin (opus 14), of Herr C. Decker, and found it just the thing for such an enthusiastic mood; that is to say, of a very cooling nature. What can be said of a work that certainly displays preference for noble models, and striving towards an ideal, but that yet produces so little effect, that we envy the talent of Strauss, who shakes melodies out of his sleeves and gold into his pockets. Shall we blame? Shall we mortify a composer who has done all that is possible to him? Shall we praise, where we feel that we have not experienced any real pleasure? Shall we dissuade the author from further composition? That would be of no advantage to him. Shall we advise him to write more? He is not rich enough to do so, and would drive the business in a mechanical manner. So we prefer to bear witness to the artistic zeal of those who compose without the inspiration of genius, and at the same time advise them to write on industriously, but with the prayer that they will not, therefore, publish everything. Even the errors of great talent, from which we can learn and reap advantage, belong to the world; but mere studies, first attempts, should be kept within one's own four walls. I term the quartette of this composer studies in quartette style. He succeeds in many ways; he perceives correctly the style and character of music in four parts; but the whole is dry, bony, wanting in swing, in life. The good and well-designed beginning of the quartette awakens hope, but there it stops; the second theme appears poor, and sticks fast. The working out in the middle movement, with the inversion of the theme, is not devoid of merit, though we perceive that it has been done laboriously; but the return to the original key is easily and happily done, and the close of the first movement is praiseworthy. But we have to search for all that is good in it. The adagio has the same dryness; on the other hand, we meet with more vital elements in the scherzo, some very pretty groupings and reflections, amid which the trio stands out very well, especially on its repetition. The finale has the same faults and good qualities which we have remarked in the first movements, with the apparently increased life which a quicker tempo brings with it, and some good points, but nothing that touches more deeply or gives more pleasure. Good will and intelligence have the pre-eminence here; the heart is left empty. But we cannot deny him the consideration which every young composer deserves when he makes an attempt in one of the most difficult styles; so we advise him to write on courageously, but first, if possible, to spend a year in fair Italy or elsewhere, in order to nourish his imagination with gay pictures, and to bring forth fruit and flowers at some future time in place of the leaves and branches of to-day.

And then we came to something new in musical literature, a quartette by chapelmaster Reissiger, the first he has published (opus 111). It pleases one beforehand to find a composer, whom we had supposed perfect in certain forms, trying his hand at something different and more difficult. No man works with greater freshness than when he commences at a new style. On the other hand, every new attempt in a yet unfamiliar form presents its difficulties even when undertaken by a masterhand. Thus we see Cherubini shipwrecked on the symphony, while even Beethoven—as we learn from Dr. Wegeler's recent information—must have often made the attempt at his first quartettes, since a trio was the result of one, and another became a quintette. So many points in this first quartette by Reissiger, such as the frequent quaver accompaniment in the second violin and viola, certain orchestral syncopations, &c., betray the practised vocal and pianoforte composer; but his good qualities are also lavishly displayed; we find rounded form, lively rhythms, euphonious melodies, though certainly interspersed with familiar things that remind us of Spohr (the commencement), Onslow (the trio of the scherzo), Beethoven (the passage in E major in the first half of the first movement), Mozart (the C-sharp minor passage in the adagio), and many others. I cannot allow great original value to the quartette, or predict for it a very long life; it is a quartette for good amateurs, who will have enough to do in it, though the artist will be able to read a page through at a glance; a quartette to be listened to openly by clear candle-light among fair women, though Beethovenians may close their doors to luxuriate over his every single measure. To speak of separate movements, I give the preference to the scherzo, especially bars five to eight in the trio; and next to this the first movement, if it only possessed a less commonplace form and a less insipid close. The adagio seems to me too flat for its breadth. The rondo is ordinary throughout; just so might Auber compose a quartette.

We closed with the first of the already long-published quartettes by Cherubini (No. 1 in E-flat major), regarding which a difference of opinion has arisen even among good musicians. The question is not as to whether these works proceed from a master of art—about this there can be no doubt—but whether they are to be recognised as models of the genuine quartette style. We have grown accustomed to three famous German masters as models in this branch, while, with just recognition, Onslow, and then Mendelssohn, have been admitted to the circle of followers in the path of the three first. And now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown grey in his own views, and in the highest aristocracy of art, the best harmonist yet among his contemporaries in spite of his age; the learned, refined, interesting Italian, whom I have often compared to Dante, on account of his firm exclusiveness and strength of character. I must confess, however, that even I experienced an unpleasant impression on hearing this quartette for the first time, especially after the first two movements. It was not what I expected; many things seemed to me operatic, overladen, while others appeared small, empty, and opinionated. It may have been the result of that youthful impatience in me which did not at once discern the significance of the greybeard's often wonderful discourse, for in many ways I otherwise traced the master commander to his finger tips. But then came the scherzo, with its enthusiastic Spanish theme, the uncommon trio, and lastly the finale, that sparkles like a diamond whichever way it is turned, and there could be no doubt as to who had written the quartette, and whether it was worthy of its master. Many will feel like me; we must first become acquainted with the peculiar spirit of this, *his* quartette style; this is not the well-known mother tongue with which we are so familiar; a polite foreigner speaks to us; but the more we learn to understand him, the more highly we must respect him. These remarks, which give but a slight idea of the originality of this work, must suffice to call the attention of German quartette circles to it. For performance it needs much—it needs artists. In an attack of editor's arrogance I wished for Baillot (whom Cherubini seems to have had in his mind) as first violin, Lipinski as second, Mendelssohn at the viola (his principal instrument, with the exception of the organ and pianoforte), and Max Bohrer or Fritz Kummer at the violoncello. But I heartily thanked my own quartettists, who, at parting, promised to return soon, and to make me, as well as themselves, acquainted with the other quartettes by Cherubini—regarding which new readers may expect new communications.

THIRD QUARTETTE MORNING.

W. H. VEIT. Second Quartette for 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, E major.—Opus 5.

J. F. E. SOBOLEWSKI. Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, A-flat major, manuscript.

LEOPOLD FUCHS. Quintette for 2 Violins, 2 Violas, and Violoncello, E-flat major.—Opus 11.

OUR third meeting was quite remarkably brilliant, from the addition of a pianist and a viola player, whom we found necessary for the execution of a pianoforte trio and a quintette; and this change was not proposed by me without other reasons. The beautiful can only be enjoyed in moderation; and I could more easily spend a night in listening to Strauss and Lanner dance music than to Beethoven symphonies, the tones of which pierce the soul until its wounds ache. And we need freshness in listening to quartettes only, if not an especial fondness for that species of composition also. Composers always go away after the first, reviewers after the second; it is only the patient amateur who can support a third. One of these brave connoisseurs told me that he had been once entirely without music for three months, and that in his great hunger for it, he played quartettes on his first visit to the city during three consecutive days. "To be sure," he added, partly in excuse, "I play a little myself, and therefore took the second violin." So we introduced a little variety among our quartettes; and who knows whether we may not admit one instrument after another among us, in contrary fashion to Haydn's well-known symphony, until our four-leaved clover is transformed into a complete orchestra? For the present, however, we are quite satisfied, especially as we now have to make our reader acquainted with several delightful novelties.

Some German towns are famed for their indifference towards persons of talent residing within their walls; others content themselves with praising their resident talent when there is question of rivalry with other towns; a third class can never cease boasting of its talented sons and daughters. Prague belongs to the last class. Whatever report we may happen to take up that proceeds from Prague, we find its home artists treated with a delicate respect, an almost maternal cordiality; and among such criticisms we are sure to meet with the name mentioned first at the head of this article. And as even the field, merely, which the young composer has chosen to display his talent on, proves that his aim is no common one, I listened to his work—as one should listen to every work—with a favourable preconceived opinion. The score, neatly written in a refined, musician-like hand, enabled me to unravel the web still more easily.

A tone of cheerfulness and contentment breathes through this whole quartette; deep and sorrowful experience seems unknown to the young composer; he stands at the entrance of life, with music as his fair companion; the work sparkles with a soft glitter. Its form presents no remarkable boldness or novelty; it is correct, and carried through with a hand already experienced, it would appear. The harmonic conduct of the whole, as well as of separate parts, is worthy of especial praise; a clearer, purer, correcter fifth opus has seldom been written. And from the manner in which the composer treats the string instruments, it is plain that he understands and has often played them. I might characterise the work to readers who have not facilities for easily obtaining it, as standing next to the Onslow quartette in manner; certain echoes of Spohr have become common property in this form; but a few Auberian passages appear out of place in it. After the scherzo, the first movement is most to be commended, in which I only object to the retrogression in the middle as too straggling, too little interesting; besides, in the preceding working up, the complete minor key (E minor) is touched on, a harmonic succession that we find almost wholly avoided in model works. Yet these are but trifling faults, scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with the counterbalancing excellence of the movement. The adagio was on the point of seeming monotonous to me, when, just at the right moment, the composer reintroduced the principal melody, giving to it an altered, exciting character: this determined the movement. The first part of the scherzo is excellent, worked out artistically and industriously; the trio is more effeminate. The last movement satisfies me the least. I know that some of the best masters close in a similar merry rondo style. But when a work is seriously and energetically taken hold of, it should be ended in the same manner, and not with a rondo, especially with one, the theme of which reminds too strongly of a familiar Auber melody. In the middle he tries to interest us with some short fugued passages (in which firm theorists might draw his attention to the false entrance of the *comes*); but I never had a high opinion of this kind of work, which does not venture beyond the first entrance on the fifth, and which can excite learned wonder in none save amateurs. Notwithstanding this, the movement is pretty, and certain to please, if well played in public. May this composer strive ever onwards and higher, and on novel paths! He has already acquired much, and is sure to sustain himself with honour on broader fields of battle.

The next thing we played was the above-mentioned trio by J. F. E. Sobolewski; and now the reader must depend wholly on our opinion, as the work is still in manuscript; and there is a great deal to be said about it. This composer's music is a witness to the fact that he lives by the seashore in the North. The trio is different from all others, original in form and spirit, full of deep melody. It may be often heard, well played; and yet it does not produce a decided effect; like the whole, it seems to have arisen at a time of crisis, during a struggle between old and new ways of musical thought. It does not appear, either, that the pianoforte is this composer's instrument; he writes for it "thanklessly" enough, my pianist thinks. It would be presumptuous to decide as to what degree of talent this composer possesses from a single trio, especially as this has been written a long time, since when he has brought out larger works, cantatas, an oratorio, "Lazarus," &c.* But we doubly respect him as critic, in which capacity he is best known to us, since we learn that he is also a poet in his art.

We next turned with pleasure to the quintette by L. Fuchs, whose compositions we made acquaintance with on our first quartette morning, and at once reported in our paper. I cannot, unfortunately, go much into detail, as I have not the score at hand, and some time has passed since the morning of performance, while only the general impression, the cheerful mood in which it set us, remains behind. It is scarcely conceivable how the addition of another viola at once alters the effect of the string instruments, or how very different is the character of the quintette from that of the quartette. The middle tints have more force and life; the single parts work better together than masses; if, in the quartette, we listen to four separate players, we now imagine we have an assemblage of them before us. Here a clever harmonist, such as we know this composer to be, can let himself go as he fancies, winding the parts in and out, and showing what he is capable of. All the movements are excellent, the scherzo especially so, and next, the first movement. Certain details in it surprise us as though we caught on the lips of a soberly-clad citizen a verse from Goethe or Schiller; and it was plain that my enthusiastic quintette players were pleased and much interested in a work that ought to be generally known.

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* Since the above was written, he has made a name as dramatic composer (Schumann's note of 1852).

When I have in mind the highest description of music, such as Bach and Beethoven have bestowed on us in some of their creations,—when I speak of those rare moods of mind, such as the artist should inspire in us,—I demand that each of his works shall lead me a step forward in the spiritual dominion of art, and I demand poetic depth and novelty everywhere, in detail as well as in the whole; but I have long to seek for this, and none of the above-mentioned, little of recently-published music, satisfies such a demand. In our next quartette meetings, we tried some of the music of a young man who seemed to draw it from a living depth of genius at times; yet there are certain limits to this opinion, of which, as well as of the subject that suggested it, I shall now speak further.

FOURTH AND FIFTH QUARTETTE MORNINGS.

I WILL now relate so much as belongs to the public of these two secret musical gatherings. I call them secret, because in them only the manuscripts of an until now wholly unknown (as composer) young musician, Hermann Hirschbach, were played. As an author, he must certainly have awakened the attention of our readers by the boldness and penetration of the views he has made public in a few articles in our paper. After so much promise, it was natural for me, on taking the measure of his intellect, to expect extraordinary things from him as a composer. I cannot even think of his works without deep sympathy; fain would I bury myself in remembrance for hours together, and talk with my reader of him. It may be, besides, that all that is twofold in the character of his compositions,—so like my own in this little-understood quality,—has made me susceptible, has quickly revealed his music to me. Of this much, however, I am certain, that his endeavour has been the most remarkable of all I have chanced on among young talent for a long time. The form of his music can scarcely be defined in words; it is itself speech, yet it speaks to us but as the flowers, or as eyes that relate secret histories to each other, as transmigrated spirits may converse; the speech of the soul, the truest musical life. We played and listened to three great quartettes and a quintette, all written on passages from Goethe's "Faust," more as a decoration than as a description, though the music is clear enough in itself; it was a longing aspiration, a call for salvation, a continuous rushing onwards,—and amid this, happy forms, golden meadows, rosy evening clouds; I hope I do not exaggerate when I say that the composer sometimes seemed himself to be the gloomy magician Faust, as he brought before us, in floating outlines of fancy, the varied scenes of his life. Besides these, I have seen an overture to "Hamlet" by him, a grand symphony in several movements, a second, half finished, the movements of which should proceed one after the other in a breath; both equally fantastic, full of vital strength, differing in form from all preceding ones except those of Berlioz, with some orchestral passages, such as we are only accustomed to hear from Beethoven, when he hurries like a destroyer to the battlefield against the entire world. And now comes my "best." It is with us here as it often is when we first look on the pictures of genial young painters, which, from their grandeur of composition (even outwardly), richness and truth of colour, &c., so completely take us captive, that we only wonder, and overlook falsehoods in detail, errors of drawing, &c. When I listened to these things for the second time, certain passages already began to annoy me; passages that sin—I will not say against the first rules of the schools—but against the ear and the natural laws of harmonic progression. I do not count fifths among these only, but also some conclusions in the bass, and some modulations, such as we meet with in inexperienced writers. These faults were as disagreeable to my musicians as to me. There is a sort of instinctive mastery of cadences, and so on, that seems to be the gift of nature, upon which that ordinary musical understanding, common to nearly all professional musicians, is grounded. If a young composer offends against this, it matters not how intellectual he may be, he is certain to find such men draw back from him, and scarcely even regard him as one of them. Whence comes this lack of a refined sense of hearing, of a correct management of harmony, amid so many other great gifts? Did the composer discover his talent too late? Did he abandon study too soon? Is it that, in his richness of idea, his command of a generally very deep principal melody, full of meaning, in the upper part, he is unable to invent equally well for the lower ones? or are his organs of hearing really inefficient? This is a great question, as also is that, as to whether or not there is any help for the fault. The world will probably never see these works; and, to speak honestly, I would only counsel their publication on condition of many previous alterations, and even great omissions. This is, however, advice which we leave to the composer to accept or reject. This article is simply intended to call attention to a talent, beside which I could not place on the same level a single one among my recent discoveries; and music which, a result of the deepest psychical powers, has often touched me to the soul.

SIXTH QUARTETTE MORNING.

LEON DE ST. LUBIN. First Grand Quintette for 2 Violins, 2 Violas, and Violoncello, E-flat major.—Opus 38.

L. CHERUBINI. Quartette for 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, No. 2 in C major.

JUDGING from his music, I imagine the first-named composer to be an emigrant, one who has left his own country either voluntarily or of necessity, has chosen a new fatherland, and adopted its speech and customs. His quintette is a mixture of French and German blood, not without resemblance to Meyerbeer's music; Meyerbeer, we know, borrows from every European nation for his works of art, and it is impossible to say what he may yet bring back with him when he undertakes a journey (similar to Spontini's composition-tour through England), among the Bushmen, for his own inspiration to new creations, and to inspire others with these. However, I praise my mother tongue, when spoken with purity, for its resonance, power, and capability of expression; but I cannot blame an emigrant like St. Lubin, because he is not yet perfectly master of it; I, on the contrary, respect his endeavours. This quintette does not leave a completely elevating impression behind it; we are drawn hither and thither, without gaining a firm foothold. The most striking point is its lack of original invention; whatever in it is most deeply touching seems to me borrowed, or else suggests a model; and where the composer gives us his own ideas, he does so in a vague and general way. Thus the beginning is, at bottom, that of Mozart's G-minor symphony; the first theme of the last movement is a Rossinian idea from "Tell;" the second has a Beethoven thought from the A-major symphony at its foundation. I cannot point to the source of the scherzo; but it is not remarkable. In the adagio, I first had a clear idea how far the composer can go; here, where the lord of provision and treasure first generally reveals his inward life, things looked sadly dull. On the other hand, the quintette betrays an easy and rapid pen, much feeling of form and acquaintance with harmony. Still, after listening to it, I longed to cry out, "Music, music, give me music!"

We turned to the next piece in a very chilly mood; but we were scarcely encircled by Cherubini's handiwork ere we forgot the preceding. This second quartette seems to me to have been written long before the first one in the same collection, and perhaps even before the symphony, which, if I am not mistaken, pleased so little on its first performance in Vienna, that Cherubini refused to publish it, and afterwards transformed it into a quartette. And thus a double failure has arisen; for if the music, as a symphony, sounded too much like a quartette, the quartette is too symphonic. I am opposed to all such remoulding; it seems to me an offence against the divine first inspiration. I recognise in its simplicity (which quality distinguishes Cherubini's older compositions from his later ones), its earlier origin. To be sure, if the master himself should enter and say, "You err, friend; these quartettes were written at the same period, and originally nothing but quartettes," I should be defeated. Therefore my remarks must only be accepted as suppositions and suggestions to further thought in others. On the whole, this work is raised sufficiently above the level of contemporary publications, above all that Paris has lately sent us; and it would be impossible for anything of the kind to be produced by any writer who had not earnestly studied, thought, and written for a long series of consecutive years. Some dry passages worked out by the understanding alone are to be found here, as in most of Cherubini's works, but also much that is interesting,—contrapuntal refinement, an imitation; something that gives matter for thought. The scherzo and the last movement contain the greatest amount of swing and masterly life. The adagio has a highly original A minor character, something Provençal and romance-like; its charms reveal themselves more and more on frequent hearing. The close is of that kind in which one prepares to listen again, while yet knowing that the end is near. In the first movement we meet with reminiscences of Beethoven's B-flat major symphony, an imitation between violin and viola, like the one in that symphony between fagotto and clarionette; and at the principal retrogression in the middle we have the same figure as that at the same place in the same Beethoven symphony. But these movements differ so greatly in character that the resemblances will strike few persons.

Towards the close of this morning of music we set to work at a manuscript quartette that had been sent to us. The at first serious faces gradually acquired an ironical expression, until all began to titter uncontrollably, while all the players' bows appeared to dance up and down. A Goliath among the Philistines stared at us from this quartette. We have really no advice to offer its composer, who certainly has scored his work according to his powers; but we heartily thank him for the good-humour of which he was the cause in our assembly.

PRIZE QUARTETTE,

By JULIUS SCHAPLER.

HERE is truly German ill-luck! royal misfortune! One invents a prize quartette, one writes it down, one prints the score,—and, lo! even on the title-page there is an error of the press in the very name of the composer! This stands Schabler in place of Schapler. However, it does not injure the work itself. We must first praise the judge who found out that this was more than a merely good, and, according to form and grammatical law, a correct composition, and then the judged, who has given us more than a merely good work. The mere choice of a quartette form by those who offered the prize was a good one. First, because the form being in itself noble, leads us to attribute considerable cultivation beforehand to the combatants, and secondly, because that form seemed to have come to a full stop. Who does not know Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's quartettes, and who dare throw a stone at them? Though it is an indisputable proof of the indestructible vitality of those creations, that, after the lapse of half a century, they still delight all hearts, it is no good sign for the recent artistic generation, that in so long a period of time nothing to be compared to these has been since created. Onslow alone found an echo, and after him Mendelssohn, whose aristocratico-poetic nature was especially fitted to this musical form; while in Beethoven's later quartettes, beyond and outside all these, treasures may be found which the world scarcely yet knows, and amid which we may mine for years to come.

We Germans are, therefore, not poor in quartettes; but very few among us have known how to augment the existing capital. We must, therefore, praise the

Mannheim Musical Society for bestirring themselves on the subject, and rejoice, since the idea has brought forth fruit. Judgments regarding Schapler's quartette vary much; but they agree in considering it as something out of the common, something that is not to be understood at the first glance.

Those who are acquainted with Beethoven's later works will express themselves differently. This romantic humour has produced its effect on the young artist, and as he is himself a remarkable player and connoisseur of the instruments for which he wrote, he was safe on one side, at least, from utter failure or extravagance. No one can deny that the quartette displays, above all things, aspiration towards fine form. This is seen, pure and firm, in the first movement, and, in the second, in the humoristic and in no way distorted relations. But the outlines of the adagio are paler. The last movement, however, corresponds, up to the somewhat hasty retrogression, to the first one, in sharp cut and regularity. Thus the form of this quartette is less uncommon than its intellectual meaning. Here, we feel at once, we are addressed by a very different man to the ordinary run of men. The judgment of a Philistine confuses all things; he calls everything that he does not understand romantic, and only sees encouraging symptoms of a returning pig-tail epoch in what is clear to his understanding. Therefore we rejoice in the prize quartette judgment, that it was able to recognise a new and a novelty-promising artist, and that, in spite of the somewhat tempestuous character of the composition, it was not measured by schoolmaster rule.

Unfortunately I have not heard it performed. But it spoke sympathetically to me, and I found no dark passage in it. I could not give the preference to any one number; each seemed inwardly related to the other. Its character may be described in a few words: A somewhat pensively elegiac mood rises through tranquil gravity, and then humorousness, to a bold, energetic desire for action. Music already possesses a composition containing a similar progression of feeling, and that in no less a work than Beethoven's A-minor quartette. A mind of no ordinary cast expresses this again here in its own way, and it is well worth while to become familiar with this manner. We hail the work as a thoughtful, original one, and we direct the attention of German quartette societies to it. But its composer must not stand still; he must give us still further proof of that mood of active power in which we now find him. "To win the prize in the contest, one must not stand still and reflect," he has given out as his own motto; and there are yet other and loftier contests. Good fortune has already been friendly to him for once; let him understand and make use of his success.

FLORESTAN.

STRING QUARTETTES.

H. HIRSCHBACH. "Pictures from Life," in a cycle of Quartettes for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. First Quartette. —Opus 1.

J. J. H. VERHULST. Two Quartettes for Viola, &c.—Opus 6.

TWO of the above quartettes were spoken of as manuscripts, by us, some time ago. We hailed them both, each in a different manner, as the first great result of talented aspiration, and signalised the former as original and poetic, while the lively and picturesque characteristics of the young Hollander awakened no less sympathy within us.

Since that time both of these young artists have industriously continued their labours; one is well known, his name has speedily attained publicity, as he is director of a concert society. The position of the other is somewhat more difficult; what cares the world for the poet's study, unless it is to be found in the exposed façade of a palace? And, therefore, only this one of his compositions has heretofore appeared, his first, a cycle of quartettes which he entitles "Pictures from Life," and prefaces with mottoes from Goethe's "Faust."

It is probable that many of our readers will feel anxious to examine the first work of the young man who has often spoken to them in our paper, and who must be at least partly known to them through many boldly announced opinions. The highest things will be expected from him; he will be measured according to the standard by which he judged others. And those who start with this determination will find much to object to in him. But if we are able to judge separately the critical and the creative artist within him, we shall not be able to deny him the sympathy that every character that endeavours to hew out its own path merits to the utmost. He cares not to flatter or fascinate; his very mottoes frankly speak out his meaning: "No dog would care to live longer so," and, "I greet thee, thou single phial, whom I take down reverentially, honouring human art and intellect in thee." Yet let no one draw back from his music as from something inimical to humanity or existence, and let no one dive too deeply into it, in the endeavour to discover whether or not it reflects Faust's discourse, word for word. If we are not mistaken, the mottoes were added when the composition was finished. The composer probably found in them something generally allied to his already expressed mood of mind; and indeed, they only really suit the character of the first movement; the others, though sufficiently serious, exhibit less wildly melancholy physiognomies, and hold fast to the recognised characteristics of such movements.

The composer certainly spoke from his heart; a lively impulse of inventiveness may be unmistakably discerned in every number of his quartettes. Compared to the superficial aims of other young composers, his at least possess a character that demands respect, if there is not even something sublime in them. We see everywhere that he is determined to be called a poet, and that he therefore tries to withdraw from mere stereotyped form ; Beethoven's last quartettes appear to him as the beginning of a new poetic era, and he desires to continue this ; Haydn and Mozart lie too far behind him. He has much in common with Berlioz ; bold desire to create, a preference for grand forms, a poetical disposition, an inclination to despise what is antiquated, and, like Berlioz, he also received the early education of a physician, and only wholly devoted himself to music at the age of twenty. This last circumstance is worth remark. He who begins to study his occupation early becomes sooner master of it, and youth alone is favourable to the development of certain mechanical powers. But our young artist does not seem to have enjoyed the advantage of an early and correct guidance. To be sure, he has devoted other powers to the service of the Muses, and a many-sided cultivation such as is not always found among his caste. He is well versed in the history and poetry of many lands, and he takes a lively interest in the struggle of to-day. It is therefore not surprising that a youth so advanced in the knowledge of other things, does not exactly begin at the A B C of music, when he wishes to discourse and poetise freely. Many things succeed in the first fresh start ; here and there, however, the faulty schooling of the musician betrays itself, and disturbs us with a feeling such as that caused by errors of orthography in a letter that is, notwithstanding, written intelligently. Yet we must confess that we have experienced the same feeling sometimes in the case of Berlioz. We do not care to cite every separate passage in the quartettes in which any musician will perceive the still unfinished artist. The thoroughly German character of the whole work stands far above its execution. There is thought and truth in these pictures from life, and perhaps those yet to come, which are to complete the cycle, will display that mastery yet lacking. In the meanwhile we assure him that we love the aspirations of youth, and Beethoven, who struggled even with his last breath, is to us a noble example of human grandeur ; but in the fruit-gardens of Mozart and Haydn stand heavily-laden trees that we cannot easily overlook, unless we deny ourselves, to our own injury, as elevated an enjoyment as may be vainly sought elsewhere in the world, and to which, after useless searchings and wanderings, many return,—but, alas! too late, with frozen hearts that can enjoy no longer, and with trembling hands that have lost the power of construction.

The other young artist named above has looked far deeper into those fruit-gardens; we see that he is happy in his vocation of musician; above all, he demands music, fine tones; he broods over no Faustian by-fancies. Already, in a description of one of his overtures, we gave an idea of the style of his talent and of his promising disposition; we scarcely know what further to add to what we said then. As a quartettist he displays uncommon talents; he comprehends the real character of this form, he endeavours to sustain every part independently, and these wind and cross each other in an interesting manner; but a sort of symphonic fury overcomes him here and there, as if he were trying to force the modest four beyond their natural limits into orchestral effects. The quartette No. 2 was composed first, and is written in A-flat major, a key hitherto almost unused in the quartette; and it has its difficulties. In form and succession of movements, it endeavours to follow the older masters as models. Cheerfulness and enjoyment of life predominate in its character, which is only clouded here and there by exhibitions of a more thoughtful earnestness.

Its melodic treatment displays no decidedly original stamp; a few lively outbreaks remind us of Mendelssohn. The pure construction of the periods, and their often artistic involutions, are throughout praiseworthy. The entire work, if well studied and performed, can only produce a favourable impression. The second quartette, in D minor, creates a still more agreeable one. Both seem to have been written at the same period, or in immediate succession, and the works contain some resemblances; but the composer moves more easily and cleverly in the second—to which result the easier key no doubt contributed. The first movement rushes hastily by; it breaks off too suddenly, too much as if the composer had at once lost pleasure in his work. In the adagio he rises to a more joyful elevation of mind. The third and fourth measures certainly remind us of a theme of Mozart's in "Don Juan;" but as fresh a vein of inventiveness runs through the whole piece, notwithstanding, as is only possible in youth; and certain little harmonic surprises render it quite peculiarly attractive. The scherzo moves gaily, spite of the minor key, and the bolder its performance, the greater will be its effect. The last movement begins, almost note for note, like the last of the "Eroica" symphony. Did this escape the composer's observation? If not, why did he allow it to remain? But soon an original idea dances out, 'cello and viola begin to beckon, and the merry sport goes bravely on. The knot grows more and more intricate, and threatens to become entangled. The whole finally resolves itself well enough, closing in clear major, somewhat bombastically, but not so much so as to make us angry with the composer. We must highly recommend the endeavours of this young artist to the world's favourable opinion. The truly vital part of a work cannot be pointed out in words; therefore those who would know it, must themselves play and listen. Let the composer show himself soon again on a ground where it is not easy to find footing; above all outward success, he must value that inward gain, which every exercise of power in difficulties bears within itself, and the consequence of which is certain to prove beneficial to the artist in every other labour.

Great Septuor for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Violoncello, and Contrabasso, by I. MOSCHELES.—Opus 88.

OUR review will not be much longer than the title of this work, which we have not yet heard in its ensemble. Naturally enough, the pianoforte predominates, if not autocratically, at least monarchically; and we may safely promise others the enjoyment that has been afforded to us by the pianoforte part alone, and a mere glance into its instrumental accompaniment.

Although many will miss the lively character of his earlier sextet, we may be thankful that we have another complicated work which has awakened all the composer's earnestness and industry, and which certainly deserves and will reward the study that its reproduction demands. Indeed, it seems as though our later pianoforte composers place themselves more and more outside of any relations with other instruments, as if they would elevate their instrument to a sort of orchestra in miniature. We do not even see or hear many four-hand pieces. Be this as it may, whether it results in a forward step for pianoforte music, or a backward step in the great whole, we must remember the pleasure and advantage that has resulted and will result from a more frequent living and striving together in common.

The difficulties of the pianoforte part are not particularly daring or new, but they are well interwoven with, and suitable to, the whole. The especially healthy, marrowy style of playing of this virtuoso (Moscheles) recurs to us continually in the composition.

In the edition without accompaniment, we could have wished (as we so often wish in arrangements) a more full accompanying design at those passages that are supported by, and derive their consequence from, other instruments; not that the player might there relax his efforts, but rather that his solo playing might suggest those instruments to the listener's fancy. When the parts are concentrated, through a deficiency of accompaniment, as on page 10, it seems to us that what is ineffective when truly copied on the pianoforte should be improved on by new and different means. But as the passage in question stands, we experience a hollowness and emptiness that might have been easily filled up. This is, however, only a secondary matter, and in speaking of it here we are not so presumptuous as to suppose that we are teaching so thoughtful, laborious, and conscientious a writer as Moscheles appears in his greater works, anything that he did not know at least ten years ago, when the present reviewer was studying his "Alexandra" variations; we make these observations for the benefit of other composers. It is they who are to blame in their negligent arrangement of the *tutti* in their concertos; they give us basses below, melody above, empty octaves in the middle—

the whole done in so unquestionably indifferent a manner, that the listener is even more satisfied than the player, when the latter finishes them and recommences the solo passages. We wholly reject the excuse that rest should be taken during the *tutti*, and can imagine, can recommend, no better model in rendering justice to composer and composition than Moscheles himself. We have often heard him play his concerto in private, and recognised him as a thorough artist in his energy and power, as well as in the marvellous skill and tenderness with which he rendered the various shades and characters of orchestral instruments with his ten fingers alone.

PIANOFORTE SONATAS.

Sonata, A minor, DELPHINE HILL-HANDLEY.
Grand Sonata, C. LOEWE.—Opus 33.
" " " 41.
Grand Sonata, W. TAUBERT.—Opus 20.

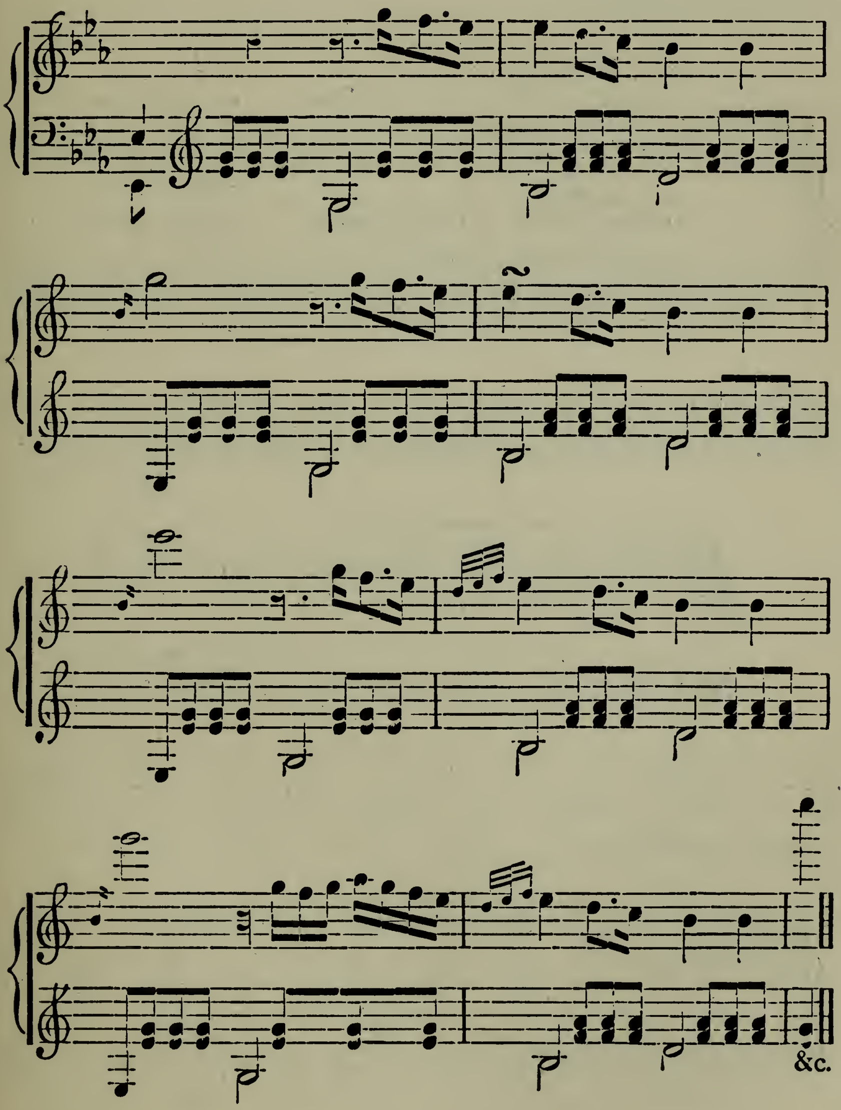
STEP nearer, tender artiste, and fear no rude words respecting thee! Heaven knows I am not a Menzel, but more like Alexander, who repeated after Quintus Curtius, "I do not fight with women; I only attack where I am met by weapons." I will wave the critic's wand over thy head like a lily stem. Thinkest thou that I know nothing of the time when one longs to speak yet cannot for joy; when one would embrace everything before one has found anything; and when only music teaches us the presentiment of what we may yet lose? Thou art mistaken!

This seems a sonata of sweet eighteen; amiable, thoughtless,—not wholly so;—self-sacrificing, and even somewhat learned. No fear as to what has been, no fear for what is yet to come. And even if there were nothing in it, one must praise the sister of Corinne, that she turns from miniature painting to mould a life-size figure. Would that I had been by when she wrote down the sonata! Then I would have carefully looked out for everything; consecutive fifths, false relations, in short, all errors, for this is really music in its essence, the most feminine that one can fancy; she ought yet to advance onward into the ranks of the romanticists, until she stands on an equal footing with Clara Wieck in the brilliant Amazonian battalions.

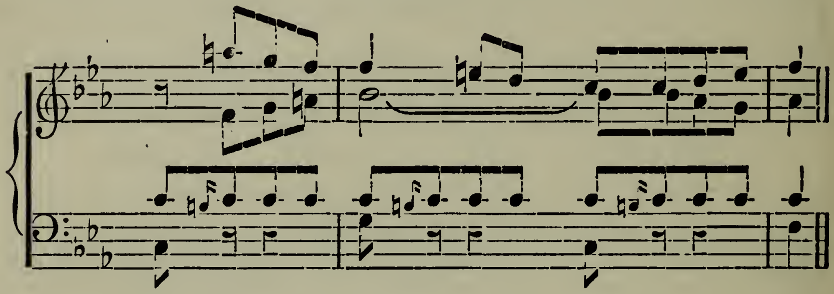
Two characters, however, she could not reconcile; the composer and the executant, of whom I am reminded by her former name. She also wished to show that she possesses pearls with which to deck herself. But these are not necessary in the twilight hour, when, to be happy, all we need is solitude, and, to create happiness, a second self. And so, with many thoughts, I lay down this sonata.

EUSEBIUS.

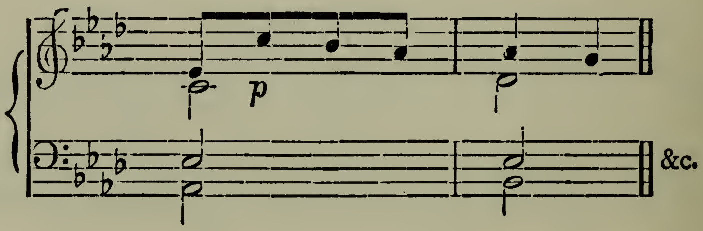
And now for the lion (Loewe). Like the lightning, young critics love to strike at high points, church towers and oak trees. Firmly as I am convinced that my amiable Eusebius has found much in the Delphine sonata that is not there, as certain it is that I may fall into the contrary error. And yet *ex ungue leonem.* I saw it plainly in a passage at the beginning, over which I grew passably angry. Here it is :—



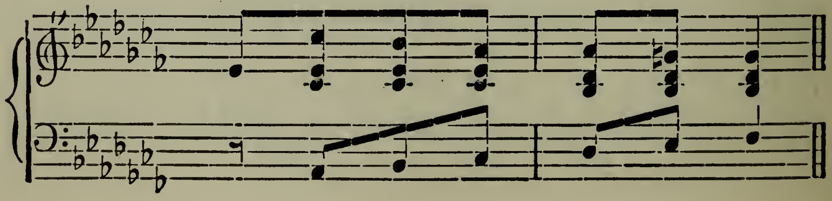
Heavens! I thought, as I played it, it is a little too much to tell a man four times that one has nothing to say, and then those Philistine-like ornaments! and then the transparency of the whole! I grew somewhat milder when I came upon the following as second theme:—



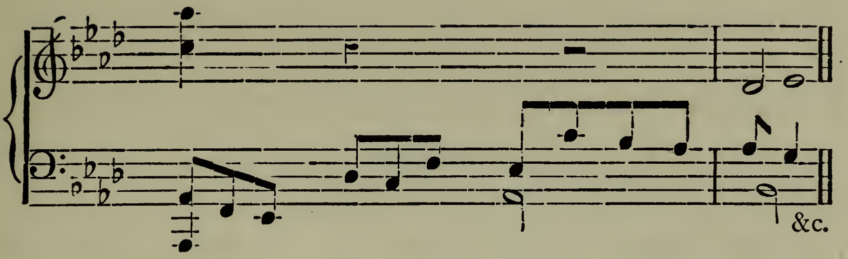
And the new basses at the close pleased me still more. I turn to the Andantino, and what is there?



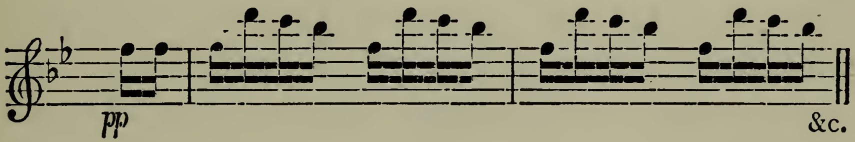
This is followed by an allegro agitato; and as if it were determined to enrage me it springs forward:



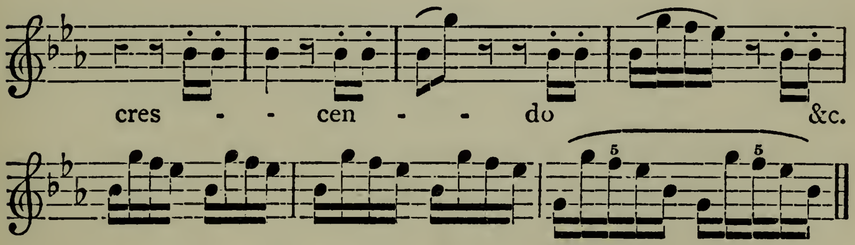
At the close of the adagio I became somewhat appeased with



At the scherzo I began to grow angry over my own anger, and thought I would not be vexed about that melodic figure any more; the finale opened; I innocently played on, and, lo! the terribly too-well-known thing sounds again, pianissimo, legatissimo:



Then it pops out in sharp or round forms of all sorts, and at the close, as if to set me quite beside myself, it tips and taps—



For two hours long this motivo rang in my ears, no doubt what Loewe intended; at the same time I praised him inwardly for many fine things in his sonata, and applied to him, within certain limits, a passage written by another Davidite—"Would you know what may be made out of a simple thought by means of industry, and above all, genius, turn to Beethoven; see how he elevates it; hear how, on his lips, the vulgar word becomes a proverb." But once annoyed and challenged, I looked out intentionally for the Achilles heel, for we know there are small spots in the first of tone heroes, through which critical arrows can penetrate and draw human blood. I have played much by Loewe, and it is now very clear to my own mind what I mean to say about him. Rich in that inward, deep melody, which characterises his ballads, he selects an instrument, which, to sound and to sing, needs a different treatment from, and produces another effect than, the human voice. Loewe plays truly enough with his fingers what he hears within him. A shabby little pianoforte melody, well sung, may sound pretty well; but a rich melody for the voice only makes half its proper effect on the pianoforte. The older I grow, the more convinced I am that the pianoforte is especially prominent in three leading qualities peculiar to it—fulness and variety in exemplification of harmony (made use of by Beethoven and Franz Schubert), pedal effect (as with Field), and volubility (Czerny, Herz, &c.). The large, broad player exhibits the first, the fantastic artist gives the second, a pearly touch displays the third quality. Many-sided, cultured composer-performers, like Hummel, Moscheles, and, finally, Chopin, combine all these, and are consequently the most admired by players; those writers and performers who neglect to study any of these fall into the background. Loewe, indeed, makes use of all; but he is not a fine player, and mind will not do everything.

It is allowable to investigate such a subject seriously, without thinking of the elegiac sonata, which, on many accounts, I admire and prefer, as the composer himself probably prefers, to the brilliant one. Three parts, united to a whole, form, according to my belief, the design of the sonata, as well as of the concerto and symphony writer. Old composers followed this plan more outwardly, in form and key; later ones have broadened the single parts through smaller divisions, and have invented a new middle movement, the scherzo. It was not enough to work out an idea in one movement, they concealed it in others, refracted it in following ones. Then they needed historic interest (laugh not, Eusebius!) and, as the period developed itself more poetically, they introduced the dramatic element. Finally, the movements became more united in themselves, and closed with a momentary passage into the next.

If the ground-thought is more visible and perceptible in the brilliant sonata, in the elegiac one it is more spun out. It sustains its F-minor character from beginning to end, through every modulation. Loewe is able to compose with rapidity, because he invents the whole in one moment, perfects it as though with a single touch, and does not linger over details. This must excuse certain trivialities which one is obliged to take into the bargain, like the landscape painter's weeds and clouds, which are to be had so much better from nature.

With Loewe's compositions I have discovered that, when we have finished them we should like to know something about them. It has often fallen to my lot to be questioned as to what I thought about, over my own extravagant outpourings? and I have not had any answer to give; and yet I conclude that some thought lies behind Loewe's works.

Already, in the introduction, the following harmonies,

$$\begin{array}{ccc} 6\flat & 5\flat & 7\flat \\ & & 3\natural \\ \text{C}\natural & \text{D flat} & \text{B} \end{array}$$

which recur throughout the entire work, are disturbing, and should be remedied. It is almost too powerfully tender, too passionate, to be termed elegiac. I call the andante a song, short and good. I will pass over the presto, for it displeases me throughout. A veiled nun looks at me from the finale, as through a latticed window; it is certainly mediæval.

I must smile when I see Loewe has sometimes marked the fingering—and how oddly! It must be all the same thing to him, whatever fingers his music is played with, or whether on the G string. At least, so I imagine. FLORESTAN.

TAUBERT.

"I CONSIDER the first movement of this sonata the best, the second second-best, the third the worst—a descending line of beauty." Something like this would thy discourse commence, my darling Florestan. But you shall have nothing to say to it, young men, who fall upon everything with the jaw bones of an ass! For while Florestan has an astonishing knack of laying bare the weaknesses of a work, Eusebius, with his soft hand, can unfold its beauties in such a way as often to conceal its errors with them. And, after the manner of youths, ye both linger most willingly with poems in which the poetical element prevails. This is not the case with the present composition.

Already, last spring, we talked together over a little pianoforte work by the same composer. There is no occasion for us to change our then expressed opinion. Here, as there, we find, if not any novel, extraordinary ideas, common and excellent truths presented in a noble form by a cultivated man. He takes care not to utter or promise things that he is unable to execute; he takes care not to undertake anything that will lead him into debt, for he exactly estimates his own possessions, and knows how far he can venture with them. In this, many might learn from him.

Though the view of a somewhat extravagant nature, before it has been trained in reposeful art circles, be exciting, sublime, comparable to the picturesque, overflowing waterfall, yet we are willingly borne on the bosom of the obedient, safe river, whose bed, we know, is enriched by pearls and golden sand. It would be unfair, however, were we to close our judgment of this sonata with such a picture. The first movement flows with such liveliness from beginning to end, that the last appears quite flat in spite of its great outward swiftness; for while in the first the movement seems to flow from the depths on high, in the other the surface only seems moved. It may be that one who did not know Beethoven's sonata *quasi fantasia* in C-sharp minor would judge differently; and therefore I simply observe that the last movement does not please me; and on observations prompted by such feelings I suspect half our musical criticism rests.

Yet I consider the first part so finely commenced and carried on, that it deserves to be looked more sharply in the eyes. So let Eusebius speak; his thoughts on the subject do not displease me:—

The sonata begins, half aloud. It seems to prepare, to lay all things ready. The song grows stronger. An orchestral-like tutti enters. A rapid figure weaves itself in. So far, we have not heard anything remarkable; and yet we are drawn onward, unthinkingly. But now, questioning basses step in, in the major; a voice answers, timidly, charmingly, "Do not look so severely at me, I never did any one harm," and hides itself in the first soft melody. The preceding rapid figures spring inquisitively in. The scene grows more lively; a little, tender, merry thought can scarcely make its way. Up and down they flow, backward and forward they press, but a strong hand grasps and concludes all. Two new, pale forms, one masculine, the other feminine, step forward, and relate their experience in joy and sorrow. Others join them sympathetically: "gather your strength, dry your tears, let your eyes flash"—"but pardon our sorrow for those who are no more;" now all grows smooth, foreign elements unite, the known joins the unknown: an old voice cries out cheerfully, "Why grow excited at once about everything?"—"Listen to me again!" says the first voice.

So far Eusebius, though it is acknowledged that he often imagines he has found out feelings that do not exist in a work. In the second movement, which I have not yet mentioned, the early principal form appears in quite a new aspect. It seems to have forgotten the old melancholy, and steps in with cheerful certainty; we see no traces of weeping, and if we were to question it about tears, it would certainly deny any knowledge of them. The whole situation is altered; everything has grown busy, practical, and in some physiognomies we find such original features, that I do not need to call attention to them. I think the last movement is awkwardly joined to the scherzo, a defect I find it difficult to forgive the composer, who should have waited a more propitious moment.

RARO.

CARL LOEWE.

"Spring," a Tone Poem in the Sonata form (in G).—Opus 47.

NATURALLY we ought to find something of spring in all music; this time the imaginative singer lays a remarkable sacrifice on that altar. A winter sonata was rather expected from Loewe, in which, I fancy, I should have heard the snow crunched under waggon wheels, and night-birds in the church steeple; but he has also marked the tokens of spring, like a clear-eyed poet, though not to so great a degree as Beethoven, whose sixth symphony bears the same relation to other idyllic compositions that the true life of a great man bears to his biography; yet Loewe's receptivity is delightful to meet in a time and in an art that seems, Faust like, to withdraw ever more and more within itself, and to prefer a gloomy mysticism to the fresh enjoyment of life. So he who expects night scenes and Northern lights will be disappointed; but he will see a meadow growing green, and here and there a bud and a butterfly. So much of the music as poetry. As a composition, it cannot be termed new or deep; melody and harmony unite naturally, often simply; the whole is perhaps too superficially conceived. But we hope the composer understands us! In his pastoral symphony, Beethoven sings themes as simple as childlike senses can invent; but he certainly did not write down everything that the first inspiration brought, but rather chose among many things. The same reproach applies to this, as to many other compositions of Loewe's, that, in a modest voice, they make great pretensions, and that we are induced to accept trivial passages that have been repeated a hundred times, in the same bargain with the good ones, because they are offered by an eminent composer. We doubt whether any living man of talent, on an equal footing with Loewe, would have allowed some things in this sonata to meet the public eye. If, for the sake of the simple plan, and the ground upon which the whole lives and moves, we forgive such passages as the first theme of the first movement, the beginning of the second part of the same movement, and so on, yet tone painting ought to contain music enough to be valuable in itself, and, as we have often said, the ear should not be obliged to borrow from the eye. For these reasons we consider the second movement as possessed of the most independently musical value, while the introduction is the least successful.

At the same time we emphatically recommend the sonata to teachers, since its thoroughly clear and natural feeling is sure to have a pleasing, as well as an instructive, effect on all younger students.

Sonata (in A) by Count von Pocci. Spring Sonata (in E) by the same.

If the title of this had been hidden from me, I should have guessed it to be the work of a lady—and should have judged it something in this way :—Whatever be your name, Adela, Zuleika, I love you beforehand, as I do all who write sonatas! Would that you always ended as you begin, as, for instance, in the spring sonata, where on the first page one breathes the odour of veritable March violets! But while your dreamy eyes wander over the moonlit heaven, while you reflect in the depths of your heart on Jean Paul, all at once you remember the rose-coloured ribbon that becomes your friend so well; besides, you confuse then and than, these and those, often, neat as your handwriting appears in general. In a word, you are a good seventeen-year-old child, vain and loving, self-willed and warm-hearted. I would not think of alarming you with such words as "tonic," "dominant," or "counterpoint," for you would only laugh, and say, "That is the way I wrote it, and I shall not alter it;" and one must be indulgent with you. Were I your instructor, however, I would put Bach and Beethoven in your hands very often (but not a page of Weber; you love him too much already) to sharpen your eyes and ears, to give a safe shore to your tender feelings, to impart certainty and form to your ideas. And then I cannot suppose that even the *newest* of musical periodicals would have anything to say of you that should not rhyme with "charming and beautiful." EUSEBIUS.

Ah ha! how slyly my Eusebius manages! Why can he not say openly, "The count possesses considerable talent, but has not studied sufficiently?"

FLORESTAN.

Sonata by F. LACHNER.—Opus 39.

HAD this sonata been composed by a Frenchman or an Italian, we should wonder at its depth and seriousness. There is no cosmopolitan art as yet, however; and every critic judges with due regard to the character and standard of cultivation of the different nations. Lachner is a German; a little straightforward German advice will not be useless, and may not be unwelcome to him, we hope.

We cannot tell whether to rejoice or regret that, with the exception of this sonata, we know nothing of Lachner's compositions, save several songs and a symphony that we have heard only once. He is a most difficult character for the critic; not because he is too obscure and profound a thinker to be reached, but because he is so serpent-smooth, that he slips through the fingers whenever we strive to grasp him. When he has said something insipid, he makes amends by a fine expression afterwards; if he enrages us with a reminiscence of Franz Schubert or Spohr, at once he gives us something entirely original; when we have made up our minds that all is pretentious and deceptive, he surprises us a moment later with his openness and sincerity. We find everything in this sonata that we can desire; form, melody, rhythm (where, however, lies his weakness), ease, flow, clearness, correctness; and yet nothing, almost nothing, touches us, or penetrates beyond the ear. We thought the fault was in our own mood, and we laid the sonata intentionally aside, in order to compare later impressions with the first one; we sought the opinion of others; the same result, the same answer. We cannot treat the fact indifferently. Lachner gave rise to great hopes. Thoughtful criticism watched him carefully, on account of his talent. It is time that he should keep watch over himself, and avoid misinterpretation of his own powers. Certain half geniuses are to be found, endowed with remarkable liveliness of intellect, united to an unusual receptivity for the extraordinary —whether good or bad—and great facility in appropriating and working it out. One of their wings is that of genius, the other is plumed with waxen feathers. At a favourable moment, during excitement, one carries the other on high; but, in a normal condition of repose, the waxen wing drags lamely after its fellow. Sometimes one is inclined to modify so harsh a judgment of such characters —for they make many happy hits; sometimes one would advise them to abstain altogether from any attempt at production, for they do not know how much they deceive themselves and others. They live in continual tension, in a lasting crisis, to which they should be quietly abandoned, and from which they should be allowed to extricate themselves unassisted, for a word of blame often makes them more obstinate, and praise gives them too much self-confidence. But the uncultivated and equivocal side of such natures cannot hope to escape remark, as they are generally greedy of fame, and do not possess sufficient power over themselves long to withhold their works from the world. And because no known system or style can be taken hold of in such characters and compositions, one is often deceived in them, and worse things are prophesied of them than come to pass. We sincerely hope this may be the case with Lachner, and therefore we avoid all prophetic criticism. Although these latter remarks apply more correctly to an entire class than merely to Lachner, we hope he will accept them as an expression of the opinion of many who expect higher things from him, when he shall have decided to sacrifice the praise of the crowd for the rarer and more precious applause of his brothers in art.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Sonata.—Opus 6.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

1st Grand Sonata, in A minor.—Opus 42. 2d Grand Sonata, in D major.—Opus 53. Fantasia or Sonata, in G major.—Opus 78. 1st Grand Sonata, for Four Hands, in B-flat major.—Opus 30.

THE Davidites have declared their opinion regarding the newly-published sonatas in several papers. They can scarcely close this chain with finer diamond locks than are the above sonatas, that is to say, with the best things that have appeared since Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, and Moscheles, in the genre of pianoforte music most prized by those composers. When we have laboured through the rubbish that heaps itself so uncomfortably about us, such pieces bloom like oases in the desert scattered behind the music desk.

To-day, on account of this triumphal close, we will crown ourselves with the plural crown of the "we." And we are able to review these works from memory, for we have known them by heart for many years. We need scarcely remind our readers that they have been published eight years, and all, probably, were composed long before that time; but we cannot help inquiring whether it were not better to defer the reviewal of all new works until they had been "out" for at least as long a time. We should then be surprised to find how few things remained to review, how our thin-waisted musical journals would fall in pieces, and how very knowing ourselves had become. Only that work which contains mind and poetry within it takes a long flight forward into the future; and if the strings it strikes are deep and strong, its progress will be slow in proportion to their depth and strength. And though the Davidites have considered most of Mendelssohn's youthful works as mere forerunners of his masterpieces, yet in many of them so much originality and poetry was to be found, that the great future of this composer might yet have been foretold, with considerable certainty, by means of their promise.

We often see him, in fancy, leaning towards Beethoven, and looking up to him as to a saint, while on the other hand he seems guided by Carl Maria von Weber (with whom it is possible to exchange the language of men); and then we imagine we see him awakened by these great ones from the fairest of his dreams—the "Midsummer's Night's Dream;" while they exclaim, "Thou needest our assistance no longer, thou mayest now trust thine own pinions!"

If the first movement of this sonata reminds one of the thoughtful melancholy of Beethoven's last A-major sonata—though the last movement recalls Weber's manner—yet this is not caused by weak unoriginality, but rather by intellectual relationship. How it presses, hurries, flows out! Green and morning-fresh, like a landscape in spring! It is not the foreign, the novel, that touches and attracts us here, but the beloved, the customary. It does not astonish, does not stand too high above us; it gives so correct an expression to our own feelings, that we fancy we have found the words ourselves. Let every one examine it and be convinced of this.

And now we come to our favourites, the sonatas of Franz Schubert, who is known to few save as a song composer. We can only point out a few beauties in these compositions, for a volume would not be too large for us, had we time to justify in full our opinion of them as works of the loftiest character.

Though, without many words, we may describe all three sonatas as "noble," yet the "fantasia or sonata" seems to us the most perfect in form and spirit.

There all is organic, all breathes the same life. He who has not sufficient imagination to solve the riddle of the last movement, should remain a stranger to it.

That in A minor most resembles it; the first part is so still, so dreamy; it touches one to tears; yet so simply, so easily it is constructed, from two ideas only, that one cannot but wonder at the enchanter who so deftly opposes and intermingles them.

What a lusty life overflows the D-major sonata! Stroke on stroke carries us away! Then the adagio, wholly Schubertian, overflowing, pressing, scarcely able to come to an end. The last droll movement ill suits the whole. Yet he would make himself ridiculous who should take the matter seriously. Florestan calls it a satire on the Pleyel, Vanhall, nightcap style; Eusebius finds, in the strongly contrasting passages, the grimaces with which one mischievously tries to frighten children, and all overflows with humour.

We consider the sonata for four hands one of the least original compositions of Schubert; indeed, he is only to be recognised here by occasional flashes. Yet for how many other composers a laurel crown would have been woven from this work alone! But in Schubert's crown it looks but like one little twig; we are so much accustomed to judge men and artists according to the standard of the best they have accomplished.

Though Schubert is perhaps more original in his songs than in his instrumental works, yet we prize these as being equally independent in themselves, and as purely musical. As a pianoforte composer he excels others, even Beethoven, in one peculiarity (astonishingly though the latter, in his deafness, listened with the ear of imagination),—he knows how to write playably; that is, all he does seems to come from the depths of the pianoforte, while in Beethoven we continually detect the tone-colour of the horn, the oboe, &c.

As for the general inward meaning of these creations, Schubert has tones for the most delicate shades of feeling, thoughts, even accidents and occurrences of life. Manifold though the passions and acts of men may be, as manifold is Schubert's music. That which his eye sees, his hand touches, becomes transformed to music; as with Deukalion and Pyrrha, living human forms spring from the stones he throws. He was the most remarkable composer, after Beethoven, who, the deadly enemy of all Philistinism, practised music in the highest sense of the word.

So was it with the man whose hand we press in spirit, while the bells are tolling the last hour of the dying year. Ye who would lament because that hand has long been cold, and can no longer answer our pressure, should remember that while such men live as he, whose name has been also mentioned here by us, life is still worth living. And see to it that all you do, all you create, comes as near, as in human possibility it may, to the highest standard of the powers implanted in you by the Divine Giver!

Const. Decker. Easy Sonatas.—Opus 11.
J. Lisle. Grand Sonata for Four Hands.—Opus 41.
A. L. E. Trutschel. Grand Sonata for Four Hands.—Opus 8.
L. Schuberth. Sonata (L'éspérance).—Opus 25.
F. Ries. Grand Sonata.—Opus 52.
H. Triest. Sonata.—Opus 4.

It is plain that new sonatas, new in one sense, are not wanting; but nearly all the above, with the exception of the two last, must be considered as the rearguard of former days. That by Herr Decker is apparently intended for childish hands and heads; on this account, we wish away some of its dryness, which is little calculated to excite young people's industry. On the title-page of the next sonata we find the note, "Composed in Sicily at the foot of Etna," and a suitable vignette; on which account we certainly expect something which will spit forth flames. Instead of this, we find the commonest Vanhall manner, the clearest four-crotchet time in which a C major ever moved; in short, a tolerably broad, well-set, Lafontaine-like domestic story, like hundreds that have been written before it, yet to which we cannot give a harsh reception. A somewhat similar nature is expressed by the composer of the following sonata; but he seems to have higher aspirations, tries to interest and to give more than his strength allows; therefore we find so clear a lack of order and position in the construction of the periods, in the harmony, &c., as to be visible to the most inexperienced eye. The sonata is probably his first attempt in this severe form ; he makes use of every resource he is acquainted with, yet cannot manage any one of them. He is especially wanting in refined melody, in which he must above all things improve himself, by the study of masterly examples. We cannot deny that he gives proof of good will, industry, and carefulness. Herr Schuberth's sonata is written in a pretty, cheerful tone, but in as great haste as possible. We have always been obliged, until now, to reproach this talented, but superficial composer, with great neglect of detail. He is one of those writers who can compose at any hour of the day, sitting or standing ; in some things he succeeds, but lacks, on the whole, a nobler musical consecration.

Some parts of the first movement in Ries' sonata remind one of Beethoven, but much is also praiseworthily original ; yet there is nothing in the work, save the title-page, that stamps it as that of an excellent master. It runs everywhere into mediocrity, and though it sometimes attempts to scale the fair heights where we have met with this artist before, it sinks again with wings that appear to be laden with lead. The sonata seems, besides, to have been written in an unhappy hour. The larghetto has some tender passages, but the cantilena is rather antiquated, and the numberless changes of measure deprive the listener of any enjoyment he might otherwise obtain. The trio in the scherzo is distinguished by a little more originality, but there is no real joy in it ; it does not even seem to have pleased the composer when he was writing it. We believe there are some errors of the press in the fourth measure of the second part; the harmony should remain A-flat minor, while the right hand gives D flat, C flat (instead of, as printed, E flat, D flat). There is nothing remarkable in the finale; the middle part in D major even seems unsuitable and poor in melody.

We were already acquainted with the sonata by Triest in manuscript, and have already mentioned it in a few words. If we are not mistaken, the modest composer understood what we objected to in the first movement, and has made some alterations. Whether they are fortunate or not, we are unable to judge, as we have forgotten the older reading; but we fancy that the first movement has now less meaning for us than before, except perhaps the two first pages, which develop themselves with life and clearness; what follows seems to us cut up; it has no axis, no middle point, and thus the piece leaves a shadowy, indistinct impression behind it. The last movement, too, which we formerly blamed for its inward and outward resemblance to a well-known movement of Beethoven's, seems to have been worked over again. Its somewhat impassioned character causes it to agree sufficiently with the first movement; and yet it is lacking in the fine relationship of the parts, but is not so attractive as to cause us to forget this. The hand of the master is most prominent in the introduction of the second thought; it should be expected, and yet should surprise; but here the melody in A flat comes in too forcedly and transparently, while this is still more the fault with the inwoven march in D-flat major, whose sense we cannot fully understand ; and yet played with fire in a swift tempo by the composer, this sonata must be effective. We would advise the young artist to study all the modern forms of pianoforte composition ; he will then easily attain a more charming and euphonious style of writing.

SONATAS FOR THE PIANOFORTE (1839).

WE have been long silent respecting achievements in the field of the sonata. Nor have we anything extraordinary to report to-day. But it is delightful to meet, amid the varied confusion of fashion and caricature, a few of those honourable, earnest faces that once formed the rule, but now belong to the exceptions. It is remarkable that those who write sonatas are generally unknown men ; and it is also strange that the older composers, yet living among us, who grew up in the season of bloom of the sonata, and even among whom only Cramer and Moscheles are distinguished, cultivate this form the least. It is easy to guess the reason why the former class, generally consisting of young artists, writes them ; there exists no better form in which they can introduce themselves and please the higher class of critics, therefore most sonatas of this kind may be regarded as studies in form ; they are seldom the result of an irresistible inward impulse. There is, doubtless, a reason why the older composers no longer write sonatas; we leave others to guess what this reason may be.

It was Hummel who bravely carried on the old Mozartean road, and whose F-sharp minor sonata alone will outlive his name; on the Beethovenian path, Franz Schubert, above all, sought and found a new opening. Ries worked too quickly. Berger gave us a few excellent things, which, however, never acquired an extended circulation, and the same was the case with Onslow; Weber became fierily and rapidly successful, establishing for himself a peculiar style, and many of our young writers are merely continuations of Weber. So the sonata stood ten years ago, and so it still stands. A few fine works in this style have since appeared, and may yet be made public; but, on the whole, it looks as if this form had lived through its vital course according to the order of things; for we cannot repeat the same form for centuries, and yet deliberate on new ones. So let sonatas or fantasias (what's in a name?) still be written, but let not music be forgotten meanwhile, and the rest will follow, with the protection of one's good genius.

Among sonatas written by little-known composers, three by F. E. Wilsing and one by W. E. Scholz lie before me. The first, by Wilsing, are dedicated to the late excellent L. Berger, who, probably the composer's master, seems to have influenced his work considerably. These sonatas possess admirable qualities, and deserve all the praise that is so willingly awarded as encouragement to young and striving musicians. Let the composer make still greater endeavours, and venture at once on a bolder path. These sonatas seldom transgress the prosaic boundaries of the quiet study; I see the composer sitting and writing quietly, and secretly reflecting now and then on a nice little immortality; let him now absorb grander impressions, whether from Bach and Beethoven, from exciting reading, or from frequent intercourse with the riches of the universe. He ought to accomplish things of greater consequence, for his work betrays a strong feeling for the higher kind of instrumental music. Let him not carry his simplicity further, let him not cut and circumscribe too much; he sometimes presents his subject too nakedly before us. But let him take this advice as a warning, not as a reproach; his healthy judgment will not lead him to seek too far for the goal.*

The composer of the last-named sonata steps forward with more decision and energy; his talent merits recognition. Severe criticism might find fault with portions of this work; and a sonata that gives proof of such noble endeavour, deserves detailed criticism, and should receive it if our space permitted. Then would we follow, step by step, the spirit that overflows within it, tracing its finer paths, marking where it strayed into devious ways, and where it avoided them. Such a kind of criticism would always be pleasant and profitable to the composer; but no one should demand it from a paper that is obliged to give an account of all significant musical events and publications within a small space.

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* He has already found it. A "De Profundis," for quadruple chorus with orchestra, has appeared this year, and must be ranked with the greatest and most powerful masterworks of our day (note of 1853).

The sonata points directly to Carl Maria von Weber. Who does not know Weber's visionary, almost morbidly charming, sonata poems? But the new composer does not cling in weak dependence to his master; he merely strives to produce the same effect, though certainly unsupported by the same great forces. Feeling, often fiery feeling, speaks from this whole sonata; passages as finely songful as the first cantilena in the first movement are so seldom met with, that we must observe this one with pleasure; and the principal return in the middle of the movement is equally happy, a point that will always remain the indication of acquired mastery over form. I cannot wholly approve of some other passages in the movement, where progress seems interrupted, as on page 5, and the sudden D minor leading to F on page 9, which might have been easily avoided. And I could have wished the close more weighty. The adagio corresponds to the tone of the first movement, but does not equal it in effect; it needs a more emphatic idea, such as the masters of art often give us towards the close of this movement, something to think about on the road; but here we come to a close, and so does the composer. The scherzo seems to me the least successful movement; in fact, lyricism is this composer's strongest point. In the finale we find a very attractive middle theme, full of vitality; but in a happy hour I think I could have made more out of the notes of the introduction. I could have desired a more weighty conclusion to this movement also. Take all in all, this composer clearly possesses talent, method, cultivation, lofty striving; and when his forces have been thoroughly united and polished, we may hope for far higher things from him.

Among sonatas by better-known musicians, we have one for four hands by Heinrich Dorn, of Riga (grand sonata, opus 29), and one by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, opus 45), to mention. Though the first proclaims itself as serious, and appears almost Spohr-like in its softness, it is impossible for it to disguise, as it proceeds, those roguish traits we have so often observed in Dorn's compositions; we scarcely know whether any musician is as well able to flatter ladies and critics in a refined manner, while inwardly thundering and lightening, as our honoured composer. However, we must search more seriously for the point of view from which his most interesting works are to be judged. When already in ripened years, of many-sided cultivation, thoroughly conversant with the literary and artistic direction of his time, he devoted himself to music precisely in that relaxed period between 1820 and 1830, when half the musical world was still meditating on Beethoven, while the other half lived the life of the day, in which only one German composer, Carl Maria von Weber, counterbalanced with great difficulty the penetrating, alluring influence of the Italian, Rossini. At the pianoforte, Czerny, from Vienna, was beginning to raise his small, piping voice; in Middle Germany people imitated Weber; only in Berlin an iron-firm professorial chair was established for good music, through the influence of old Zelter, at whose side, though with different tendencies, Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger produced an excellent effect on rising youth. Dorn is one of the results of that period; Mendelssohn developed himself beside him almost at the same time, afterwards soaring far beyond his fellow students. But the paths of these two, the most talented pupils of their school, soon led far apart. Mendelssohn, living surrounded by the happiest material circumstances, was able to ferment, and then clear his mind at ease; while Dorn, early thrown into a practical career, was also obliged to lay proofs of his art before the public. And so, operas by him were produced, all, so far as I remember, displaying considerable natural and acquired gifts. But he did not succeed in winning over the public to his side, and the more he endeavoured to succeed by means of powerful and surprising effects, the more he appeared to separate himself from his real character; then, no doubt, commenced the inward dissonance that he must have felt in comparing his own indubitably remarkable works with the light Italian wares so universally admired, for then the satirical trait in his music became first observable. What we know, what we have learned, no one can take away from us; but the divinities of good fortune must lend us their assistance, if we are to labour with pleasure and goodwill. Had Dorn then abandoned the distracting and dangerous theatrical career (he was a music director), had he been able to nurse his talent and to wait his opportunity, there is no telling what an auxiliary he might have become to our German opera. But we must content ourselves with what he has given us instead; and there is much that is memorable among it. He has certainly written excellent songs of the most varied character, such as can only reflect honour on German art, and the most remarkable of his pianoforte compositions have been highly spoken of in the "*Zeitschrift.*" The above-mentioned sonata is one of his largest pianoforte works. There is a great deal in it; so much, that had a few passages been omitted, it might have been easily worked out into a symphony. It has tenderness and boldness, art and simplicity, its contrasts happily blended to fine form by an experienced hand; the whole, however, is accompanied by such an ironical smile, that precisely in those moments where we feel ourselves yielding wholly to the charm of the music, we are at once frozen. This is what very few will understand in the sonata, and least of all those amiable lady players who love to float tranquilly onward without any satirical jerks.

At least, the sonata deserves to be looked well through; those who cannot understand its more secret meaning, will, if they comprehend what is purely musical, find much to enjoy in it, especially the scherzo, that almost forces one to smile, and also the often-restive finale, in which I find very good reasons for the frequent crossing of the hands observable in it. And now I must express a hope that the composer will give us a symphony; and then these remarks will have attained their object.

But let us look at Mendelssohn's work for a moment. A smile plays round his mouth also, but it is the smile of delight in his art, of reposeful self-sufficiency in a narrow circle; and what a beneficent influence proceeds from this peace, this inward welfare, this soulful grace. The sonata is one of his latest works; would that I could—meanwhile avoiding the reproach of littleness—express in words the difference between then and now in his works. It seems as if all now sought to become more musical, more refined, more transfigured, if I do not describe falsely, more Mozartean. In the earliest bloom of his youth he worked partly under the inspiration of Beethoven and Bach, though already master of form and artistic composition; in his overtures he either leaned towards foreign poesy, or drew his subjects entirely from nature. He did so in a twofold manner, as musician and poet, and opinions adverse to this artistic leaning were expressed here and there, as well as a fear that it might become his exclusive style. But this sonata is again the purest, most self-sufficing music, as fine, clear, and original a sonata as ever proceeded from the greatest of master hands, and peculiarly fitted for the most refined family circles, to be played after the reading of a Byron or Goethe poem. We may be excused from saying more regarding its form and style; the sonata will be found to speak more expressively for itself.

Two sonatas still lie before me, written by two deceased composers, two opposites as decided as the same epoch could possibly produce, yet who, during their lives, never made each other's acquaintance, either personally, or as musicians. One the most modern of music makers, the other the genial teacher, whose pupils never tire of talking about him with the greatest admiration; one ever giving inexhaustibly, the other weighing every note; one warm, sensuous, imaginative, the other dry, often severe, a stoic. But no one would judge them from these sonatas, which are not to be reckoned among their best works, though they give us some insight into the natures of Franz Schubert (grand sonata, opus 134) and Bernhard Klein (posthumous sonata for four hands).

LOUIS LACOMBE. Fantastic Sonata.—Opus 1.
STEPHEN HELLER. Sonata.—Opus 9.
F. W. GRUND. Grand Sonata.—Opus 27.

THE boy, the youth, and the man differ less from each other than do these three sonatas; and if I did not happen to know that their composers stand in just such relations to each other as regards age, their works would betray them. But the boy is no German; he is one of those precocious Parisians, such as may be seen erecting barricades, or who in a paroxysm of disgust with life, use their arms against themselves; or, to speak clearly and in a musical sense, he is a disciple of Berlioz, who desires to add his share to French romanticism; a lively, interesting, unembarrassed boy, courageous, and gifted with much imagination. The fact that he has taken to the sonata,—a musical form that is contemptuously laughed at in France, and merely suffered even in Germany, is to be accounted for by his long residence in Germany, where he made himself a name some years ago as a pianoforte-playing child; and since that time his progress as a pianist has been considerable. I remember to have heard him play this sonata at a concert in Vienna; he then performed it correctly, brilliantly, with golden clearness. There was scarcely a player in Vienna, excepting Thalberg, able to dispute his pre-eminence. But the composition was then almost unanimously judged, by every public that heard it, to be an attempt not devoid of talent, yet only to be enjoyed to the end when performed by a very good pianist like its composer, while in the hands of others it would be an unpitied failure. Of course, such is always the result with the work of pupils. Let a bad pianoforte composer give his concoction to a bad player, let a bad orchestral composer give his to an awkward mass of men, and every weakness will appear most glaringly; while a masterly work cannot be entirely slaughtered even by bunglers. In spite of its weaknesses, however, we discover in this sonata manifest tokens of rare aspiration. Its more commonplace faults must be ascribed to a misunderstanding of the modern symphonic, so-called, style of pianoforte playing and writing. The pianoforte may be treated in masses, in its own way, and may characteristically represent voice parts—may, and can do this; but such writing must not look like an arranged orchestral tutti, with tremolos in both hands, horn passages, and so on. Besides such passages, the sonata contains many better ones, such as the natural principal melody in the first part, while its first pages have movement and sweep, up to the entrance of the middle part with its working out, a passage in the sonata and symphony where beginners usually meet with misfortune. The andante is weak; we find the orchestral character, improperly transferred to the pianoforte, preponderates too much in it; the same thing occurs in the scherzo, which is, however, less meagre. Reminiscences of Beethoven's symphonies occur throughout the entire sonata, especially in the scherzo. The last movement is French, Auberian, Straussian, or whatever you will! and at the close are Thalbergian leaps, little suited to a sonata, until at last all passes away in flame and smoke, and scarcely anything remains of the spectacle, on the falling of the curtain, except the usual sulphurous smell after a theatrical tempest. Finally, the composer must rescue himself from his own overwhelming virtuoso influence, through industry and the study of composition: no one can become a master without previously becoming a scholar; even the master, indeed, is merely a superior kind of scholar, and Beethoven's sonata in B-flat major, the uniquely great, was preceded by thirty-one other Beethovenian sonatas.

When a composer begins at once like Stephen Heller, whose sonata we have signalised as the work of a youth, we may dispense with a few of the thirty-one; at No. 10 he will give us something masterly. There is so much mother-wit in this sonata, that we have little fear respecting future ones, and it has genial blood enough to stock a long succession of Parisian composers. Only genuine talent announces itself in this way, and incites criticism to equal it in acuteness, if possible. I know where lies the Achilles' heel; but this composer, besides being a good fighter, like the Grecian hero, is also a good runner; the moment we fancy we have overtaken him, he takes flight laughingly again, ready for combat the next instant; he is a sly composer, who gets the better of blame with a finer thought than we expected; one who is more beloved by, than a follower of, the Graces, and his sonata is a downright reproach to ordinary critics who are always so ready, behindhand, to say how things ought not to be done. Thus Stephen Heller shows himself in his sonata. People will ask, Who is he, and where does he live? The answer is brief. He is a Hungarian, who formerly travelled as a half-phenomenal child, then lived and wrote for sometime in Augsburg, afterwards, unfortunately, going to Paris. I have known this sonata for some years in manuscript. The composer sent it to me in quarterly supplies, not to excite my expectation, but because, as he said, he brooded long over it, with great loss of time, and, "what more is a sonata than great loss of time?"

Now it is finished, the winged child of a rare imagination, with a classic-romantic double-face with a humorous mask before it. He who loves anything fancies that he understands it best; and whenever a concert hall resounds with Beethoven's tones, dozens of youths are to be met with, blest at heart, and each thinking within himself, "No one understands him as I do." With the best meaning, then, I explain this piece to be a piece of its composer's own life, which he has translated, voluntarily or involuntarily, into his art; a piece overflowing with that inward moonlight and nightingale magic which youth alone is able to create; though a Jean Paul-like satyr hand here and there touches it, as if to draw it a little nearer towards the ordinary business of life. If I am not mistaken, the composer intends to dedicate it to a Jean Paul character, Liane de Froulay, which many other dedicators will take amiss, as the girl died long ago, and that only in a book. However, Liane would have understood the sonata, though, perhaps, not without the assistance of Siebenkäse, who has himself shaken in a comet, a supplement, in the scherzo. So let the work run its course through this prosaic world. It will certainly leave traces everywhere behind it. Old fogies will shake their wigs, organists will scream out over its lack of fugues, and Flachsenfingian counsellors will inquire whether it was composed *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, what is the aim of music, and what its use? Meanwhile, let its young poet bravely concentrate his powers while the great capital storms and tosses in vain around him, and let him return home with doubled wealth. And if he then brings us his tenth sonata, we shall joyfully show him these lines, in which we point to him as one of the wittiest and most talented of composers, and of whose future we entertain the strongest hopes.

And now we have only to speak of the third—Grund's—sonata; good ground, as Florestan would pun it, for expecting clever and valuable things Hats off to the first movement! I consider it worth all the rest of the sonata; there is inspiration, sweep, fancy, in it; but the other movements lag behind it. One of Beethoven's sonatas has the same form—one of his most wonderful things, where a boldly passionate first movement (in E minor) is followed by a simpler arioso (in E major), and closes so. Grund's is constructed in the same manner, but the following movements look pale beside the invention of the first. It may be that those were written a considerable time after the completion of that, and, as generally happens, the composer was unable to resume and continue in the original mood. For so delicately organised is a musician's imagination, that, let him once lose the trace of a fancy, let but a short period of time cover it, and only the happiest accident of the rarest moment can again recover it; therefore a work, once interrupted and laid aside, is seldom a perfect one; it is then better for the composer to begin a new one, and to forget the previous mood entirely. But if my supposition respecting Grund's sonata is not a correct one, we must consider the distance between the first and the succeeding movements as due to a falling off in creative power; a reproach that must be more wounding than my presumption. But enough! the first movement is sufficient to secure our respect for the composer. Its key is G minor, a favourite with musicians, one in which many masterworks have been written; and its character confirms the remark we made at the beginning of this article. Its composer, a worthy, perhaps too unassuming man, should be less economical in giving his works publicity, for he may be certain of obtaining the sympathy of the best judges.

We closed our last sonata review in December 1839. But few striking things in this noble form have since appeared, and it seems that three powerful enemies oppose it,—the public, publishers, and the composers themselves. The public buys unwillingly, the publisher prints unwillingly, and composers hesitate, perhaps for serious reasons, to write such old-fashioned things. We ought, therefore, to esteem doubly those who do write sonatas, in spite of so many reasons for not writing them. The following composers have recently given us new sonatas: W. Klingenberg, F. A. Lecerf, T. Genischta, W. Taubert, and F. Chopin; we have placed their names according to the degree of interest which their works possess for us.

That by Klingenberg is entitled Sonata Fantasia. Were willing doing, it would be called good; its struggle to break loose from old trammels is not to be mistaken, or its endeavour to accomplish something individual. But there is not sufficient force in it for this; it is even wanting in the lower qualities necessary to perfection, such as harmonic and contrapuntal correctness. From this lack of agreement between capacity and endeavour, an odd, rough, and tasteless composition has resulted, which nevertheless tries to be elegant and gallant here and there. It is a great mistake for the musical inhabitants of small towns to attempt fashionable Parisian movements on a sudden,—and a mistake that is unfortunately more at home among us in Germany than anywhere else. We might fill pages in verifying this assertion. Any good judge of music must feel certain, even on merely looking over the very first pages of this work—of what perhaps its composer himself now admits,—that he is several years in advance of his composition. The cause of his Icarus flight is very clear; it is Beethoven with his sonata *quasi* fantasia. Who does not admire that? But even a copy demands practice and facility. Perhaps the composer will soon give us a new proof of his art, one that will not appear so remarkably weak in comparison with its original.

There is a class of sonatas about which it is very difficult to talk; they are those correctly written, respectable, well-meant ones, such as the Haydn-Mozart school called forth by hundreds, and of which an example still comes to light occasionally here and there. If we blame them, we must also blame the sound human understanding that produced them; they possess natural coherence and seemly proportions. All these virtues are to be found in the sonata of the author whose name is mentioned second above. But to make a hit to-day, or only to please, it is necessary to be something more than honest. And has Beethoven then lived in vain? He who can read is no longer satisfied in merely spelling; he who understands Shakespeare has got beyond Robinson Crusoe; in short, the sonata style of 1790 is no longer that of 1840; requirements in regard both to form and contents have largely increased. In spite of this, however, we must award praise to the composer for his industry and high endeavours; and his sonata will no doubt fulfil its destiny, that of appearing for a few moments on the great stream of time, to disappear again altogether.

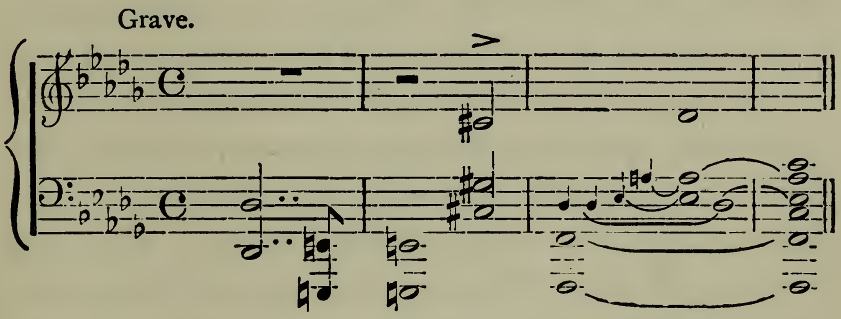
Genischta's sonata also reminds us, in many essential points, of a past period; at the same time we perceive in it an original individuality. Some years ago we gladly drew attention to a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello by the same composer. The good qualities which we then pointed out in that, namely, technical facility, clearness, unpretending character, we find here also, and especially in the very well rounded first two movements. But the last stands yet higher, and approaches the Beethoven manner more nearly, though a cheerful, quiet face everywhere peeps through its outward excitement. It completely clears up in the major middle period, with its original organ point in the soprano; this is the principal point in the whole sonata, and cannot easily be overlooked. The close does not introduce anything remarkable, but with it we take leave of a polished artist respectfully, contented, enlivened. This composer is said to be a Pole.

It would be difficult to give the reader an idea of W. Taubert's sonata, which is his fifth, for it is of a peculiar kind, must be looked over by one's self, and that often. I should call it hypochondriacal; the composer clings obstinately to a couple of ideas, which he analyses, then puts together, then throws away, until he endeavours to tear himself from a by no means refreshing mood by means of a people's melody, and as this does not succeed, he flies to the realm of the fugue, where he begins to mine seriously. This will certainly not succeed in captivating the public; it is a sonata that seems to have been written by the composer for himself, and probably under peculiar circumstances. With little trouble he might have transformed it into a quartette; but no, the composer only desired his four walls as listeners; there is something of the satiety of humanity, and even of music, in this music. Such, at least, was the impression it made upon me when I played it for the first time, and its effect was the same when I read it over again. C. M. von Weber has written a very original sonata in the same key (E minor), of which Taubert's reminded me, only because the melancholy of the former seems to have stiffened into hypochondria in the latter. Yet, even here, music evinces her ever-beautifying power, and that which would repel us in common life attracts us in art. But enough of hypercritical words, which seem but an echo of such music; may they yet induce some students to examine it themselves, for, as a musician, this composer is always to be respected.

Any one who could glance at the first bars of the last-mentioned sonata, and then remain in uncertainty as to who had written it, would not prove himself a good connoisseur. Only Chopin begins and ends so; with dissonances through dissonances into dissonances. But how many beauties this piece, too, contains! The idea of calling it a sonata is a caprice, if not a jest, for he has simply bound together four of his wildest children, to smuggle them under this name into a place to which they could not else have penetrated. Let us suppose some good country cantor visiting a musical city for the purpose of making artistic purchases; all the novelties are laid before him, but he does not care to know anything about them; finally, some rogue hands him a sonata; "Ah, yes, that is something in my way, a composition of the good old times," says he delighted, and buys it at once. Arrived at home, he takes the piece up, and I am much mistaken if he does not vow, by every musical divinity, that this is no sonata style, but rank blasphemy, before he has painfully ground out the first page. But Chopin has obtained his end; he has penetrated into the cantor's residence; and who knows whether, in years to come, in the same dwelling some romantic grandson may not brush the dust from the sonata, play it over, and think to himself, "This man was not very wrong"?

What I have just said is half an opinion. Chopin no longer writes anything that we could have equally good from others; he is true to himself, and has good reasons for remaining so.

It is a great pity that pianoforte players, even cultivated ones, are generally unable to judge, or to see beyond the limits of their own finger powers. Instead of first reading over such a difficult piece as this, they bore and hack away at it, bar by bar; and then, before they have acquired even a rough idea of its formal connections, they lay it aside, and pronounce it odd, intricate, &c. Chopin (something like Jean Paul) has his apostrophes and periods, over which it is not well to linger on a first reading, for fear of losing the principal thread. We find such passages on almost every page of this sonata, and Chopin's often wild and arbitrary chords render the disentanglement of such passages still more difficult. He is not fond of enharmonising, if I may so express it, and so we often find ten times, and oftener, sharpened keys and measures, such as none of us love except in extreme cases. He is often right, but is often entangled without any reason, and thus keeps at a distance a considerable part of the public; for people do not care to be continually quizzed (as they fancy) and driven into a corner. Thus this sonata has five flats for signature, and is in B-flat minor, a key that certainly cannot boast of very great popularity. It begins thus:



To this thoroughly Chopinean commencement, succeeds one of those stormy, passionate movements, of which we know several by him. This must be heard often, and well performed. But even this first part of the work brings us beautiful melodies; indeed, it seems as if the national Polish flavour, which clung to most of Chopin's earlier melodies, were gradually dying out, and that he inclines more towards Italy (over Germany). It is known that Chopin and

Bellini were friends, that they often showed their compositions to each other, and must necessarily have exercised an artistic influence on each other. But there is only a slight inclination to southern melody here; when the song is over, all Sarmatia lightens through the strings, in defiant originality. One interweaving of chords, at least, which we find after the close of the first period in the second part, Bellini never would, never could, have ventured on. The whole movement ends in a manner that is by no means Italian; and this reminds me of Liszt's observation. He once said, "Rossini and Co. always close with I remain your very humble servant." But it is otherwise with Chopin, whose conclusions almost express the contrary. The second movement is a continuation of this mood of feeling; it is bold intellectual, fantastic, the trio dreamy, tender, altogether in Chopin's manner; the scherzo is only such in name, like many of Beethoven's. The next is more gloomy, a *Mareia funebre*, which has some repellant points; an adagio instead, perhaps in D flat, would certainly have been more effective. The finale he has given us sounds more like a joke than a piece of music. Yet we must confess that even from this joyless, unmelodious movement, an original, a terrible mind breathes forth, the preponderance of which annihilates resistance, so that we listen, fascinated and uncomplaining, to the end, but not to praise; for, as I have said before, this is not music.

The sonata commences enigmatically, and closes with an ironical smile, a sphinx.

We shall close our review with a few observations respecting three lately-published sonatas, whose authors are Adolph Reichel, Ignatz Lachner, and Theodore Kullak.

The first (opus 4) seems to us a first attempt in this difficult style, the praiseworthy labour of an industrious pupil. We should have advised him not to publish it, as we are convinced that similar sonatas are written by hundreds yearly in Germany. He who has nothing original, nothing thoroughly finished to offer in this style, which can point to so many noble models, would do better to avoid publication. If this composer understands his own talent, he must allow that his work does not fulfil these requirements. Every page of this composition shows that he has worked after good models, and some pages are very successful. But the whole makes no other impression than that of a copy. A sort of dryness yet clings to the author, perhaps as the result of his student years; perhaps he never found the right master, who knew how to vitalise his talent. We gladly perceive a superabundance in youth; but as Philistines are formed by clipping the wings of the young, their uncertain flight must be carefully guided. Our composer is still in the pedant's leading-strings; a sonata is no task; the finest bloom of artistic achievement delights us in every masterwork in this form. Away with passages of thirds and sixths, such as we find so plentifully in the sonata that lies before us, this is bad classicism, the pigtail style. Such passages are doubly striking, as the composer gives his ideas more interesting form here and there: thus the middle part of the first movement begins happily, the last page of the sonata takes a higher flight, and many things in the scherzo please us, though the second voice at the commencement of this does not make its entrance in a masterly style. These few remarks will partly show the author where we approve of him, and where not. But let no blame discourage him from brave endeavours to progress. Only a very few of the greatest intellects have accomplished a masterpiece in their opus 4.

We have little to say of the sonata by I. Lachner (opus 20); it is plainly the work of a musician who is well versed in the routine of his profession, and who understands how to order and command his materials. This runs on smoothly and quietly as from a fountain. We scarcely find anything to object to either in its form or manner of writing. But with this, everything is said about it; it can make no pretensions to invention or novelty. The composer is probably well versed in orchestral writing; certain commonplace passages which produce some effect in the orchestra should have been omitted, as at the pianoforte they only appear trivial. The progress in modern pianoforte playing, the effects which recent composers have drawn from the instrument, seem to be quite unknown to this author. His sonata places us in the Haydn-Mozart period, though in itself *it* is by no means Haydn-Mozartean. Still, we would not wholly condemn such works, unless they are essentially unhealthy; things must be provided for the mediocre class of players, and they are perfectly satisfied with such and similar works as this.

A sonata by Theodore Kullak (opus 7) yet lies before us, the most interesting and also the oddest of the three mentioned; it is a true witches' caldron, in which everything is in a continual "boil and bubble." A gentler moonbeam only breaks through it in the middle movement. Its composer undoubtedly possesses imagination and mind, and must be a brilliant player besides. We cannot call everything in the work music; when we draw aside the dazzling robe of some of its ideas, they appear rather indifferently. But it often rises to very noble expression also, and this leads us to hope that its composer's future as an artist may not be compromised by the empty vanity of the virtuoso. To be sure, he has yet much to accomplish; if he asks us, what? we answer: keep your head clear, and play your own sonata after one by Mozart or Beethoven, and then find out where the difference lies. What the mere fingers create is nothing but mechanism; but that which you have listened to when it resounded within your own bosom will find its echo in the hearts of others, and long outlive the fragile body.

THREE PRIZE SONATAS,

Composed for the Pianoforte by C. VOLLWEILER of St. Petersburg, J. C. LEONHARD of Lauban, and J. P. C. HARTMANN of Copenhagen. Crowned by the Prize Institute of the North-German Musical Union in Hamburg.

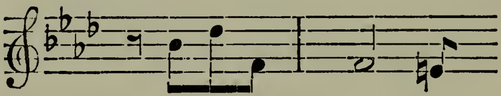
THE above works may be properly viewed from two points of view—as prize sonatas, and as mere sonatas. The latter might simply be attempts, awakening the sympathy of the critic on account of the honourable form with which they are invested; but one expects more from the former, much as with crowned heads, which should in every way exceed the generality. Art, to be sure, is no inheritance, its crowns must be earned; and ere the laurel is firmly placed on any poet head, a thousand hands are ready to tear it, and not with the best intentions. Artistic contests are therefore good to bring out talent more speedily, and to introduce it favourably to the world. They cannot altogether protect talent from criticism, but prize committees impose on the world always, as on artists, else these latter would not submit to their judgment. And there has never yet been found an instance of the adjudgment of a prize, by chosen judges, to anything absolutely bad. A worthy result, therefore, may have been attained by the last contest.

Only the third among the three victors, perhaps, was known to the public; the others must necessarily have worked and waited longer ere their names would have been found worthy of public attention.

We know that Fame is no longer so cheaply attained as it was once, therefore we must value Apollo's favour when we do obtain it. And now let us look at the compositions themselves, apart from all outward interest, a little more closely.

The first sonata is in G minor. The succession of movements is the ordinary one. The musical contents are not new, neither are they all music. The composer still seems to be under the yoke of the virtuoso, yet he never gives us wholly meaningless passage work. Here and there Hummel's influence as a model appears, and he seems to know and appreciate younger composers. The pianoforte is very effective when handled in the modern manner; and our composer seems to be a very brilliant player. The sonata gives him many opportunities of showing what he can do in this way, and perhaps on this account it often inclines to the concerto form. But it gives no evidence of that inward continuous soulful character, such as we find, for example, in Beethoven's sonatas, especially those of his last epoch. However, where can we expect to find equal, or even similar things, to those? Of the separate movements we prefer the first, which, if not masterly in its flow, is the freshest and most powerful. That portion of the composition which should most certainly betray the master's hand, namely, the treatment and conduct of the work in the middle, up to the return, is not uninteresting, though somewhat heavy; the composer had wandered to G-flat major (from G minor) and consequently found it difficult to return; the player certainly experiences the impression the composer felt while writing. We find a few trivial passages in the first part of the first movement already, and in the middle part of this (page 5, staff 2, from measure 4, on, page 7, staffs 4 and 5, page 9, staff 6). On the other hand, we are especially pleased with the close, (from page 14, staff 4, on). The leading of the first theme is light, free, and agreeable; it is followed by a scherzo in two-fourth time, in the same key; this is pretty, and has a graceful trio. Passages such as at page 19, staff 2, from measure 5, seem to us too cheaply attained, and quite out of place in a prize sonata. In the coda we admire the close again, except a few worn-out repetitions. The andantino commences with a touching melody, which responds to a motivo in the first movement; this character should have been kept up. At page 23, the composer is betrayed into an incomprehensible fit of anger, which, as is often the case with pianoforte players, breaks out into heavy octave passages. This injures the whole movement, we think. The finale is united to the andantino by a few passing measures; unfortunately we must pronounce it the least consistent movement of the sonata; its form is not a fitting one, and it is filled with such commonplaces as may be forgiven in a virtuoso show-piece, but not in the achievements of a composer. We regret that here we cannot share the opinion of the judges. They have evidently overlooked the weakness of the last movements for the sake of the talent that displays itself in the first ones.

The second sonata is entitled, by its composer, a sonata, *quasi* fantasia ; it is more odd than beautiful, and is, in a certain sense, original. In it the composer has indulged himself in the caprice of writing the entire sonata on one theme. How crushing were his self-imposed fetters himself must best know; and yet such self-limitation deserves praise, which we the more willingly award him, as we are well aware that others, who have no idea of the difficulties of such a task, will not bestow it upon him. But seriously ; what has he obtained by this oddness ? The composition is injured by its wearisome uniformity, and art cannot supply what nature fails to give. We know that Bach and other intricately combining artists wrote entire works in a wonderfully artful manner on a few measures, or even notes, drawing these lines of beginning all through the piece in countless involutions. But they were artists whose inward ears were able to construct in so astonishingly refined a manner that we need our eyes to help us to comprehend merely the outside of their art ; they were masters of the very first rank, able to accomplish in sport what beginners must toil at in the sweat of their brows merely to attempt, and the profound harmonic art of such works renders them of course interesting. We cannot deny that the composer of the above sonata has proven his good intentions and earnest endeavour to call up something from nothing ; but the impression created by the work also proves that he undertook a thankless task, in order to accomplish which he was obliged to force his powers to such an unnatural tension as creates a very painful feeling in the listener. Besides this, the fundamental theme is not his own even, and merely differs in rhythm from the first theme of the Beethoven sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin, or, if we go back still further, from the G-minor fugue in Bach's "well-tempered clavier." And then the manner in which it is brought in reminds us of Beethoven's last grand sonata in C. Aside from this, the composer has made out of it everything that he possibly could. It appears in fifty different forms, as melody, as bass, as middle part, *per augmentationem simplicem und duplicem*, also, *per diminutionem*, and in contraction, &c., &c. This is interesting in the first movement. But when the adagio begins with the same figure, and then the scherzo, and then the finale, and not only in the principal, but also in the secondary themes, the ear would fain turn away from



that which so pitilessly persecutes it. This is the too much of thematic treatment, bordering on wilful artificiality—dry formulas in the place of life. We will not oppose this manner of composition so long as it gives itself out for merely what it is, a study for the young composer himself. But we consider it far too made up a work for a prize sonata, against which a lately adjudged laurel leans. Still, we cannot do otherwise than regard the young writer as a musician of meritorious talent, who has gone through the school of excellent masters. But he attempts too much, and will finally destroy whatever of naïveté yet remains to him. Has no inward voice ever told him this? or has he already happily passed the cross-road where nature and affectation part from each other?

The third sonata yet remains, that which obtained the last prize. A thoughtful nature looks out of this upon us at once; the composition moves forward in a fine flow of ideas; new ones enter, old ones reappear; they embrace, and again they separate. The whole dissolves like a beautiful group, softly and gracefully disappearing as it commenced. After this we feel conscious of the presence of an artist hand; only such a one could succeed in such a manner. After a rather austere prelude, a romance even increases this favourable impression; with mild earnestness, something is related to us, which we fancy we have heard before. This attracts us without leading us to forget the first movement. A scherzo of the prettiest kind follows; in elegant succession we have soft and loud voices, interchanging, approaching, dying away; the trio sounds like the warning of a friend; but the previous jesting begins anew. The finale differs somewhat from the earlier, pleasing, narrative-like character of the sonata, and aims at stronger colouring, as though the composer had intended to make an orchestral piece out of it. It pleases us less than any of the other movements, though we still feel in it the able hand of a musician who intentionally aims at writing something a little artificial. This sonata, above all the rest—so it echoed within us after studying it—deserved a prize, and especially on account of the first movement. If in the first sonata (by Vollweiler) we recognise a pianist who has turned with some success to composition, in the second (by Leonhard) we perceive a musician who, on the road to completion, somewhat overloads himself with self-imposed tasks, while in the third (by J. P. C. Hartmann) we find an artist who at once propitiates us by the harmonious development of his powers, and who, a master of form and no slave to his own feelings, understands how to touch and to fetter our interest throughout.

This is our opinion, and though it differs in some measure from that of the prize judges, we do not, therefore, cast the slightest doubt on their good intention to reward merit according to its degree. But it is more difficult to discover the best man among fifty than among three. And then we ourselves may err; our intention, however, is a good one.

PRIZE SONATAS.

GUSTAV KRUG, Grand Duo for Pianoforte and Violin.—Opus 3.
LOUIS HETSCH, Grand Duo for Pianoforte and Violin.—Opus 13.

PRIZES have been adjudged, by the North-German Musical Union in Hamburg, to both these compositions; the first prize to the first named, the second to the second. A criticism by comparison, therefore, seems more suitable in this case than in general cases. It is also something new and interesting to see that an amateur has carried off the first prize from an artist. On looking closely at the matter, however, we cannot see that the honour of professional musicians has suffered in consequence. For in the first composition we are delighted to recognise such a dilettante as is indeed rarely to be found; one who thoroughly understands how to write correctly, and to arrange and carry out his ideas according to the best examples. However, we ask more from a prize composition than that it shall be merely good, that it offers no weak point for blame; we demand that it shall be fresh in life, rich in vitality, a work able to unveil to us a new side of art, or, criticised by the judge with greater mildness, one that leads us to hope for a fruitful future from its author. The first-named composition does not fulfil such demands, however; we miss originality and novelty in it, it scarcely rises beyond similar works by Andreas Romberg; in other words, it comes about thirty years too late. We must explain this—as far as syllables may—more clearly.

The first movement, in A minor, begins with a simple theme, which becomes insipid, however, at the fifth measure, and fails to awaken any new interest later on, where the violins enter in simple counterpoint. The passage moves with greater liveliness up to the entrance of the major theme, which (C major), however, seems to us very common and undistinguished. Close of the first part in C major, then a very dilettante-like return to A minor, in order to reintroduce that first key. In the middle part of this movement the first measure of the commencing theme is treated more broadly, but on account of its construction it is not interesting. The major theme now appears in F-sharp minor; then we have rapid modulations towards A minor and the first theme, which reappears in the ordinary manner and closes the movement.

This is followed by a pretty and successful scherzo; the trio pleases us also, though nothing original is to be expected from it.

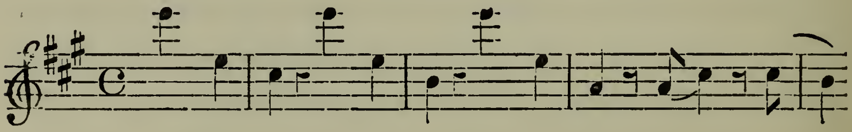
The place of the adagio is occupied by variations on a pretty, flowing theme. The third variation pleases us best by its characteristic nature; the second is properly no variation, but merely the theme with a pianoforte accompaniment added to it.

The last movement, an *allegro agitato*, follows the variations without a pause. Though somewhat unclear in form, it seems to us to possess more life and sweep than any other movement of the sonata, and, in consequence, we take leave of the work under a good impression.

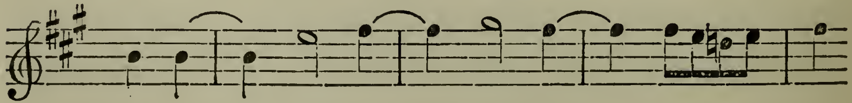
To express our opinion briefly, we must acknowledge the composer's capability, schooling, effectiveness, thorough simplicity, and wish him joy of his art, which doubtless helps to beautify some dry mercantile employment. We could not have opposed the judges' decision had a prize been awarded to this composition alone, as we are unaware of the value of the other works that competed for it. But the case is altered when we find another work for comparison; and we must confess that we cannot understand a decision that awarded only a secondary place to a far better sonata, displaying rich talent throughout.

In opposition to the first sonata, this one suffers from its restlessness and overflow; but, on the other hand, how many greater qualities it possesses! A heart filled with life seems to beat in it, the composer gives himself away without reserve, the present is mirrored in the work for a moment, but it is in its noblest, not in its corrupted or morbid aspect. And though we do not yet see the artist at the height of his talent, though he does not conquer like a genius, he is not yet at the end of his powers, and we may certainly expect more and more masterly productions from him. We do not sympathise with all he does; many things seem to us artificial and sought for; this composer is one of those original natures that need more time to develop than do the everyday ones. But we respect what he has already acquired, his remarkable harmonic knowledge, his powerful style, his striving towards perfection, in the whole effect, and in details. We prefer his first movement; though his first theme reminds us somewhat of that of Beethoven's great E-flat major concerto, we pardon this for the sake of the everywhere inspiring warmth of his treatment. With the exception of this reminiscence, we find originality in this entire movement, and often novel and interesting features in the harmony; it is also rich in well-devised combinations of the thematic work. Above all, however, we like its proudly impassioned character, which, if it sometimes inclines towards visionary feeling, never sinks into an effeminate sentimentality.

Unfortunately we must confess that the remaining movements lose in interest, one after another. In the adagio, certainly, we still meet with striking beauties; its broad plan closely resembles that of the first movement, and reminds us of the adagio style in Beethoven's greater sonatas. In the scherzo we fail to find any attractive ideas; yet the passage into the trio is fine, as well as the trio itself. The last movement pleases us least of all; even the thema is not musical enough; readers can see for themselves.



We hoped for a humoristical, canonical working out of this at least, as, at first sight, the theme seems well suited to such a one. But nothing of the kind appears. The second theme—



is, if possible, still less remarkable. However, the composer carries it to an end without dishonour, and not without a few clever passages.

Reiterating our opinion of both works, we say that the second sonata excels the first in power, invention, and originality; we hope this judgment may not spoil the pleasure of the worthy dilettante. And, in the end, every one finds his most unprejudiced judge in his own breast.

PIANOFORTE STUDIES

(ÉTUDES).

NO kind of pianoforte music contains so much that is so excellent as the study (étude). The reasons are simple: its form is one of the easiest and most attractive, and its aim is so clear and firmly fixed, that it is almost impossible to fail in it. In the following summary of études we place many composers together—some older, some that have been overlooked, some newer, whose works have not yet been openly talked of. We forewarn our readers that we recommend these studies only as specialities, as threads that may be used to unite the epoch-making studies of Cramer, Clementi, Moscheles, and Chopin. Besides this, they contain many excellent details, and on this account should be taken up from time to time.

J. P. Pixis.

Studies in Waltz Form.—Opus 80.

In a broad sense, every piece of music is a study, and the simplest is sometimes the most difficult. In a narrower sense, we require an especial aim in the study; it must improve a certain technicality, and lead to the mastery of some particular difficulty, whether this lies in technicalities, rhythm, expression, performance, or what else; if many difficulties are mingled in it, it enters the domain of the caprice; it is then as well, perhaps better, to transform the study by means of broader, inwardly-connected movements like those of the concerto, which, in modern times, presents many points for study, and contains all sorts of difficulties.

If we hold to the above requisites, we shall be glad to see that these miniature études nearly always fulfil them, as might be expected from their composer, who is also a respected teacher. If some disapprove of such little pedagogic flatteries, they must remember that children and girls cannot be tormented every day with scales and finger exercises, but must be refreshed with something like a dance, at the right time. In opposition to many famous pianoforte masters, we consider as false the famous saying: "Young players should never play dances, but Beethoven at once, where possible;" as also the fancy that they should never play anything by heart; and we recommend these waltzes as useful intermezzi, neat, playable, lively, and musical. Under the bass of the 9th waltz the word "cornemuse" is written. We remember how the word formerly disturbed us (the études are eight or ten years old), when we attached to it some connection with the Muses, until we found its meaning—bagpipe—in the Lexicon. The word seems to us an addition to our critical terminology, unknown to that of Gollmick, and appropriate to many compositions. And while writing of such trifles, I remember that in a recent number of the "Iris," the word *ecco*, which appears in the last movement of the second Herz concerto, is explained as a Latin indication, intended to direct attention to the beauty of the composition, while the word probably means nothing more than *echo*, that is, the repetition of a phrase as if from a distance.

J. POHL.

Divertissemens, or Exercises in Ecossaise Form.

THESE are the same divertissemens which we formerly praised under the title, "Caprices en forme d'Anglaises." We repeat what we then said, though these rather encroach on the general style of the capriccio, and only a few (1, 4, 6, 15, 16, 21) bear the especial stamp of the étude physiognomy. Regard is mostly had to the crossing of the hands, and interlacing of the fingers in each other (which produces a peculiar tone colour); but provision is made for so many kinds of difficulties, that these studies may be recommended even to first-class players. As compositions they deserve to rank beside the best kind of genre music—a brilliant set of jewels, every one possessing its own peculiar colour, yet all seeming to come from the same mine—mind and originality on every side, fine free period flow, and a thorough knowledge of the instrument. Unfortunately we do not know whether the composer is a master in other forms, as we have never met with his compositions, which form a part of Hofmeister's catalogue. But when we *do* know, our readers shall know also. And now we correct an error with great pleasure. We have spoken of this composer in our paper as already dead. We hear now, from good authority, that he is yet living, and in Paris, but has given up all profaner music for the sake of the study of counterpoint. We mention this, as the above Ecossaises would lead many to think that their composer's future was more likely to be devoted to the gay world than to the cloister; they must certainly, however, have been composed during a very exciting epoch of his life.

MARIA SZYMANOWSKA.

Twelve Etudes.—Books 1, 2.

THIS name must recall charming memories to many. We have often heard this virtuosa called "The feminine Field," and to judge from these études, not without reason. They are delicate azure wings, that neither raise nor depress the scales, and that no one should roughly touch. If we should praise women highly, when they only play études, we ought to do even more when they write them. However, these are really good and improving, especially for studying figuration, ornaments, and rhythm. If we detect the uncertain woman in form and harmony, we find also the woman full of feeling, who has much more to say, if she only knew how. In character and invention, these present the most remarkable qualities, for a woman composer, that we have met with; but we must remember that they have been published a long time, and that much in them that was new and extraordinary then, has become common property since.

J. C. KESSLER.

Etudes.—Opus 20, Books 1 to 4.

WE are quite astonished to find, on so many pages, written by a composer whom we have learned to admire as a man of mind, even of poetical mind, little more than finger exercises,—dry, formal things of merely mediocre intellectual value. They are cut after such a pattern, drawn out so squarely and rigidly, that they can only be recommended as a cooling process to very imaginative players; the little additional flexibility which merely mechanical players might gain from the study of them, would be obtained at the expense of their last drop of warm blood. Their style is in itself pure, finished, and strong, approaching that of Cramer, without possessing the charm of the latter. 'Did we but wear the mantle of Faust, could we but fly to the composer in the hour when he is about to give up his manuscripts to the publisher, of these we would have only permitted numbers 1, 3, 15, 18, 22, and 24 to appear; the others are to be found, more short, more compact, in Cramer; but we especially except number 5, before which we would fall on our knees, could we know that the composer really composed it at the pianoforte, with crossed hands, and did not merely transpose the passages on paper. But such technicalities can only be understood by consulting the notes themselves.

H. Bertini.

Twenty-five Caprices or Studies.—Opus 94.

The composer strikes two universally understood strings here, the deeply pathetic and the highly frivolous, and thus unites the crowns of Bellini and Auber under his hat. On the whole, we compare this young composer to an insipid pattern, which makes a pleasing impression at first (through his earlier studies), but becomes unbearable in the long run. Everything in these studies is merely warmed up, coquettish, studied—smiles, grace, sighs, faintings, arrogance, power. We are consoled by the reflection that such superficiality cannot long sustain itself in the world, and we therefore abstain from further condemnation of it here; for certain reasons we even recommend these studies to persons who do not know how to behave in the great world, yet who will and must live in it, as excellent. No one understands better than Bertini how to pronounce the commonest phrases with elegance and apparent depth (that is to say, he writes euphoniously and remarkably playably),—the very thing to make one's fortune by with rich widows, and in other ways.

And now, let us turn to nobler works, to the studies of C. Mayer, F. W. Grund, C. E. F. Weyse, F. Ries, and L. Berger.

C. MAYER.

Six Etudes.—Opus 31.

THEY say Achilles' tutor was a centaur; but fine playing must be learned from the graces. The above studies are of that kind,—they are graces, with elegant forms, and pure, clear, lovely faces.

We can all remember how at school we almost feared certain teachers, on account of their coldness and severity, while we delighted in the lessons of others. In a similar way, other études may be compared to these; we enjoy the time we spend in studying them, and strive to understand them well, for they please at first sight, and do not alarm us with any difficult complications. We often encounter moody faces, and forms bent by the schoolroom régime; shy and awkward natures, that, if left to themselves, do not know where to begin, whether to turn right or left, to advance, and if they take two steps forward, step back once again. To introduce life and tone into such closed-up natures, we must give them these étude compositions, and similar ones, the difficulties of which are not too great to render free interpretation possible.

Looked upon as études merely, — we perceive within them a thorough virtuoso who has studied his instrument, if not on many sides, yet for its own characteristic tone, who exacts nothing from the player save what may be gradually and safely learned, who is, in short, unable to write anything unsuitable to the pianoforte, unplayable. We need not expect any dangerous zig-zag runs or giant leaps, but graceful steps and windings, that give more freedom and flexibility than power to the fingers. The first and third are more exciting than the others, but they do not overleap a certain limit. The second is charming throughout, well written from the second part on, and a very useful exercise. The characters of the fourth reminds us of one by Moscheles in C; though long, it is lovely enough, yet it would gain by shortening. In the fifth, a rondo that we could have wished to see carried out seems to have been planned. The last pleases us best as a composition; it needs a rhythmic, life-giving idea in the left hand; as an exercise for the rapidity of the right hand we recommend its frequent practice.

F. RIES.

Six Exercises.—Opus 31.

REVERENTIAL duty leads us to the youthful work of a master, whose high merit as a cultivator of pianoforte playing cannot be overlooked. I remember with pleasure the day, now more than ten years ago, when this book of exercises fell into my hands. Everything in them seemed gigantic, insurmountable to me, especially the first curiously narrowed and hacked-out one, and that in D major, in which quavers, semiquavers, and triplets are heaped on each other, and of which my master observed that they were "ten times easier to compose than to play;" a remark that I did not then understand. My opinion in regard to their difficulty has altered since that time, though my respect for them remains the same. We again recommend them heartily to each and every one.

F. W. GRUND.

Twelve Grand Studies.—Opus 21.

MAY many see the hand with which we lift these studies (as well as the succeeding ones by Weyse and Berger), high above the surface of those mediocre works, that so often crush or cover far better ones, by artists of little or no celebrity. They are dedicated, and worthily so, to the master Moscheles; for we have before us an artist who has admirably cultivated all that he has gained from a more gifted hand; and, conscious of his powers and his means, he has used them to excellent advantage here. The special value of these études lies in the fact of their presenting characteristic as well as mechanical food for mind and hand together. As we have never met with a complete description of them, we subjoin the following.

In the first, one figure is carried out, for the fingers of the right hand, evidently with the intention of strengthening the weakest ones. We must signalize in this étude, as in nearly all the others, a trait that has almost become mannerism in this composer. Towards the end, he usually introduces a new melodic idea, through which the especial exercise seems to become restrained, without ceasing altogether; this trait pleases us in an exceptional way.—No. 2. An exercise in octaves, and more than that, a poetic picture, sketched by a refined, artistic hand.—No. 3. Soft and smooth, without any especial significance. We first lift the pedal at the end of the bar, to silence the retardations in the principal chords instantaneously. In Bach's exercises (Book 1, No. 2), there is quite a similar étude.—No. 4. Superficiality and coquetry little suit this composer; he is too German for that, and had better leave the delineation of such qualities to others. In No. 5, he re-enters his own sphere, yet on page 14, staff 3, the piece lacks interest.—No. 6. In études by Cramer (No. 4 in C minor), Moscheles (No. 17 in F sharp minor), and Ries (No. 1 in C minor), we find the same end aimed at. The étude that lies before us has not been composed with sufficient freedom, but may produce effect when played sharply, swiftly, note on note.—No. 7. Belongs to the same species as No. 4. As an exercise, it is an old acquaintance of ours, that has often made us work hard enough. —No. 8. Excellent, of an Ossianic character. The fifths it contains do not alarm us; we even value them as a proof that the composer did not pedantically seek to smooth them over.—No. 9. In Hummel's style. The ornaments are rather stiff, and we cannot bear the languishing cadences in the last measure, and the fifth on page 26. The manner of working out which we find at page 26, on the re-entrance of the principal melody, suits the author far better.—No. 10. The most intellectual and original, from first to last. We mark it with a red pencil.—No. 11. Difficult, but useful and improving The last one becomes monotonous; at times the figure already used in No. 7 is brought in. A lively and intelligent performance will cause the hearer to overlook the first-mentioned fault.

C. E. F. Weyse.

Eight Etudes.—Opus 8.

Unfortunately, we know nothing of the works of this composer (who has also written symphonies, operas, and church compositions), except the above studies, and a bravura-allegro for the pianoforte.

We remember the remark of a competent judge (Moscheles) in regard to the latter; according to Moscheles, they have assured to Weyse a place among the first living pianoforte composers. A favourable private judgment may well be published in such a case as this, where every unprejudiced person must agree with it.

Most of the études that have recently appeared incline more or less to the school of this or that master (Field, Hummel, Cramer, and others); but these stand independently apart, perhaps partaking, in a slight degree, of Beethoven's style.

"I would compare them (Eusebius writes somewhere), to those lonely lighthouses that stand high on the shores of the world,—though genius of more lofty nature, yet floats proudly, lightly as a sail over the ocean, ever searching for new lands." Or, to speak more clearly, men of undoubted talent exist, who, if they do not possess the power of governing genius, are yet not subject to the mannerisms of passing fashion, and who live and labour according to their own laws; they do this in common with men of genius, and all strong and noble natures; but they despise the chains of fashion,—and the determination with which they reject everything that looks like pandering to popular favour, may be the cause that prevents their names from reaching the public, to the detriment of both parties, though, of course, the public is the greater loser.

That which is presented to us here proceeds from a mind original, as are very few indeed. How healthy, knightly, thoroughly German is the first étude, even! Colours are too little for his picture; he builds it in stone, and every stroke tells. In the second a ballad is sung, from which deeper voices ascend and descend. Here, as in several other études, the composer breaks the thread to introduce a free, independent thought; we have observed the same trait in Grund's études, but here it occurs with more boldness and fancy. The whole number is excellent. In the third number the melody and accompaniment must be carefully kept distinct; we think it rather long, and, at the passage where the left hand takes it up, the figure is wanting in melody; however, it is a very good exercise for staccato playing and correct striking of the upper keys. No. 4 is peculiar, somewhat rough in form, but fantastic, and sparkling everywhere. The fifth is not remarkable; but, if played swiftly yet steadily, is sure of producing a good effect on account of its fine rich harmonies. It seems to us that No. 6 would have been better in two crotchet time; we prefer it to all the rest for its tenderness and freshness of colouring. Though we detest the expression marks, *delirando*, and so on, we could have wished, for the sake of phlegmatic players, more lights and shades designed, especially in this étude, the effect of which depends so much on a fine distinction being made between its lights and shades. We tried No. 7 with the metronome, and found that the minim which is placed with the number must be changed to a crotchet, and then even a good master will find something to overcome. This étude is as remarkable for its brilliancy as for its difficulty. In No. 8 we would play the melody from the beginning, as it is afterwards played, in octaves; otherwise it sounds too thin. This is a trifling defect compared to the excellencies with which this étude presents us, and which every player will do well to find out for himself.

We open these études at the pianoforte with sincere respect, and refresh ourselves with, and delight in them.

Louis Berger.

Twelve Etudes.—Opus 12.

We are surprised to find ourselves obliged to recommend a work to-day that appeared twenty years ago, and one that has been declared a model of its kind by the first authorities. But for some incomprehensible reason these études, these studies, which every student ought to know by heart, conversations of Plato, in which the words of wisdom issue from the mouth of a poet, scarcely penetrated beyond the circle in which Berger moved as a teacher. What hopes were founded on this work! We do not mean to say that none were fulfilled in it, but that every one believed that the kernel of greater future creations lurked in these little poems. We do not know on whom to cast the blame that these have not been fulfilled, whether on reviewers, the public, or the composer; but we do know that the honoured master has finished many other things, and especially a second book of studies. These lines are but the expression of the wish of one of the composer's most sincere admirers, that those works may no longer be withheld from publication.

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK.

Eight Bravura Etudes in Waltz Form.—Opus 1.

I HAVE never felt it so easy to give my readers a clear idea of the music in question as to-day; never before have I felt so much confidence in assuring them that they can all write their own études, if they only will. It is presupposed, of course, that each one knows the tonic triad (popularly expressed by the notes c, e, g) and the dominant chord; and if able to modulate into the nearest minor keys, incredible things may be accomplished. Then to work; let the hands be quietly placed in some ordinary position of the chords, then let one hand leap suddenly over the other in waltz measure, right and left, above, below; next write it all down, get money from the publisher, and composition and composer are ready. Every novel merit must be recognised, so our—we hope, young—composer can spring gaily onwards, occasionally, perhaps, into Bach's well-tempered clavier, to learn a few new chords, and for other useful reasons.

But we must observe, that we wish the note, "a pupil of Tomaschek," which the above composer has printed on his title-page, away, for, with our respect for the correct and thorough Tomaschek, we can scarcely believe that he gave his sanction to this set of pieces. In a few words, the études ought never to have been published to the world; nay, more, they never ought to have been written.

CONRAD LÜDERS.

Twelve Grand Studies, 2 Books.—Opus 26.

THIS worthy composer, whose works are but little known in the south, seems to be a Dane. The praise, however, which we are about to bestow on him is awarded rather to endeavour than accomplishment. For out of the twelve études only two are successful, that in A minor, and perhaps that in A-flat major; in the others, many things need alteration, or even omission, to make an artistic picture of the whole. The composer seems to have the most difficulty when dealing with form. No matter how well most of the études begin, this does not last long, and it seems as if the ground slipped under the composer's feet, while he only lights on the most distant things, in wildly foreign keys, new rhythms, and finds his way back into the old track with trouble and visible anxiety. I would not exactly condemn the middle part of a piece (which is in G minor) for being in E-flat minor, as in No. 1; or one of an E minor étude in E-flat major, like No. 3; or one of an étude in G-sharp minor in D major, like No. 5; the effect of all this depends on how it is done, on the ease and nature of the relations. For genius—like that, for instance, of Mozart—never shines more brightly than when, from the wonderful labyrinth of harmonies, the first thought returns to the surface in all its original purity; and we need not mention Beethoven. But as it is always easier to become accustomed to an error than to abjure it, so it is comparatively easy for a composer, who does not possess great power in harmonisation, to enter a foreign key, but difficult for him to retreat smoothly from it. So much for one of the most prominent failures in these études.

The finest point in them is the endeavour of the composer to present poetic sketches of varied character. They are certainly not fantastic in the highest sense, but most of them are fluent, while some are exciting and penetrating. The second and third are attuned to a higher, broader tone than is generally reached in studies; and a graceful artist, with the same power of invention, would have made something still more graceful out of them. The composer is also not without success in the smaller, Scherzo-like style, as in No. 8, if we forget its vivid reminiscence of Paganini's "Bell" thema, and in Nos. 6 and 12, which, however, lose in interest as they prcceed, especially No. 12. When, in conclusion, we ask whether these studies resemble those of any well-known master in their form or spirit, and are compelled to deny that they do so, this must prove their innate originality, which study, time, and favouring circumstances might have developed with far happier results.

S. THALBERG.

Twelve Études.—Opus 26.

MANY of our young fantasia and étude composers have become enamoured of a manner of writing, which, much used formerly, has again come to the surface, in different ways, owing to pianoforte development, and the rich effects of which that instrument has been found capable. A somewhat broad melody is given to one part, and this is surrounded by the chords proper to it, broken up into various arpeggios and artistic figurations. If this is done once, in a novel and interesting manner, very well; but then other things should be invented. For my part, I cannot esteem such pieces as more valuable than the commonest songs, such as appear by hundreds. But more is required from a work of art; and he who wishes to know what and how much, should open the études of Moscheles and others, in which everything has an object, and effects it, through various means. In their way, Thalberg's also belong to this category. But it is singular that we find nothing new in six études, written by a virtuoso who produces such remarkable effects by his own treatment of the instrument. The first is a trill exercise, the second belongs to the above-described style, the third is an exercise in a difficult key and figuration, the fourth is for swift striking of the chords, the fifth is an arpeggio study; in the last, the right hand sustains a melody in a very ordinary manner, while the bass is given to the left hand. Though these studies may appear original and striking when played by their composer, this effect must be produced by his manner of performance, bravura, and the swiftness of the tempo (which, according to the metronome, often appears almost impracticable), &c.; there is no trace of such qualities in the compositions. On the other hand, we are agreeably surprised to find that such a collection of studies is not filled with exaggerated difficulties in stretches, leaps, and so on, as might have been expected, but that many may be termed almost easy, in comparison with the applause their correct performance would awaken. They are all agreeable, playable, well suited to ears and fingers. Thalberg, who has the public always more in his eye than artists, could not write otherwise. I do not mean to say that it does not matter if we compose for artists in a stiff, unyielding manner, but only that the true artist often sighs longingly, amid perfumed drawing-room airs, for the free element. Except the first, which savours too much of the school exercise, I should term all these salon studies, Viennese studies, studies for titled pianists, to whom one forgives a false tone while admiring their eyes; but more masculine players and characters will not be able to tolerate them long. Of course such an aim excludes naturally poetic moments, such as the so much more deeply feeling Chopin has unveiled, as well as the dexterous solidity that delights us in Cramer; but in many ways we perceive that Thalberg has zealously studied Chopin.

CARL CZERNY.

The School for Fugue-playing, and the Performance of Compositions in many parts.—Opus 400.

A FUGUED work by Czerny is an event. We shall yet live to see him write an oratorio, thought I, turning hastily to this publication. But this time nothing worse can be said of him, than that he wants too much good at once, and contributes too much towards the diffusion of classic knowledge. Yet, should my scholars desire more of these fugues, after having studied two or three of them thoroughly, I would mercilessly take them out of their hands; not because the others are worse than the first, but because they are written in the same form, and because there are others besides Czerny's—not to mention Bach's, Handel's, and Beethoven's. And now, if we are asked what is to be expected from his fugues, we must say that they are flowing, brilliant, pleasantly sounding, light, and cleverly-formed pieces, in which Czerny has concentrated his powers in an unusual manner, though they do not answer the requirements of that old master, according to whom "the first part of a fugue must certainly be good, the middle part still better, but the last must be excellent." And whatever the subject may be, this thought should predominate. Then Czerny is not fastidious in searching for themes, and often makes use of scales and passages as such. In the middle we often have long tirades and sequences told out together, and on they ring and jingle to the close, where, on an organ point, the voices cross each other in all sorts of cheerful, well-known progressions. The fugue-writer *par excellence* will take it ill of Czerny, that he has not used any profounder arts, except a single inversion of the theme; and there is not one *augmentatio.* It must be observed as characteristic, that he seldom allows the parts to rest, and usually makes all four work at the same time. Of far more value are the preludes which introduce each of the fugues; some of these, such as numbers 3, 4, 6, 8, and 9, would never be guessed at as Czerny's, though in most of them a momentary insipidity appears. From this I except number 4, in which the better nature prevails from beginning to end. Taken altogether, Czerny's fugue work will always be interesting as a feature in the history of its author; but compared with the entire round of publications, it is but counterfeit, made-up, half-true music.

This is the place to mention Czerny's carefully edited new publication of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier."

Czerny's share of this consists in a preface, fingering, the marking of the tempo according to Maelzel, and intimations regarding character and performance. The first is written too briefly and hastily. Rich ideas are, and should be, connected with this work of works. As to the fingering, this is Czerny's business, which he understands well; of course, we have not tried this with every finger. We approve, with some limitations, of the indications of tempo, and remarks on the performance of the whole, at the beginning, as well as of the shadowing during the course of the piece; the latter instructions we consider especially desirable, for nothing can be more tiresome, or contrary to the meaning of Bach, than to drone out his fugues monotonously, or to restrict one's representation of his creations to a mere emphasis on the entrance of the principal themes. Such rules are, therefore, well suited to scholars. But most of Bach's fugues are character pieces of the highest description, some of them truly poetic pictures, each of which demands its own especial expression, and peculiar lights and shades. Pedantic annotations of the entering themes will not suffice for these. A good portrait of Bach decorates the title-page; he looks like a schoolmaster who has a world to command.

C. V. ALKAN.

Three Grand Etudes.—Opus 15.

A GLANCE at the contents of this collection gives us a fair idea of the taste of this disciple of young France; it has a considerable flavour of Sue and Sand. One is startled by such false, unnatural art. Liszt caricatures intellectually; spite of his occasional aberrations, Berlioz has a human heart; he is a voluptuary full of strength and daring; but here we find little more than weakness and unimaginative triviality. The études are entitled "Aime Moi," "Le Vent," and "Morte," and their fifty pages are distinguished by the fact that they are filled with notes, without any marks of expression. This caprice is not altogether blamable, though even without it we know how such music is best performed; but its inward emptiness is too visible, and with outward nothingness added to it, what remains? In "Aime Moi," we have a watery French melody with a middle part that is not suited to the title; in "Le Vent" there is a chromatic howl over an idea from Beethoven's A-major symphony; in the last we have a crabbed waste, overgrown with brushwood and weeds, and the best of it is even borrowed from Berlioz. We always make allowances for erring talent, provided only that talent exists, and a little music besides; but when the former is doubtful, and nothing of the latter to be found but black on black, we turn away in discouragement.

EDUARD FRANCK.

Twelve Studies in two Books.

THIS is the first published work of a still very young musician, who introduces himself on the title-page as a scholar of Mendelssohn; this is easily to be guessed, for many of the studies betray the source whence they were drawn, perhaps unconsciously and involuntarily, by the pupil; a natural consequence of familiarity with such an entangling master. They are rather studies for the author himself, in the sense of a painter, who terms his sketches studies, than for others, who are likely to prefer the original. The greatest power of construction and originality is displayed in the first number of the second book, and the last of the first; the former of these may certainly be termed successful and excellent, and the last third part of it certainly "flies over the roofs," to express it as Florestan would, into a higher, finer element; the other one rises even more freely and independently, and has strength and marrow. In most of the others, however, I miss the peak, or—since the artist works more in the depths than on the heights—the attractive centre of gravity; all is at an end before we expect it, nothing decided is arrived at, we need more often the first design, which leads us to hope for more. On the whole, the earnestness of aim which displays itself throughout these sketches, the artistic proportion of the parts, the ease of the combinations—rarely found to so high a degree in such a young artist—excite the most favourable hopes regarding the composer's future, while they are a certain proof of the industry with which he has penetrated the secrets of the deeper kind of German art. We except his fugue, however, which we could wish he had not published, and rather refer to those little points, such as the retrogressions in the beginning, &c., which betray the study of models, to whose height the young artist may be in time enabled to work himself up.

C. E. F. Weyse.

Four Studies.—Opus 60.

We have, in a former article, given high praise to an earlier collection of études by this North-German artist. I must confess that these seem to me inferior to those. He who has once made his way to originality will never again be able to deny it, unless he rests so long as to forget it; such is the case here.

But one work possesses more charm than the other; and I failed to experience with this composition the repose and content that we feel after the enjoyment of a work of art which has been produced in an inspired moment. The studies display a remarkable opposition to strict form, through which they often stray into the domain of the fantastic caprice, and only return to the beaten road in discouragement. I had already observed something of the kind in the earlier collection; but it did not there result in a sacrifice of the fine form which is essential to the étude, or in the disregard of a decided mechanical aim, which we also demand in this style of composition. And yet these studies possess many bold and original features, and they are so sharply distinguished from others, that players who have a many-sided cultivation at heart, and desire to possess an acquaintance with the whole territory of the étude, cannot afford to overlook them. The last deserves especial recommendation; it is a melancholy picture, as might be that of a master who strives to exorcise his griefs with the power of tone, and is full of grand expression.

CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By I. MOSCHELES.—Opus 95.

THE more recent étude works of the better-known étude writers have not been able to obtain the same favour and influence as their earlier ones. Few persons know much of Cramer beyond his two first books of studies; this is also the case with L. Berger, Weyse, A. Schmitt, Chopin, and others. The causes of this are easily found. These later collections are, in part, really of less consequence, for the composer at last exhausts himself in such a small form, or he brings older things up again; then the public demands an increase of interest, where this is no longer attainable; and publications of this description cross each other with such suddenness and variety, that only the most remarkable among them can keep above water. In short, we find the first books of Cramer's, Chopin's, and other studies much more frequently on the pianoforte desk than the later collections. This new collection of Moscheles will not, and should not, lead us to forget his earlier ones either. The respected composer describes the aim of his new studies, and the difference between them and the old ones, in an almost too short preface. The most varied development of the hand is, as a matter of course, insisted on, and he also requires an acquaintance with his former studies.

"The player is especially recommended to express by his performance the same feelings, passions, emotions, that floated before the mind of the composer while writing these tone-pieces, and which he can only in part point out by means of the characteristic titles affixed to the different numbers, as well as by the different marks of artistic expression which occur in the course of the work," &c.

These superscriptions to pieces of music, so general yet so varied in our day, have been blamed here and there, while it has been said that "good music needs no sign-post." Certainly not, but neither does it lose its value through a title; and the composer, in adding one, most surely prevents any misunderstanding of the character of his music. If the poet endeavours to explain the whole meaning of his poem by its title, why may not the composer also? But such a verbal heading should be refined and sensible; in it we may discover the grade of cultivation to which its author has attained.

In the études that lie before us, we have twelve characteristic pieces, whose signification we perceive more readily by means of their titles. We may separate them into four divisions, according to their contents. In one of these, well-known mythological characters are sketched ; we find among them the numbers entitled "Juno" and "Terpsichore;" in the next we have scenes from life and nature, such as the "Bacchanal," "National Festival Scenes," and "Moonlight on the Sea-coast;" the third represents psychical subjects like "Anger," "Contradiction," "Tenderness," "Anxiety," "Reconciliation;" in the last class we find kindred subjects, "A Story for Children," and a "Dream." But in the collection itself, the pieces are mingled in lively variety, so that they may be played one after another, here and there, united by short interludes, which we could sometimes have wished to see more elaborately carried out, leading to the keys.

To the numbers in the first division, I could make a reversed application of Goethe's words, "The more thou feelest thyself to be a man, the more thou resemblest the gods." Precisely in these pictures, baptized with two Olympic names, the composer's fancy appears most fettered ; just in these the music lacks warmth and life. The forms are fine and correct, and the characters agree with their mythological prototypes, but, on the whole, these pieces look as cold as statues, and are the least effective of the collection, according to my own experience and that of others. Yet the music possesses force, as well as means enough to bring the fanciful pictures before us as vividly as some of those in the other divisions. The "Bacchanal" is a classic Greek one, and its ground-tone is very characteristic. In the "National Festival Scenes," the composer unrolls a living picture, to which, perhaps, I could only have wished a mandoline player added—I mean a softly-sustained cantilena, as a contrast to the many-voiced intricacies of the whole. The piece is full of interesting features. The music best tells what we have to expect from "Moonlight on the Sea-coast." The key is A flat major, and the piece has a very romantic look. Bennett has given us something like this, in his sketches entitled "The Lake," &c.

Among the numbers that portray psychical moods, I would give the palm to "Contradiction." The easy, certain design, the expression of refined jesting, that characterise this music, and, in a musical sense, its intellectual harmonic interlacings, render it one of the most remarkable and effective in the collection. The number entitled "Anger" is also an admirable one, though I could have desired a more noble emotion, bolder pride, more energetic resistance added to its character; and it should be performed as much as possible in such a style. The numbers "Tenderness," and "Reconciliation," are more intellectually than genially thought out; but the latter displays peculiarly fine euphony. The last of the collection, entitled "Anxiety," fully carries out the promise of its title.

Only the "Story for a Child," and the "Dream," remain to be mentioned. I consider these the tenderest and most poetical of the collection. Here, where it transgresses the bounds of the sensuous, and enters the region of spirit, music exercises its fullest power. The Child Story, especially, is delightful; invented in the happiest hour, it is carried out in a thoroughly neat and elegant manner; no note could be altered, and the title fits the music to a nicety. The "Dream" floats darkly up and down at first; we know how music can dream, how we can dream in it; only towards the middle, a decided thought breaks loose, then all again disappears in the first light gloom.

These new studies differ altogether from the earlier ones; the fifteen years that elapsed between the two make a difference indeed. The style is, if possible, more compact; the harmony, better combined and selected; the idea is more than ever predominant, while in the older ones we naturally find the advantages of youth and more sensitive feeling. In the interval, our composer has not failed to make trial of some of the effects of the modern school, for something of their romantic colouring shimmers through his ideas here and there. But now, as ever, he is an admirable artist.

W. HENSELT.—Studies (Études de Salon).—Opus 5.
W. TAUBERT.—Twelve Studies.—Opus 40.
S. THALBERG.—Twelve Studies.—Opus 26, Book Second.

OUR last review of studies ended in June of the preceding year (1838). It seems as though the étude had entered on a new sphere, and now demands a longer period of rest. We welcome this as a favourable sign. It is true that every epoch supposes itself to stand on the summit (just as, in every epoch, people are to be found who lament the decadence of the art of their day); but when we speak of the pianoforte étude, we have far more reason than our predecessors had, to assert that it has now attained its highest height. We find scales analysed in every possible way, knotted in every conceivable manner; the fingers and hands placed in every possible position, &c. &c.; it will not do to run these things any further into the extreme of subtlety; let us turn again to the grander forms of art, in place of those which persuade us to an abuse of mechanism and showy bravura. Mastership is finally lost, through excess of study. How endlessly great is the kingdom of form! How much it leads us to expect and to accomplish, for centuries to come! And, above all others, we must remind the musically-rich Henselt of this. He has added two books, "Etudes de Salon," twelve in number, to those first studies which flew through the world as rapidly as the announcement of a victory. He who has once heard Henselt, can never forget his playing; these pieces still haunt my memory like the recollection of a parterre of flowers; for his *virtuoso* nature so fascinates us with its charm, that we even look upon what he has borrowed from others as his own property, and can think of and see nothing but him. Thus, in these studies, as in his first, we could point out countless Chopinisms; but this foreign intermixture blends so well with his entire individuality, that it seems a baser thing to blame it than to commend it. This resemblance to Chopin's mannerism rests more on outward forms, or figuration, than on anything else; in the chief quality, melody, he is more independent than almost any one, and here there would be more reason in his lending from his own treasures, than in borrowing from those of others. And this second collection also presents us with fine melodies, framed in fine forms. I have no other opinion to express regarding them, than that I have already expressed in an article on Henselt, which my readers perhaps still remember;* he is and remains Henselt. These studies, however, strike us by the difference between their titles—which are based on more objective musical subjects—and those of his former ones; here we find an "elfin dance," a "witches' dance," an "Ave Maria," a "thanksgiving after a storm," and so on, while the others were a succession of love songs, or (as Wedel termed them) sonnets. Henselt's lyrical nature, however, nowhere denies itself in these; but we find abundant proof in them of his desire to advance further, and now we come back to the demand we have already made Henselt, that he should break loose from the étude form, and devote himself to higher styles, such as the sonata, the concerto, or even greater ones. He who constantly confines himself to the same forms and circumscriptions, finally becomes a mannerist and a Philistine; nothing is more injurious to an artist, than long-continued repose within a convenient form; in older years the power of creation declines, and it becomes too late to make a formal change, while many talents of a superior order then first become aware that they have only half fulfilled their task. Another mode of advancement and of self-enrichment for further production, is to be found in the study of great and varied individualities. Mozart is often produced as a proof against this last method, and we are told that it is unnecessary to a genius, and generally unnecessary; but who can say what further masterworks Mozart would have created, had he, for example, known and understood Sebastian Bach in his fullest greatness? How Haydn spurred him on! How much more would Bach have done so? We cannot conjure up every spirit from our own depths. For how long a period artists continued to model the form of the fugue! Must the artist experience and search through everything himself, or does he not arrive more quickly at his goal, when he studies and imitates the best works attainable, until he has completely conquered their form and spirit? But he must also know all his contemporaries, from the first to the last, even to Strauss, who is, in his way, a vivid expression of his time. He who omits to do this, must continually remain in uncertainty with regard to his own relation to the present, and with regard to the compass of his own powers, and will at last have nothing better to offer the world than what is already obsolete. And so I recommend Henselt, if he would give his productive talent a new outlet, to learn to know everything that is worth knowing. Truly, he has often enough enchanted us with his love songs, and it is most ungrateful to tell one who brings us a bouquet of flowers, that we should have preferred a chained lion. But let him make an essay with the lions; there are so few first-class powers, and those few ought not to rest; let him bring the lions! In spite of this, these studies remain what they are, and contain so much that is airy and charming, that they are certain to please everywhere, and at every period of life; indeed, I have never observed children more attentive to music than when listening to his. He shows himself, again, most amiable in the sphere in which he has long been recognised as a master-singer, as in the "Love Song," and the "Romance." The "Ave Maria" is also certain to be admired; it is also a proof that the careful choice of a title increases the effect of a piece of music. But for this title it might have been played by many like a Cramer study, one of which (in C-sharp minor, if I do not err) it much resembles. As an "Ave Maria," even the most prosaic person will think of something and concentrate himself. The title "Eroica" seems to me less suitable; the music falls behind the promise here. "Elfin Dance" and "Witches' Dance" probably date from an earlier period; Chopin's influence is most striking in these, as well as in the numbers simply headed "Etude;" yet that in A major produces a delightfully refreshing effect. The "Passage of Spirits at Night" is difficult to read, but must be highly effective when played in a masterly style; on the second page it attains even new sweep by means of a new rhythm. I still remember how Henselt grasped the low bass notes; it was a primevally powerful effect.

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* See page 183 of the first volume of "Music and Musicians."

The first collection of études by W. Taubert, lately published, is interesting in a different way. This, more than all his earlier works, displays his familiarity with the modern leaning of composition; it contains much that is original, and much that is acquired, and that I could have wished suppressed for the sake of that very tendency. And why always twelve études? How much more distinctly would the composer's individuality have struck us, had he only given us his best, his most independent pieces! How much higher I should have esteemed this collection, had it only consisted of "The Dragon-fly," "Undine," "Under the Cypresses," the "Canzonette," the "Dance of Spirits," and "Vulcan"! The others are good exercises, to be sure, but some seem to have been composed under too apparently unfavourable influences, while others are inferior to most of Taubert's works. The "Notturno" even wounds me, for in it he tries to think himself into a mood of mind in which nothing can succeed with him, because nature has denied it to him; I mean the finely visionary element which is so peculiarly Chopin's. So with the "Pastorale," which tries to be unpretending but is not so; the "Alla Turca," which has been too easily composed, &c. These pieces might be praised if they were the production of a weaker composer, for it is of course understood that they are cleverly managed and harmonically good; but such praise is not enough to satisfy one who has already accomplished such admirable things. We have given him deserved praise in regard to the special numbers which we have mentioned above. To be sure, not even one of those is so striking as to make one swear by the composer; but he has followed up already well-known forms and subjects in an interesting and peculiar manner, and this is already a merit in an epoch when even the chosen few find it difficult to rise above the most ordinary phrases and formulas. Therefore I honour him for his "Undine," which veils tender thoughts in a tender form, his "Under the Cypresses," a poem worthy of him, "The Dragon-fly," which floats and sparkles, and for many others. The "Canzonette" is for the left hand alone. I have already cited Florestan's joke a few times. He, in listening to such pieces, puts his right hand deeply into his pocket, according to the composer's figurative intention, who, however, would hardly venture to do so literally at a concert. But the piece is thoughtful and tender, and awakens attention, lest anything in it should pass unperceived. Just so with the "Spirit Dance," though the colours of such pictures have been already much used. From the above examples it will be seen what different and various things have been placed side by side. The title-page promises another book of studies to follow. May the composer succeed in making it the finer half of his collection. We have always observed his progress with sympathetic attention.

It is a difficult thing to judge the second book of Thalberg's studies, when one has lately heard them played by himself. Then a swarm of German and foreign maidens would fly in our faces, should we attempt to find fault; one's own views of art would only be listened to with a pitying smile, and we should be set down as the most virulent and slanderous of reviewers. For does he not deserve all the crowns that are awarded to him everywhere? How he plays, how the public listens, how the concert-hall thunders and re-echoes, when he has ended! These études are the children of his good fortune and renown, and, let us not forget it, of his industry also; for he has studied uninterruptedly, knows every composer well, and has appropriated much with great virtuosity. He must be heard when he plays Beethoven, Dussek, Chopin; he gilds their works with the remarkable brilliancy of his execution; he only needs the inspiration of the music of others, to unfold his own musical nature in all its richness. Then he has a sort of melodiousness of his own, based on that of the Italians, passing from eight measures to eight others, with certain modulations, &c.; and the manner in which he transfers and redoubles them or surrounds them with new tone figuration, often dazzles, surprises, and delights. But when this is said, all is said; and he would probably be the first person to refuse that his compositions should be included in the same category as Beethoven's art creations. But we have, of course, not the slightest hope or thought of teaching the masses to understand the difference between composition and conglomeration, between the life of a master and apparent life. But artists know it; and we should have more to say on this subject, did we not see the entire united society of girls threatening our editor; so we will say no more, save that—he is divine when he sits at the pianoforte.

RUDOLPH WILLMERS.—Six Etudes.—Opus 1.
B. F. PHILIPP.—Twelve Etudes and Characteristic Pieces (Songe et Vérité).—Opus 28.
J. ROSENHAIN.—Twelve Characteristic Études.—Opus 17.
F. KALKBRENNER.—Twenty-five Grand Etudes.—Opus 145, two books.

SINCE the establishment of our periodical, we have always taken especial notice of the pianoforte étude, because all improvement in the art of pianoforte playing, more especially on its mechanical side, is soonest visible in this form of composition; during the year about thirty collections have been mentioned. In our last étude review, we expressed a hope that after so great an expenditure of strength on the étude form, we should enter on a longer period of repose. But we were mistaken: "Notre malheur, le voici, nous avons trop d'esprit," said a member of the French Chamber of Deputies lately, though in a political sense; we might say, "It is our misfortune that we do not know how to employ all our cleverness, and cannot let étude-writing alone.

We lay before our readers the following short outlines of several new collections:—

The composer of the first études mentioned above is well known to his reviewer. By birth a Dane, early attracted to music, young Willmers came to Hummel in Weimar. Every one knows how Hummel taught his pupils; he rarely allowed any compositions but his own to be played. Adverse to the modern style of playing, especially to the use of the pedal, which has attained so much consequence, and properly so, of late, Hummel almost interdicted any inquiry into novelties. Meanwhile, many things had happened outside of Weimar. Chopin had appeared, and a number of talented young men besides. The whole epoch breathed desire for novelty. But Chopin was the first to command public attention; his études, nearly all giving proof of a remarkable mind, soon resounded throughout Germany, where they will long resound, since they are far in advance of general cultivation, and even if they were not so, they possess the real geniality that has value at all times. So these études fell into the hands of young Willmers, and as what is forbidden fruit always tastes the sweetest, he revelled in the imaginings of the new master. The young artist is next to be found in F. Schneider's music school, studying composition, and one of the most industrious pupils there; he was in no danger, for his thoroughly able mind prevented him from lingering long in any of those erroneous paths which all find so difficult entirely to avoid. He wrote much, and easily, generally without an instrument; and this latter habit is always a proof of clear inward musical discernment. Within a short time he had completed a collection of twenty études, and then asked me whether I would advise him to publish them. I told him to lay them aside for two years, and then decide about it. The two years are now almost gone by, and in the present collection only four of those earlier études are included. Quick insight into errors, and complete abandonment of failures, invariably accompanies genuine talent. Our young artist needed but a glance to lay his faulty works aside, though he well knew how to justify his successful ones. I mention these details because they are to the honour of our novice; may he ever preserve this same manly modesty, the truest defence against cowardice or arrogant self-assertion!

And this collection certainly deserves the connoisseur's praise, on many accounts. When we consider its composer's extreme youth, it may even be regarded as remarkable. We find in it, besides, a rather uncommon wealth of harmony, and an already practised mastery of form, a striving towards style, unity, and concentration of ideas. On the other hand, he resembles most young composers in his lack of original melodiousness, a want that only riper years can supply, and in his setting his compositions too heavily in comparison to their extent. I have already spoken of Chopin's influence; but with Chopin, difficulty is only a means to an end, and when he makes the greatest use of it, it is only because the desired effect requires it. Great means, great meaning, great effect,—where these are combined, our advice is useless, and in Chopin we nearly always find them united. Our composer has also felt the different and later influence of Henselt; his third and sixth études are proofs of this. We do not think he should any longer confine himself to this genre; it is a sort of flower painting, unlikely to please the more original kind of talent during any considerable period; we love it, indeed, in the original, but let the young artist break loose from it, and abandon a field from which only the first comers are able to gather crowns. Of course, it is understood that he should continually give heed to the further cultivation of the voice of melody within him. We greet the young étude hero with sympathy, but we hope to meet him soon on other and loftier paths; with his talent, he is certain to accomplish something excellent, even in orchestral composition, for which we promise him beforehand our sincerest critical blessing.

The second collection of études is entitled "Songe et Vérité," which we translate as "Truth and Poetry." The reason for this collective motto will be found in the mottoes to the separate pieces, which partly denote moods of mind, partly natural scenes. There is a great deal that is pleasing in the collection, and it has been published in a pleasing style. As for the mottoes—the composer would have done well, before affixing them to his pieces, to address himself to Herr Rellstab, who allows Henselt to make use of mottoes, but, unreasonably, no other composer. We look on the question differently and more indulgently. Is it singular that, when good friends sit together, the composer playing, one should cry out, as though a sudden light broke upon him, "Could not an excellent motto be affixed to these pieces, and would not the work gain immensely by it?" And the composer, pleased, superscribes the respective pieces. But not all these mottoes are in a profound sense applicable, for the music seems to have existed in some cases before the title, and only superficially carries out the meaning of the latter. From a purely musical side, there is much to praise, though there are some things to object to; the most praiseworthy numbers are the purely melodious cheerful ones, such as those entitled "Les Rivaux," "L'Innocence," and "Le

Troubadour." The form is most to blame, because it is not always rounded off with sufficient firmness and clearness, as may be seen in the disagreeable modulations into distant keys (in No. 1 from C to D majors, in No. 2 from A to B minors, and in No. 12 from G to B flat minors). The composer has endeavoured to give a contrapuntal turn to some of the numbers, but has thus merely succeeded in betraying his failings as regards profundity of study and science. On the whole, however, the études present much agreeable entertainment, and may be occasionally given, as good common fare, to young and eccentric art students.

The name of the composer of the third mentioned collection, J. Rosenhain, has often been mentioned in our pages. We especially praised a trio that appeared some years ago, and augured hopeful things from it, that his latest work—the most important which he has written since, excepting two operas—partly fulfils and partly disappoints. We are disappointed, when we hope to find in these études greater technical mastery, purity of phrase, and wealth of form, compared to what we find in his earlier works; but, on the other hand, we rejoice to find the composer struggling for greater characteristic significance, and adhering to the profoundly poetic direction of our most modern tone masters. To introduce our readers more completely to the work, we give the titles of the separate études: these are—an "Elegy," a "Dialogue," "Fishermaiden," a "Song," an "Ocean Voyage," and, finally, a "Dance of Sylphs," besides six numbers without titles. While writing of the works, I now remember to have already heard the composer play them all. No matter how desirous we may be to sympathise with a work and to comprehend its inmost life, it assumes far greater vitality in the hands of its creator, even when his performance is faulty—which was not the case here, for this composer is thoroughly at home on the keyboard. The last étude, the "Dance of Sylphs," that looks so dry on paper, gained greatly through the effects of light and shade which its author was enabled to produce, as a long-practised player; the same was the case with the "Dialogue," in which high and low parts cleverly and variedly answer each other. These two numbers are, perhaps, the most effective of the collection. Yet we find an industrious fancy in them all, though on the whole, perhaps, they rather strive towards well-known models, than seek an independent flight. Here, perhaps, we may take into consideration the circumstances that influenced this artist. When quite young, and before he had attained any decided originality, he exchanged Frankfort, his old place of residence and study, for Paris, a few years ago. Paris is the great focus of the most different parties and their leaders, where a new comer, if he chances to possess a talent for imitation, must keep doubly careful watch over himself, if he would preserve his individuality. Though we cannot fail to recognise, in a few numbers of this collection, the result of a careful study of the older school, especially Ries and Moscheles, in others, familiarity with the styles of the masters of to-day is so perceptible, that some of the pieces, in very different styles, might be mistaken for those of other composers. So that we feel compelled to impress on Herr Rosenhain the absolute necessity that he should see his own way clear before him, if he would further cultivate his natural gifts, and not dissipate and destroy them—of which error we find so lofty a representative in Meyerbeer, the true child of his race, without home or fatherland, borrowing from all nations to feed his artistic nature at the expense of its originality. Our young composer also belongs to the clear-headed and practical Jewish nation, that has attained so much importance in the recent history of music. We trust that he will imitate the career of its best representatives, that he will not sacrifice his talent to the applause of the multitude, that he may remain German, and able, ever studious, observant, and drawing his creations from within.

There is a great deal more to be said of these studies that would tend to strengthen the above advice, and perhaps lead their composer to refine the purity of his periods even to the smallest detail, and would prevent him from abandoning the endeavour to round his pieces off more fully. But we must content ourselves with pointing to the collection as interesting; it is dedicated to the great master, Cherubini, and on this account calls for such strict judgment as we, with the best feelings of goodwill, have bestowed on it.

It will be difficult for me to say anything favourable of Kalkbrenner's new études (Études de style et de perfectionnement, composées pour servir de complément à la méthode, &c.). My curiosity has been excited by the report that Kalkbrenner always praises his latest compositions highest, that he studies his own études as though he were a pupil of himself; yet I must confess that these études put me into a melancholy frame of mind. Fancy, where art thou? Ideas, where are ye? I felt inclined to cry out at every page. No answer. Scarcely anything to be found but dry formulas, beginnings, or remains; the picture of an old, once beautiful coquette. But this is the fate of all artists whose art depends on their instrument only. They amuse us so long as they are young and able to give us something new and brilliantly dexterous. In the meanwhile younger talent makes its appearance, and difficulties that once astonished become sport to us all. These artists, accustomed to applause, cannot live without it, and endeavour to force it; but no hand is moved by their efforts, and the multitude smiles where it formerly wondered.

Kalkbrenner himself acknowledges that he has devoted a great part of his life to the mechanical cultivation of his hands; this would cause even a Beethovenian composer to deteriorate, putting lesser talent out of the question. And in age everything comes to light that the enamel of youth concealed; the lack of profound and varied knowledge, neglect of the study of great preceding models. Could we imagine an unimaginative Sebastian Bach or Beethoven, such a man would still be able to produce interesting works in old age, merely because of his study and acquired science. He who has learned but little may produce graceful things up to a certain age; but then his strength will fail to answer the demands that are made on a man of ripe age; and any unnatural means that may be resorted to, to conceal this weakness, will only render it more apparent. Why do these studies exist? Not for the artist or the composer, who only needs to glance them through, and then lay them aside for ever. Not for virtuosos or students either; the former will scarcely be able to discover anything new in them; the latter will find, in Kalkbrenner's earlier studies, better and briefer matter, that is only repeated with difficulty, and in a somewhat varied form of speech, in these. It will well be believed that some good must exist among the twenty-five pieces; but art is only benefited by perfection; and he who is not able to produce masterly workmanship at any time, does not deserve the name of a genuine artist. Not one of these études is a masterwork, that is to say, great in invention and execution. We prefer to take down honest old Cramer's études, or those of the polished Moscheles; we have no time to study mediocre compositions.

THEODORE KULLAK.

Two Concert Studies.—Opus 2.

THIS composer, who must be young, proves himself, in his very first measure, familiar with modern pianoforte playing. The études are difficult, and betray throughout an acquaintance with Henselt's and Thalberg's works. We have no fault to find with the virtuoso, on account of this preference and tendency. But if the composer wishes to become an able one, he must beware of it. Scarcely anything more is to be attained in the field of mechanical combinations beyond what modern virtuosos have already reached. There must be no further question about the interlacing of the hands, as to whether it should be done so or so, or as to the greater or less massing of chords; all this has been solved by Liszt, Henselt, and Thalberg. If their followers hope to attain any distinction, they must strike into the straight road of simplicity, and fine, orderly form, and develop more complicated things from that. This road lies clearly before them. He who cannot see it, will labour in vain.

J. ROSENHAIN.

Twenty-four Études (Etudes Mélodiques).—Opus 20.

THE composer should have written on these "Invita Minerva." The études seem to have been written, very unwillingly, perhaps by the advice of the—originally French—publisher. It is certainly right that études should be written for smaller, weaker players. But Herr Rosenhain seems to us to have no vocation for this—as composer, at least. It is long since I have seen a work that has so displeased me, in every respect, as this. There is nothing really graceful, and not a trace of melody in it; some études are wholly miscalculated in form, others are incorrect and unpleasing in harmony. And then the remarks attached to each separate number, as to how these worthless pieces may be best performed! Compared to this, Bertini's composition is that of an angel. So, until something better offers, encourage young people to like practice through Bertini's studies. In one respect, Herr Rosenhain is the counterpart of his name (hedge-of-roses); his études will certainly wound tender fingers.

EDWÁRD WOLFF.

Twenty-four Etudes.—Opus 20.

THIS composer is a young Pole, now residing in Paris; these circumstances account for his dependence on Chopin. Fifty years ago, studies like these would have been considered "insane;" to-day they are merely "difficult." Unfortunately, difficulty is their only distinction, and there is more music in a Chopin mazurka, than in all these twenty-four studies. Young composers can never learn too soon, that music does not exist for the fingers, but the reverse, and that no one dare be a bad musician in order to become a good virtuoso. However, it would be unjust to place Herr Wolff among the former. He does not want fancy, and he knows how to evoke and hold to a mood, otherwise than through mere finger effects; and then the melancholy character that he seems to possess always awakens interest, more especially among the young. But we are sorry to meet, in these études, with many trivial and even reprehensible things, such as no German teacher would allow his pupil to write down, much less to publish; and, to the composer's double injury, we find such errors on the very first pages of the collection, as will deter many from penetrating further into the thicket. Only on the 14th page, 6th étude, in B minor, we find something more attractive; here the composer attains more with slight means, than before with greater ones, and we see that he can be simple if he will. The two succeeding numbers may also be counted among the best, and after these the 10th (in C sharp minor), 18th (G minor), and 22d (F minor). The remaining ones only possess interest for practisers, on account of their mechanical combinations; but though a few of these are new, they are very rarely beautiful. Chromatic runs up and down through diminished chords of the seventh into the most entangled positions, and with double notes, are the favourite traits of young virtuosos, and this one is no exception.

Such a passage is to be found in nearly every étude. We do not know whether this work will be printed in Germany; if so, we advise a selection, which will be more advantageous to the composer, than a complete republication.

CARL MAYER.

Six Études.—Opus 55.

WHEN we play these études after the preceding ones, it seems as if we stepped from a dark and thickset wood, on to a smooth, green lawn. These études are cheerful enough, indeed, like nearly all the works of this composer; but, after his earlier works, it was hoped that he would develop into an original authority, and this expectation has been unfulfilled. His physiognomy has lost much of its decided expression; he might now often be taken for a young drawing-room player, who sets up as a rival to Thalberg and Henselt,—and we should almost grow sad in observing this of a riper artist, did not the work before us contain so much that is attractive, and nearly lead us to forget what the composer might have accomplished under different circumstances. Yet in these études, we find ourselves dreading that he may become entirely shallow; still, who knows what he has yet in store? And if genius sometimes walks backwards for a few moments, it is more likely to happen otherwise in general. These études will be gladly played and listened to; the first especially, which slips so lightly through the fingers, that even mediocre players scarcely need fear committing errors in it; and even to the last, an étude in leaps, entitled "Remembrance of Thalberg," which we could gladly have dispensed with, for it is easy to write such études by the dozen. The second, in A flat major, is remarkably graceful. We could have wished the third, in F sharp minor, altogether unpublished; it is a weak outline of Henselt's "Poeme d'Amour." Against such objections, composers often present the defence that their so-called outline was composed before the supposed original, &c.; but then they should not publish it. And this étude is not remarkable in itself. All admirers of this composer's earlier works should examine the other études of this collection, and decide for themselves where he has, and has not, remained true to himself.

STEPHEN HELLER.

Twenty-four Etudes, in Two Books.—Opus 16.

WE have often directed the attention of our readers to this young artist, so full of mind and fancy. He has lived for the past two years in Paris, where his talent as composer and virtuoso has already obtained considerable recognition. These études are the longest work he has so far published. Ordinary étude players will be disappointed, however, if they expect to find regular finger exercises in them; they will rather find a varied succession of character pieces, some of remarkable value, all betraying a lively musical spirit, the wealth of which we regret to see split up into such small forms. More economical composers would have constructed whole sonatas and concertos from some of the fundamental thoughts in these études; our composer prefers merely to use them as sketches and suggestions; his overweening humour will have it so, but even the outline is welcome. This collection of études reads something like a diary. Very different remarks succeed each other here, bitter observations are not wanting, or dear recollections either. The artist, the philosopher, the friend, allows himself free speech in them, as though no human eye were looking on, as if no reviewer existed. This frank and generous spirit will please many, but others will fear that this cheerful generosity may take its revenge in the future, at an age when one is often obliged to content one's self with little, often against one's will. So, imitating this suggestive composer, his critic takes the liberty of suggesting that he should not be so prodigal in small matters; others, who demand precisely this, will be thankful to him for it. But, where art alone is in question, consistency, energy, strength of expression, must be increased by means of laborious striving towards improvement. May the time never arrive when he who called forth these lines shall unwillingly take them up again. The fine seeds which this last work also contains in so great a quantity, give us reason to entertain still finer hopes; and these alone would justify a closer analysis, of which the work is in a high degree worthy. But these few remarks must at present suffice to call attention to these études as something very uncommon, and to refresh the memory of the composer among his countrymen. I should mention that his most interesting and attractive étude work does not stand in this collection, but in the Moscheles-Fétis school, of which I intend to speak shortly.

A. H. SPONHOLZ.

Characteristic Studies.—Opus 9.

THE author of the above is an organist, and this must be known if we would prize his endeavours as we ought. His aspirations are lofty ones; he would fain delight the whole world with his art. But his forces are as yet undeveloped; he lacks certainty in mechanism, judgment, and taste. A good musician will find something to object to in every étude, especially as regards modulatory form. For example, who likes to be thrown from the saddle from G minor to E major, in a little piece only two pages long, like the first étude? The composer scarcely knows how to hold fast to any key, which is doubly surprising in an organist who must be well acquainted with J. S. Bach. Still, these pieces evince much invention; on page 13, a beautiful, dreamy melody at once arises. But it is difficult to understand whence it came; it does not suit the beginning or the rest of the piece, and stands isolated amid the whole collection. Next to this fragment, the last étude, perhaps the most modest of all, seems to us the most finished. They are not études, however, but rather sketches. In order to progress, the composer must give up this rhapsodical form ; and at our next meeting, a book filled with correctly written fugues will please us more than another overflowing with sketches. At his own royal instrument, he must have learned the value of clearly-stamped artistic forms, such as Bach has given us in his greatest and smallest works.

C. MONTAG.

Two Etudes.—Opus 3.

NOBLE aspiration is unmistakable in the little work of this composer also, to whom we directed attention a short time ago. Yet it seems to us that he mines too deeply, and often becomes entangled. He may save himself from this by working for the voice. Instruments too often seduce us into mere experimentalising, but the voice leads us back to nature.

He apparently wished to write études, but something more than that, certainly, and music above all. He has partly succeeded, but a good general effect is missing, owing to the difficulty of writing to develop the hand, and endeavouring, at the same time, to appear soulfully musical. Only very rare and very remarkable talent is able to unite these requirements successfully. The character of both these études is melancholy, though the first is more thoughtful, the second more lively. The canonical closing period of the second almost destroys the effect of what precedes it; it would have been better to suppress it.

M. C. EBERWEIN.

Six Etudes.

THE author of these is a son of the Weimar music director. If we are not mistaken, he enjoyed the benefit of his father's lessons, besides instruction from Hummel, and afterwards went to Paris, where he created for himself a circle of efficient labour as a teacher.

The seducing siren voices of that city have flattered his ears in vain. No one could attribute these études to a Frenchman; the straightforward German stands before us in them all. They are distinguished by correctness and careful form, and also by their ease; this latter quality is an excellent one, especially as the compositions do not possess any great value in themselves. Though their useful qualities may render them welcome in the composer's immediate circle, especially as he is also a teacher, we scarcely believe that they will attain to any celebrity beyond this; for that they need originality, freedom of fancy, and the grace that often wins greater victories than strength. And the étude ought to serve higher ends than merely mechanical ones. Cramer knew this already, and how times and men have altered since his day! Etudes like the first of this collection, for example, should no longer be published; we have had them repeated in more than a hundred forms. This, however, is their weakest side—that they do not present any novel or striking traits. Their most praiseworthy quality is their simple, unfeigned expression, that which is peculiar to Hummel's school. Perhaps, in later books, which the composer promises on the title-page, he may attain a higher flight, and if so, it will be recognised by us. We must signalise numbers 5 and 6 among these as the most interesting, musically; and number 6, especially, is in a tone that has become a favourite one since Bach's time.

H. F. KUFFERATH.

Six Concert Etudes.—Opus 2.

THESE études are undoubtedly the most remarkable that have lately appeared, uniting, as they do, so many fine qualities. To be sure, the young artist is not yet broken in to originality; but he displays such solid schooling, such healthy natural taste, such tact in assimilating all the best in what is modern, that we may count on him as a clever pianoforte composer in and of the future. We are the more happy in prophesying this, because we are not rich in pianoforte music at present. Since the stormy Chopin epoch, which in Liszt, Henselt, and Thalberg seemed to reach its three culminating points, we seem to have entered upon a complete standstill. Mechanism had been driven to its utmost height; exhaustion necessarily followed. But new life seems to be already rising about us. Charming melody, supported by fine form, again asserts itself; and again we reverentially remember the older names. The next approaching epoch will show us the consequences of this.

We append these remarks to our mention of the young artist whose name appears above, because the most recent epoch has not left him untouched. But the flood of time has thrown him on a safe shore; his experience can only prove beneficial to him, and with years his strength and individuality will increase. That season of emotion plainly throbs in his études; the traces it has left resemble those circles on the water, which, after violent storms, hasten to the shore. Let us look at this more closely! We are attracted to the composer in the very first étude, less on account of his originality than his euphony. This first one strikes us as a sort of duet, which at last melts into *one* melody, not unlike Mendelssohn's love duet in the "Songs without Words." The impression made by the entire work is very agreeable, though, as we have said, it is not a novel one. The second étude also pleases us much, and reminds of Moscheles in its elegance and refined keeping; it satisfies us throughout, and we could wish nothing added to or taken away from it. The third (A minor) may be characterised as humorous; but the middle period, especially the cantilena in A flat major, falls behind expectation, for we think it demands a more intelligent working out. And we wish the last measures had been entirely struck out. The most graceful piece of the collection is undoubtedly the following one, a really tender love poem, excellent in keeping and in form. The fifth étude shows that the composer knows and loves Chopin: it commences very wildly, but soon leans towards a quiet middle period, which is not very attractive, however. The whole makes an impression on us as of something that has grown awry. The composer has possibly made many alterations in it. The introduction to the sixth number plainly reminds us of Beethoven's C-sharp minor sonata, but produces only the effect of a reflection, as the actual étude comes after it; this is one of the brilliant figuration études, of which we have so many by Henselt. The title bears out our judgment, and if we do not err, we think this étude has been played by its author in a concert here.

From the above it will be seen that these different études are not equal in value, and that the weakest are precisely those in which some model has floated before the author. This justifies the hope that he possesses original genuine talent, which time will develop into more perfect strength. To this further development we joyfully look forward.

C. Vollweiler.—Three Etudes Mélodiques.—Oe. 4.
H. Ravina.—Five Études Charactéristiques, livres i. et ii.
C. Mayer.—Three Grandes Etudes.—Oe. 61.

We meet with far fewer études at present than we used to do a few years ago. We look upon this as a favourable sign that artistic feeling is turning from the mechanical to the melodious, as is quite natural; for an improvement on what Chopin and a few others have accomplished in this branch is scarcely possible. Henselt, perhaps influenced by Mendelssohn's admirable "Songs without Words," was the first to bring a new melodic element into the étude again. All that has since appeared shows nearly the same tendency. We have not had anything really distinguished in this branch lately; the greater among our composers, looking on it as gone by, have turned to other forms.

That which is presented to us for judgment to-day does not rise above pretty drawing-room mannerisms. Deeper thoughts are only here and there visible in the études by C. Vollweiler; the composer seems to be young, is perhaps still developing in style, and may in time acquire character and firmness. What he has given us in these études may be found, for the most part, in earlier ones, and accomplished with greater perfection. Yet we would not advise the young, incomplete composer against expressing himself, provided that he does not give us merely pupil-like or distorted works. The last expression in no way refers to the present études, the third of which is especially successful. The coda (the first theme, in octaves) begins alike in all three; this is not a proof of great inventive talent, though it is a convenient habit, to be met with, it is true, among better composers—as, for instance, in all Henselt's études the return to the theme in the middle is effected in the same manner, by means of a succession of diminished chords of the seventh.

The second-named études are interesting, because their author is, we believe, Italian. Although, on this account, we ought to judge them mildly, we must not conceal the fact that, with the exception of some graceful passages, they contain too much that is insignificant, and not worth the trouble of publication. Numbers 8 and 10 are the freshest; the others we could have wished unpublished. The composer may be characterised as a scholar and imitator of Bertini, whose sweet emptiness he shares, without possessing his often graceful manner of expression. Every number of the études proves him to be a fine pianist—indeed, he has obtained the reputation of being such a one even in Paris. The future will tell us whether our judgment is incorrect regarding his talent as a composer; at present we can only consider him as an inferior one.

C. Mayer's études also belong to drawing-room literature. We cannot deny his assured manner of writing, the result of ripe years and continual practice, or the ease and playable style of these works, a good quality shared by other of Mayer's compositions. Yet we cannot prophesy for them a long life or extended influence; for this they are too hastily written, too superficial in feeling and invention. But he who likes a little passing entertainment—Shakespeare and Bach cannot be enjoyed or understood every day—may pleasantly pass away an hour with such light music, to revel, with renewed delight, in the powerful creations of true genius afterwards.

S. Goldschmidt gives us a graceful collection of studies (six études de concert, oeuvre 4). Judging from this example, the first of his works that we have met with, he heartily follows the noblest direction that modern art has pursued. He seems to have taken Chopin to his heart of hearts, but still he displays much originality; and no one can fail to observe the youthful enthusiasm that enlivens all his compositions. He also possesses a fine order of knowledge. He likes uncommon keys, too; except one study, the whole work is in D flat and F sharp. We trust he will in future descend to humanity occasionally; if we have to work through five or six sharps to understand a young composer, he must expect to wait long before he is publicly appreciated. However, his great object ought to be to preserve his own individuality, and therefore let him write in whatever key he prefers. We have not the least doubt but that Herr Goldschmidt will accomplish finer and more significant works hereafter; this one bears that promise within it. The more tender pieces in the collection are our favourites, as he appears less original in the stronger ones. We could have wished a few trivial passages (chromatic progressions) unpublished; let our composer remember the saying —"Only the best is lasting."

H. F. Kufferath has again published a by no means insignificant collection of études (opus 8.) We have already praised his first in our pages. These also may be recognised, at a first glance, as the children of modern times; every one knows that grouping of notes, in which flying arpeggios appear to veil a quiet melody. The composer again gives us a few excellent ones of this kind; but he ought not to compose too much in this style, as it leads to mannerism. Bach wrote thirty exercises or variations, every one of which possesses a different physiognomy from the other,—and this, too, a hundred years ago; of course, *he* could not do less; he would not be able to understand how nine-tenths of our modern composers write studies and variations on the same melodies. Herr Kufferath certainly belongs to the best among these; but it is sometimes necessary to remind the young of the old,—in many ways the latter did not do things so indifferently. But, apart from the highest demands for many-sidedness and variety, Kufferath's études contain much that is valuable. The composer's ease and certainty as a player may also be divined in his music. In form, the études are on the whole successful, though a little too minute and long drawn out. The figuration is tenderly and industriously worked over, especially in the fourth and fifth. The crescendos in the more brilliant numbers, by heaping up bravura forms, cannot fail to prove effective. Most of these études are suited to public performance, and deserve to be so played, more than many worthless compositions by famous virtuosos.

PIANOFORTE ETUDES.

Arranged according to their Aims.

THE wings of many students would droop, could they see the piles of étude compositions heaped up. The following table is intended to facilitate their researches. If we return to the exercises of Bach,[1] now more than a hundred years old, and recommend the most careful study of them, we have our reasons; for if we accept all that our instrument has gained by the extension of its compass, in means, and in effect through the increased cultivation of the character of its tone, we must admit that he understood the whole domain of the pianoforte. And, as he did everything in a gigantic manner, he did not merely compose twenty-four studies for the different keys, but an entire book for each one. And no one will deny how much Clementi[1] and Cramer[2] owed to him. Between them and Moscheles[3] there was a pause. Perhaps this was caused by the influence of Beethoven, who, an enemy of all mere mechanism, incited artists to purely poetic creativeness rather. In Moscheles, and, to a far higher degree, in Chopin,[4] imagination had its share of interest, by the side of what is only technical. Behind these five, unquestionably the greatest, the most original are L. Berger,[5] and C. Weyse.[6] Ries[7] and Hummel[8] have displayed their peculiar styles more clearly in free compositions than in études. Grund[9] and Kessler[10] must be mentioned as solid and able. Aloise Schmitt[11] also, whose simple clearness will gratify young hearts. Kalkbrenner,[12] Czerny,[13] and Herz,[14] did not accomplish gigantic things, but valuable ones, on account of the composer's thorough knowledge of the instrument. We must not overlook Potter,[1] or Hiller,[2] on account of their romantic spirit, neither should we forget the tender Szymanowska,[3] or the cheerful C. Mayer.[4] Bertini[5] deceives us, yet in a graceful way. But he who desires the most difficult, will find it in the Paganini études[6] of the undersigned.

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[1] Exercises.—Opus 1, six books; also Exercises, Opus 2.

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[1] Gradus ad Parnassum, or the art of playing the pianoforte demonstrated by exercises in the severe and in the elegant style, three volumes.

[2] Études, or forty-two Exercises, fingered, in the different keys, three books.

[3] Studies for the Pianoforte, for the higher perfecting of already cultivated players.—Opus 70, two books.

[4] Twelve Grand Etudes.—Opus 12, two books.

[5] Twelve Etudes.—Opus 12.

[6] Eight Etudes.—Opus 51.

[7] Six Exercises.—Opus 3.

[8] Etudes.—Opus 125.

[9] Twelve Grandes Études.—Opus 21.

[10] Études, four books.—Opus 20.

[11] Etudes.—Opus 16, two parts. The same composer has left a number of other books of studies, which we do not count singly.

[12] Twenty-four Etudes.—Opus 20, two books.

[13] A countless number of useful exercises for teaching.

[14] Exercises and Preludes.—Opus 21.

(In the subjoined list of studies, those marked with an asterisk are especially distinguished by a poetical character.)

Rapidity and lightness (easy motion of the fingers, delicate touch). Right hand. Clementi, No. 52; Cramer, 12, 23, 27*, 36*; Moscheles, 1; Chopin, 4*, 5* (for the black keys only), 8*; Grund, 1; Kessler, 1; Bertini, 1; Szymanowska, 1; Potter, 3, 16; Hiller, 2*, 22*; C. Mayer, 6; Kalkbrenner, 4; Paganini, Études, book ii., No. 5.

Special. Exercises for the fourth and fifth fingers. Clementi, 19, 22, 47; Cramer, 3, 28; L. Berger, 7*; Potter, 15*; Bertini, 12.

Left hand. Clementi, 87; Cramer, 9; Chopin, 12*; Berger, 6*; Kessler, 16, 4, 6; Hiller, 18; A. Schmitt, 6, book ii., No. 16.

For both hands. Bach, book i., Allemande, V. Préambule; Clementi, 2, 7, 16, 28, 36; Ries, 3; Hummel, 1; Kessler, 9, 14; Szymanowska, 4, 8 (especially useful); Potter, 5, 20; Hiller, 17*; Kalkbrenner, 1; Herz, 13; Bertini, 3; Schmitt, book ii., No. 1.

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[1] Etudes.—Opus 19.

[2] Twenty-four Etudes.—Opus 15.

[3] Two Etudes, two books.

[4] Six Etudes.—Opus 31.

[5] Etudes Charactéristiques.—Opus 66.

[6] Etudes, and Six Etudes de Concert, after Caprices, by Paganini.

Rapidity and strength (a heavy touch in swift tempo, melodic production of single notes, &c.), right hand.—Clementi, 48; Cramer, 1; Bertini, 21.

Left hand.—Cramer, 16.

For both hands.—Bach, book i.; Courante, ii.; Allemande, iii.; Gigue, v.; Clementi, 44; Cramer, 38; Moscheles, 14; Hummel, 12; Kessler, 10; Hiller, 13; Paganini études, books i. and ii.

Observation.—For varieties of difficult contrary motion, as well as for their entire character, the following much resemble each other:—Clementi, 72; Cramer, 4*; Moscheles, 17; Ries, 1; Grund, 6; Paganini études, book ii., 6.

Legato playing, in one or many parts (compare also the list for holding down separate fingers).—Bach, book ii.; Courante, iii. Fantaisie.—Clementi, 29, 33 Canon (a masterpiece), 52, 71, 79, 86, 100 (the last four much resemble each other); Cramer, 30; Moscheles, 9*, 20; Berger, 10; Szymanowska, 7; Hiller, 9 (the two last named are especially good for the left hand); A. Schmitt, book ii., 22.

To these, many fugues by Bach, Clementi, and others may be added.

Staccato (compare also the list for rapid striking with the same fingers, one after the other, and that for octave passages).—Hiller, 1, 15.

Legato in one hand, staccato in the other.—Cramer, 31*; Kessler, 18, 22; Hiller, 4.

Melody and accompaniment in the same hand at once (compare also the next list).—Clementi, 91; Cramer, 5, 41; Moscheles, 5*; Potter, 2*; Hiller, 3* (the three last look exactly like each other); Chopin, 3*, 6*; Berger, 4*, 11*; Weyse, 6*; Hummel, 11; Hiller, 5*, 10, 16; Szymanowska, 4; C. Mayer, 3, 5; A. Schmitt, 2; Bertini, 6, 9; Paganini études, book ii., No. 2.

Holding down separate fingers, while others play (compare also the list for trills with grace notes).—Clementi, 1, 3, 27, 35, 86, 99; Cramer, 20, 25*; Weyse, 2*; Potter, 11*; Hiller, 21; Kalkbrenner, 13; Schmitt, book ii., 8.

Soundless changing of a finger on the same key.—Clementi, 46, 96*; Hummel, 24* (particularly fine); Hiller, 19.

Full grasp, and quick change of chords.—Moscheles, 2*; Chopin, 11*; Ries, 2; Grund, 8; Kessler, 3, 15; Szymanowska, 5; Potter, 22; Hiller, 1, 11*; A. Schmitt, 11; Kalkbrenner, 14; Paganini studies, book ii., Nos. 4 and 6.

Extensions, right hand.—Clementi, 30*, 36; Cramer, 21; Chopin, 1*; Berger, 1*; Weyse, 7; Hiller, 20; Bertini, 11; Schmitt, book ii., No. 6.

Left hand.—Clementi, 81; Chopin, 9*; Kessler, 20; Hiller, 7; Bertini, 19; Schmitt, book ii., No. 7.

In both hands.—Cramer, 40; Moscheles, 11; Chopin, 11*; Hummel, 5, 17; Potter, 17 (much like the preceding), 14; Szymanowska, 5; Hiller, 6, 23; Kalkbrenner, 8.

Skips (compare with the next list).—Clementi, 76; Moscheles, 16 (of a peculiar kind); Weyse, 7; Hummel, 5; Grund, 10*; and, much like it, Ries, 4; Kessler, 3, 12, 19; Szymanowska, 3, 9; Potter, 6, 23 (of a peculiar kind), 24; Hiller, 8.

Interlacing the fingers and crossing the hands.—Bach, book i., Gigue*, book 5, Minuett*; Clementi, 53; Cramer, 33, 34, 37; Ries, 2; Weyse, 5; Hummel, 21; Kessler, 5, 7, 13; Potter, 9; Hiller, 16*, 22; Kalkbrenner, 9, 22; Herz, 7, 19; Bertini, 10; Paganini études, book ii., No. 6.

Repeated notes, key struck with the same finger (see staccato and octave passages).—Clementi, 1, 27, 55; Moscheles, 8;* Weyse, 1;* Potter, 12;* Kessler, 2, 15; C. Mayer, 2, opus 40, 2;* Hiller, 5;* Kalkbrenner, 14; Bertini, 7, 18, 24, 25; A. Schmitt, book ii., No. 25.

Octave passages.—Clementi, 65, 21; Hummel, 8; Grund, 2 (resembling, in rhythm, Hummel, 18); Kessler, 8; Szymanowska, 12; Potter, 18; Hiller, 1, 5, 24; Bertini, 4.

Change of fingers and hands on the same key.—Clementi, 30, 34; Moscheles, 19, 22; Chopin, 7 (double notes); Berger, 5;* Hummel, 20; Grund, 5; C. Mayer, opus 40, 1; Kessler, 2; Herz, 2; Bertini, 20; Paganini études, book i., No. 5.

Appoggiaturas.—Clementi, 77, 97; Hummel, 2.*

Turns.—Clementi, 11, 37; Kessler, 24; Kalkbrenner, 10; Szymanowska, 11; Potter, 4.

Mordenti.—Bach, book i., Preludes; Clementi, 66;

Hummel, 13; Grund, 5; Szymanowska, 2; Hiller, 9.

Short trills with closes.—Moscheles, 7,* 10;* Potter, 8; Hiller, 35;* Paganini études, book ii., No. 3.

Long trill, right hand.—Clementi, 50; Kessler, 22; Schmitt, book ii., No. 3.

Left hand.—Berger, 3;* Potter, 9; Bertini, 13.

Trill accompanied by other parts, in one hand.—Clementi, 25; Cramer, 11; Potter, 13; Kalkbrenner, 14, 23; A. Schmitt, book ii., No. 10.

Trills in sixths, change of trills.—Clementi, 68, 88.

Passages of thirds and sixths.—Clementi, 88; Cramer, 19, 35; Moscheles, 13;* Hummel, 3; Kessler, 23 (much like the preceding); Grund, 12; Potter, 10; Kalkbrenner, 20 and 21; Bertini, 4; Paganini études, book i.; A. Schmitt, book ii., No. 11.

Three and four part exercises, in one hand.—Clementi, 23; Potter, 15;* Hiller, 19.

Chromatic scales with accompanying tones.—Moscheles, 3; Chopin, 2.

Difficult accentuation, division of bars, and rhythm.—Bach, book vi., Gigue; Clementi, 83, 94, 95 (quintolet exercise; see also Hiller, 23*); Moscheles, 8,* 18;* Chopin, 10;* Ries, 5; Hiller, 2, 10, 6; Kalkbrenner, 17.

(Observation; similar figures and rhythms are employed *A.*); Hummel, 10; Grund, 4; Potter, 7; Bertini, 14; (*B*) Hummel, 19; Weyse, 7; Potter, 24; (*C*) Cramer, 37; Grund, 11; Kessler, 11; (*D*) Weyse, 1;* Hiller, 14; Kalkbrenner, 5; Adagio with ornaments; Moscheles, 4;* Hummel, 16, 22; Grund, 9; C. Mayer, 4.

Exercises for the left hand alone.—Berger, 9; a remarkable book of études, by Greulich (opus 19 Peters).

RONDOS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

K. F. Heckel, "Forget me not," Rondo for the Pianoforte.—Opus 11.
A. F. Mohs, Rondo in B flat.—Opus 3.
C. Erfurt, Three Easy Rondos on Motivos by Auber.—Opus 30.
C. Erfurt, "Farewell to Magdeburg," Rondo for the Pianoforte.—Opus 32.
Louise Farrenc, Rondo in D.
A. Gutmann, Easy and Brilliant Rondo.
F. Glanz, Characteristic Rondo.
Adele Bratschi, Grand Rondo.—Opus 2.
R. von Hertsberg, Brilliant Rondo.—Opus 11.
Th. Döhler, Rondino on a Theme by Coppola.—Opus 20.
Th. Döhler, Rondino on a Theme by J. Strauss.—Opus 19.
J. F. Dobrzynski, Rondo à la Polacca with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 6.
C. Koehler, Rondo Élégant with Introduction.—Opus 47.
O. Gerke, Introduction and Brilliant Rondo with Accompaniment of a Grand Orchestra.—Opus 26.
C. A. von Winkhler, Brilliant Rondo.—Opus 45.
C. A. von Winkhler, Brilliant Rondo.—Opus 46.
C. Schunke, Rondo Espagnol.—Opus 47.
C. Czerny, Grand Rondo.—Opus 405.
F. Ries, Introduction and Rondo à la Zingaresca.—Opus 181.
Stephan Heller, Rondo Scherzo.—Opus 8.
Fr. Chopin, Rondo à la Mazurka.—Opus 5.

J. MOSCHELES, Rondo on a Scotch Melody.
J. MOSCHELES, Brilliant Rondo, with Introduction, on a Theme by Dessauer.—Opus 94.

> "Forget me not!
> O Thou, for whom alone I pray
> With tearful eyes by night and day,
> To whom I dedicate this lay,
> Forget me not!"

YOU are greatly mistaken, young composers, if you suppose I sing this in honour of you. The verse is only the beginning of the poem that may be read in its entirety on the title-page of the first of the above rondos; and the composer seems to have a new species—a sort of "rondo with words"—in his mind; we hope it may be successful. But those who expect to find any sentimentality in this music will be disappointed; on the contrary, it is as red-cheeked and plump as possible. A common reviewer would find it easy enough to display his learning and criticism at the expense of the poor child; more modest writers resemble Sterne, who, on the point of killing a fly, let it out of the window with the observation that the world was wide enough for both. We may also dismiss the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th rondos. Nos. 3 and 5 will be admired by teachers, on the ground that they have evidently been composed for small hands, and that deeper combinations would be out of place here, &c. But, I say, be intellectual at all times; the talented child requires mind, and feels when it is wanting, just as much as we older ones; nothing can be done with stupid compositions.

I like Gutmann's rondo; it is written "for children who cannot yet stretch an octave;" there is more life and melody in it.

The three following rondos had better have been left unpublished:—That by Adéle Bratschi certainly tries to be something more than mere rondo music, and betrays in its reminiscences an acquaintance with much other music (Rossini's "Preghiera" in the introduction, Field in its first theme, Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" in its second); but as it proceeds it becomes more and more watery and wearisome, not to speak of its childish harmonisation. The pieces by Glanz and Hertsberg are altogether insignificant; to be sure, the latter does not give us such rough fifths and octaves as the former, but, here in the form, there in the harmony, he betrays an uncertain hand, and a yet uncultivated ear, while the rondo is difficult, and needs study. In two tolerably pretty rondos, Herr Th. Döhler shows that he is anxious for the name and fame of a Czerny the Second. We only discover what great men Strauss and Coppola were, when we compare them with Döhler's additions to them. It is sad and significant that so remarkable a pianist has accomplished so little as a composer. Beware, young artists, of baronesses and countesses, who are desirous of having compositions dedicated to them; he who wishes to be an artist, must give up the idea of becoming a lady's man.

The rondo by Dobrzynski is composed by clever fingers, correctly written, national in colour, somewhat broad in its form, but in the right relationship to its subject. One seeks in vain for an original idea on its fourteen pages; it has nothing individual about it. In respect to its technicalities, nothing can be said against the Rondeau Elégant by Herr Koehler. But we also miss here, as in the preceding rondo, original music, fine melody, and refinement. No one can go beyond the talent he possesses; but every one can ennoble and educate his powers. I do not know who is served by such compositions; they are too dry for amateurs, too little brilliant for virtuosos, too uninteresting for musicians; and while they promise something to all, they do not perfectly satisfy any one.

Herr O. Gerke's brilliant rondo is entitled "Souvenir de Weimar," and is dedicated to Hummel, whose manner it recalls. In the middle, Herr Gerke makes use of a Russian air, which, if I am not much mistaken, has already been introduced by Hummel in a rondo of large form. The variations of this, in the same key, give a new cast to the rondo, and must be effective with the orchestra. With the exception of the introduction, which has too little to say, the work appears to be of value. The composer might have abstained from a too much diluted sentimentalism, as well as some weak suspensions, in the cantilena; these things may be permissible in private, free improvisations, but only the finest things, expressed in as brief and energetic a manner as possible, should be given to publicity.

Herr von Winkhler's two rondos resemble each other like brother and sister; they do not rise, or seem to wish to rise, above the most commonplace prose. There are as few striking faults to be found in them, as beauties; but we advise this harmless composer, who moves in a mediocre sphere, to sift more carefully what he prepares for publication.

Herr Czerny has taken quite a romantic turn in his "Allegro Agitato." Few would guess him to have been the composer of this piece, so closely is the incognito mantle folded round him. If the well-known face sometimes makes its sudden and striking appearance, yet it is impossible to avoid remarking the change that has taken place in his later works. Who can tell what will be the result of this? Of course, however, this rondo cannot be other than pretty and pleasing.

It would be just as difficult to recognise the following rondo as a composition by Ries, so commonplace and stereotyped is its physiognomy. If we do not blame age for its natural diminution of imaginative power, we do not find it necessary to praise it merely for industry and seriousness. But, surely, it was no artistic aim that induced such a well-known master to publish such an insignificant production.

At last, in the rondo by Stephen Heller, we meet with a composition which is the fruit of genuine intellect, and of a real artistic nature, regarding whose originality we shall have more to say when his larger works appear. The rondo, small as it is, sparkles with wit and mind. Tender, naïve, clever, individual, ever pleasing, it jests and sports like a child, leaps on one's knee, makes the oddest remarks, springs off again,—in short, it is impossible not to like it. The reader shall soon learn more from us about this remarkably talented composer.

The rondeau by Chopin was probably written in his eighteenth year, though it has but lately appeared. The extreme youth of the composer is only to be guessed at in certain involved passages, from which he has found it difficult to extricate himself at once (as at the end of page 6); but the rondo, is, notwithstanding, Chopin-like throughout, lovely, enthusiastic, full of grace. He who does not yet know Chopin, had best begin the acquaintance with this piece.

The two rondos by Moscheles are written for moderate players. He who is a true master, let him undertake what he will, is sure to accomplish something. These rondos have no higher value than that of the chalk sketches which a painter throws off, for his own amusement, on table or wall; but no one can fail to recognise the master-hand in them. Taken for what they are, every one will delight in the little pictures.

S. A. ZIMMERMANN, Rondo.—Opus 5.
VALERIE MOMY, Rondo, with Introduction, in F.—Opus 4.
C. GRILLPARZER, Rondo in A.
J. BENEDICT, Rondo in A flat.—Opus 19.

H. ENCKHAUSEN, Rondo in G.—Opus 38.
F. X. CHWATAL, Rondo in A minor.—Opus 18.
C. HASLINGER, Rondo in G.—Opus 8.

OF the first rondo, an orthodox musical critic would say, "This not easy rondo is in A flat major, and worked out on a theme by the much-admired, much-composing Auber." The (probably still young) composer possesses, we cannot deny, a knowledge of brilliant, modern passages. The little work will make itself friends among a certain class of pianoforte players. There are no errors of the press, of any consequence, to be found in it." I confess that I have met with many bad criticisms similar to the above, but never have I yet found a composition so devoid of talent as the above rondo, of such impotent, disconsolate nullity, of such indescribable good-for-nothingness. Here a brief notice is useless, useless is advice, useless are puns on saws, carpenter (Zimmermann) work, &c.; brushed between two hard boards, we stand at the end of the world, unable to advance or recede. Out of the window with it!

Valerie Momy, thou approachest me in an evil hour! How do I esteem thee? Only to thee will I confess it, in thine ear: *although you have no heart, you possess a finger of the immortal Henri* (this play upon words is German), *and the hand yields not in whiteness to the keys it touches. I could indeed wish that the diamonds that adorn it existed in the mind* (the French and English have no word for our "Gemüth"), *yet I would take the hand, if you will give it me, with* *the single promise on your part that you would never compose anything.*[*]

On the other hand, it is to be wished that Herr Camill Grillparzer (a relation of the tragedian?) would compose more—not that he is indispensable (what is so in this world? not the D-minor symphony, not the "Allgemeine Zeitung"), but because he seems to possess real talent, though it is still working itself out of the rough. The rondo is a comical mixture of poet and philistine, and really no rondo, but the movement of a sonata. Without a beginning in spite of its introduction, without middle-point or end in spite of its firm settlement in the key, it moves in a restricted circle of thought, and slips away from one on all sides. Such was long ago, such is now, its effect on me. We intend to be on the watch for future compositions.

The rondo by Herr J. Benedict is entitled "Les Charmes de Portici," and thoroughly displeases me in its endeavour to make German thoughts enjoyable to Italian ears; for that is evidently its aim. The little invention possessed by Herr Benedict does not appear at all, and his natural awkwardness only makes matters worse. Here can be no question of soul, of music; without any psychical connection, even such as merely depends on the fingers, the piece uncomfortably winds itself off from one measure to another. But the rondo demands an ethereal power of production; its form hurries away under the hand, and is rarely overtaken. We have more good fugues than good rondos.

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[*] This passage, printed in italics, is given by Schumann, as above, in English.—*Trans.*

The next works in order display more favourable qualifications, and in Herr Enckhausen's rondo, especially, younger players will find themselves at home, and usefully so; he does not, however, possess originality, and his faculty is that of prose. In Herr Chawtal's "Hardiesse," a Cossack runs towards us with his pike, but only to frighten us; this is a good, clear woodcut. Among all imitations of nationalities, those of the Cossacks please me least; fancy is obliged to drag along with it a common, bearded form. There are men and women in fair Sicily also.

Herr Haslinger knows that, and his "Spring Greeting" comes from the south. Here is a clear flowing fount of talent, that has already become valuable to us through a musical "Rhine Voyage." The rondo has some waste places, and more grass than flowers, but all well mingled in an agreeable plan, and that is alone much in these chaotic days. It is a pity that this very musical writer merely pays court to the muses.

VINCENT LACHNER, Rondino in E flat.
C. W. GREULICH, Third Grand Brilliant Rondo in E.—Opus 22.
OTTO GERKE, Fantasia and Brilliant Rondo in F.—Opus 21.
J. SCHMITT, Brilliant Rondo in E flat.—Opus 250.
AL. SCHMITT, Rondo in E flat.—Opus 78.

CARL MAYER, Three Grand Brilliant Rondos in D flat, C minor, and B minor.

THE Christian name of the prize symphonist is Franz, and Vincent, whom I am about to praise, is, I hear, one of his brothers. The rondino is a little cupid with dimples in his cheeks, roguish, and always on the point of taking flight; in the middle he slips on a piece of Beethoven's lion skin (the composer will certainly understand), but, finding it too heavy, quickly lets it fall. In short, the rondino is a pretty picture, and leaves a complete impression behind it; it would not even be out of place as a laurel leaf on the victorious brow of Franz Lachner himself; for if the latter seems sometimes to strain his powers beyond their limit, his brother does not undertake anything unless its success appears clear to him beforehand. Yet it would be premature to suppose him a hero, on the strength of one successful blow. But he has written a genuine rondino; and if he next brings us a real sonatina, and then ascends through the sonata to lofty things, we shall not be silent about it.

Though it is interesting to place several compositions of the same kind together, the sharp contrast of various characters is unavoidable. But, without being compared to the preceding rondino, Herr Greulich's rondo would still appear stiff; he lacks all the graceful qualities, if not the strength, from which grace ascends like a flower (not only according to Schiller). This rondo stumbles like an awkward dancer who gives the right instead of the left hand in the grand round, and who causes embarrassment and entanglement in the chain. Wherefore an introduction as though to Alcidor or Nourmahal? It is more difficult to forgive such æsthetic errors than scholar-like fifths. When I intend to say something obliging to a person, I do not do it with the face of a Carib. Even that might be excused in the general after-effect, if friendliness were not wholly omitted. But we get at nothing on the whole fifteen pages save ascending and descending passages, painfully worked into each other, generally in Hummel's manner; the piece never comes to a decision, to a point. Some details lead us to suppose that it was originally written with instrumental accompaniment, a supposition that would be in favour of the composition. If not, so much the worse; if so, the fact should have been noticed on the title-page. The composer certainly possesses harmonic dexterity, *i.e.*, knowledge and routine in harmony; he should use this towards the development and ennobling of his melodies, for here he is wholly at fault. Our judgment in respect to this is not merely based on a knowledge of the present work only. There is passive genius, and also passive talent; the former lives in and on Beethoven, the latter on Hummel. Herr Gerke seems to have heard, studied, and absorbed much; his compositions are not without order, sense, connection; but nowhere does he display primeval force; his voice sounds dulled, subdued; he is obliged to search for the right expression, to bring himself into the right mood, before he can give himself up freely and unconsciously to a more elevated tone of production. Compared with ten others, this rondo is good, but it does not impress or compel us to recognise it; it calls for judgment, but does not excite pity or sympathy. All this, however, may yet have good results, and transplantation to foreign soil often does wonders. It is to be regretted that hundreds, with so many technical qualifications, never seem to get into their proper atmosphere. We shall not fail to render an account of Gerke's future productions, however.

And now, we have to speak of a very talented man, Herr Jacob Schmitt, who, if he were not already at opus 250, would perhaps be further advanced. He writes too much, and takes things too easily. We might often be angry at the caprice displayed by nature in distributing her gifts. To one she gives character, but stiffness, to another invention, but frivolity; one is ambitious, but not persevering; another has poetic thought, but no mechanical talent; many have much, but the most have little. Herr Jacob Schmitt possesses something of all the above qualifications; his instructive things are among the best of their kind, his many free compositions are full of musical life; but his striving moves in a circle and finds no middle point; his first works are not worse than his last; wherever we look we find talent, but ere we have well discovered it, it escapes us again. And yet his brother, Herr Aloys Schmitt, is a complete example of the perfect virtuosity to which an artist may attain in a still narrower circle. He has, however, as much strength, strength more varied perhaps. But how Herr Aloys excels him in cultivation, taste (though not in the common, fashionable sense), and art! Here alone is a sufficient judgment on the rondos of the brothers Schmitt. That by J. Schmitt possesses a great variety of ideas, and up to the half-learned, unsuitable introduction in E flat minor (the key, of all others, which is least used in composition), has the true rondo style. But A. Schmitt is more wisely economical; he holds two or three things with a close, firm hand, knots them together, or unravels them, equally well. If we were always to stand still, working out little details, we should never finish. The main question in art-work is to produce a complete whole; few details are entirely blameless and unimprovable.

At the close of this review, I take the opportunity of reminding my readers of three older rondos by Carl Mayer. They may be considered as the résumé of his endeavours. Their form belongs to him (if we do not softly think of Field) almost entirely; and he did well in holding to it unaltered throughout the three works; for if newly-invented forms are to make their way in the world, they must be more than once repeated. Their artistic value increases with their number; their imaginative value moves inversely, perhaps; but this is only one view—at any rate, it settles the balance. Their originality consists in the interweaving of a slow cantilena through the light, fleeting nature of the rondo, by which means this form acquires a double physiognomy, and, moving away from its origin, appears as the contracted movement of a sonata. In this happy manner all the finest traits of a good composition may be united—charming flow of harmony, carefully-chosen ornamentation, transparent construction, inward melody, and a careful adaptation to the pianoforte, such as we always find in this artist's compositions, and which, if he continues to write, he must widen still further.

ANTOINETTE PESADORI, Introduction and Rondo.
CONST. DECKER, Rondo.—Opus 11.
C. KREBS, Introduction and Rondo.—Opus 40.
F. A. REISSIGER, Three Rondinos.—Opus 22.
A. HESSE, Second Rondo.—Opus 43.
C. HASLINGER, "The Aeronaut," Rondo.—Opus 11.
F. W. GRUND, Introduction and Rondo.—Opus 25.

PEOPLE compose for many reasons—for the sake of immortality, because the pianoforte happens to be open, to become a millionaire, because friends praise, because one has looked into beautiful eyes, or for no reason at all. If I judge rightly, the first of the above rondos was written for the fourth reason; it is elegant feminine handiwork, an embroidered cushion or portfolio; music is only the secondary subject. The aim of Herr Decker's composition and publication is also easily guessed; his pupils are his object.

In our last sonata review we begged him to dictate less drily, and we repeat our request to-day; it is allowable to introduce a little fancy, and the chord of the seventh now and then; we are not living thirty years ago over again. Some composers can be looked into as we look through a window. The following rondo is decked out in all a coquette's aids to beauty; but, when we look into her heartless eye, wash off her powders, speak freely with her, and discover that half her conversation is affected, the other half insipid, while the whole is borrowed from Clauren or Kotsebue, the tenderness with which she endeavours to attract only pains us, while we are annoyed by her uselessly extravagant decoration, her attempt at refinement in spite of her inborn superficiality. But if one takes rondos less seriously, if one overlooks this and that, if one is an enemy to melody, and if one forgets that Hummel has written a rondo in A, then I do not see why Herr Krebs' rondo may not be ranked among the best things written by Czerny and Kalkbrenner in their latest prime, or why it may not be recommended. The composer of the following rondo is not the Dresden chapelmaster, though he has many characteristics in common with him, especially facility in the invention of pretty melodies. On the first page all goes gaily on, but in the course of the piece he wanders too often out of the key, and thus no one of these rondos forms a complete whole. For instance, in the first we have D minor too soon, C major where we expected F major, and F major (page 3) where we should have remained in C, A major insufficiently prepared, without mentioning B flat major, which would better have commenced a new rondo. It seems as if the composer tried to bring in too many things —a brilliant passage, a cantilena, a middle period worked out, and so on ; and we are crushed by so much within so small a space. And this composer has a great deal to learn from his namesake in regard to symmetry of form and clearness of harmonic construction.

Herr Hesse's rondo fluctuates between the capriccio, rondo, and mazurka character, and is therefore undecided in its effect. It is a "company" piece, and yet I never anticipated much drawing-room success for this composer; he writes too well, and yet too heavily for it. It is a matter of course, however, that the piece is more interesting, harmonically, better rounded, more thorough, than twenty of the latest fashionable Parisian articles.

In Herr Haslinger's rondo we find a great many pretty incidents, an easy, happy nature ; in short, it is, as it should be, a party of pleasure, over which no one will break his fingers, or anything harder to break. Ordinary musical critics would endeavour to sketch the piece, and relate the expectation of the public (B flat major, $\frac{4}{4}$ time, andante) while the balloon is inflated, until it at last flies (in the allegro con moto) over upturned heads; but I prefer to call attention to its nicely-turned design, its light flow, its good rhythms, for which I would gladly give away much double counterpoint.

One recognises a clever artist like Herr Grund even in single measures, such as we find in his rondo at page 2, staff 3, at the beginning of pages 4 or 5, staff 3 to bar 3. But the whole rondo betrays a firm hand and thought and solid cultivation, such as is rarely found. I could have wished for a more decided cantilena in the middle; but, on the whole, it may be termed fine and good. Why does this excellent composer write so little?

FANTASIAS, CAPRICES, &c., FOR PIANOFORTE.

ALLEGRO DI BRAVURA, E minor, by JULIE BARONI CAVALCABO.—Opus 8.

FEMININE composers are so few that their names might be written on a rose leaf; and for this reason we keep watch for them, and do not allow any of their works to pass unnoticed. When a maiden neglects ribbons and flowers to write notes, she must have ten times more reasons for composing than we who only write in the hope of immortality. But this lady composer may have been inspired to write; she is a grand-child pupil, as it were, of Mozart, as Mozart's son is her master, though distant Lemberg is her home. With such memories, and in such a spot, one may often feel melancholy, and a winter evening does the rest. The pianoforte is opened, the poetic wings are fastened on, one improvises without knowing it, and if one has dreams and music in the soul, one does as she does of whom we speak.

Excepting a few hesitating moments, a few unclear, spoiled melodies, that could easily have been rendered simple and noble, I find all good and correct, plan and execution excellent, and nothing disturbs the favourable impression save the addition "di bravura" to the title. For this the allegro should have been more difficult; and such a style of writing does not well suit women, whose talent always inclines more to dreamy romances, &c. And, finally, I could have wished this movement followed by two others, so as to form a sonata; this one certainly sounds like the first movement of such a work, even to the missing middle period. Besides, in writing so, the modest dilettante composer would have taken a great step towards the increase of her fame; and in our time, when so many amateurs take half steps forward or backward, we overlook or confuse the names of the best among them. And so, may the next work prove a larger one!

G. C. KULENKAMP.

Caprice in D minor.

"TELL me where you live, and I will tell you how you compose." There is something in this paradox of Florestan's; so much, indeed, that it is correct even when reversed. Excursions, short journeys make no difference, though this may exert a momentary influence. Had Beethoven been shut up for ten years in some provincial hole and corner of the world (the mere idea enrages one), would he have composed the D-minor symphony there? In cities there are people—worst of all, friends; one composes, one asks the latter, they are astonished; one publishes, newspaper notices follow, &c. I mean to say that the admired composer of the above caprice should reside in a great city, where the mere contemporary influence of other talents calls out and doubles one's strength. Most of his inventions betray the anxiety of small town life, above which he would gladly rise, and could, were he not held down by strong burgher hands. This accounts for the presence of so much that is stiff and antiquated, in spite of much that is good and the unmistakable aspiration towards the noblest goal. The original idea scarcely reaches expression, though it approaches it; we find grey in grey, silver in silver; much meaning, but no sharp outline, no clear tones. It would be useful to him, could he determine to imitate any one master intentionally; then, in the comparison of his own ideas with those of his original, he would better and clearly appreciate the difference between mine and thine. He must not remain at his present standpoint, but must seek fuller fountains of life, that will refresh and nourish his powers of production. As we have followed his past endeavours with all the attention and indulgence (though silent) that serious art efforts awaken in us (silent only because we waited for something out of the common), we shall do the same in future, publicly, with all the attention and severity that his talent merits.

HENRI HERZ.

Second Caprice on the favourite Romance, by Grisar, "La Folle."—Opus 84.

WITHOUT any ceremony, I consider Herz as the military music in the great score of the world; he plays with the rest, wishes to be remarked, and deserves praise when he pauses at the right time, and is not too noisy when he comes in again. Besides, it is the latest fashion in artist aristocracy to praise Herz, and one really grows tired of the complaints of insipid patriots about "ear-tickling" and "sing-song." We don't mean to say that these ever delighted us, or that we fancy music cannot exist without a triangle; but however, the great chapelmaster created him and gave him his part also, so let him rattle merrily among the rest. Long live Herz! Then we can use his compositions as dictionaries of musical terms, for he almost exhausts this part of the Italian language; scarce one note stands without its intention, its sign of expression; not a languishing measure without its "smorzando." And if true poetic creations need not, according to Jean Paul, such dragomen, lest they should resemble Solbrig's books of rhetoric (the examples in which were printed with seven different modes of declamation, the rising and falling of the voice, &c.), Mr. Herz knows it; he does not wish to be mistaken for a poet, though he chooses to give an interlineary verbal expression to his feelings at the same time as the musical one.

I should like to say a great deal more on this subject, but the type-setter is looking anxiously over my shoulder, and reminding me of Whitsuntide holidays. Therefore, I will merely say of the caprice, that eighty-three works preceded it, and that this is a consequence of those. "La Folle" is a famous French salon romance; Mdme. Masi's bravura, a *folie de salon;* but the caprice is not merely as good as the song, it is a great deal better. Herz shakes light, elegant, almost luxuriant harmonic progressions from his sleeves like almonds (see page 8), and attains a certain swing, whose end and aim, however, is, unfortunately, too well known to us of old. Then come his stretti: allegro, presto, prestissimo, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$, and the public foams about it all like an enraptured ocean, and even the most eminent of cantors will close his ears to the octaves at page 14, staves 3 to 4.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Three Caprices.—Opus 33.

It sometimes seems as though this artist, to whom accident gave the right name at his baptism, broke off a few measures and chords from his "Midsummer

Night's Dream," and enlarged and worked them out into separate works, as painters have repeated their madonnas in angels' heads. In that dream the composer's dearest wishes ran together to the goal; it is the result of his very being; and how beautiful and significant we all know. Two of the above caprices must have belonged to an earlier period, the middle one to his latest; the others might have been written by other masters, but the initials F. M. B. stand on every page of the second one; it is a geni that has secretly stolen earthwards. Yet no spectre hides in it, no fairy beckons from it; it storms not, excites not, in it we tread the firm, flowery German earth; it is Walt's "Summer Journey through the Country" (by Jean Paul). I am almost convinced that no one can play this piece with such inimitable grace as its composer, for few could wholly render its transparently shining veins, its glowing colour, its changing expression of face; and I think Eusebius is right when he says the composer might make the most constant of maidens inconstant with it for a few moments. How different are the other capriccios! They scarcely bear any relationship at all to this one. In the last, especially, I seem to detect a speechless, restrained resentment, that seems painfully self-contained until the close, and then breaks loose from a full heart. Why? Who can tell? One is wild at times, not angry with this or that only, but one would like to strike left and right at things in general, one's own self out of the world, perhaps, if it were not necessary to bear it all a little longer. The caprice may strike others differently, but this is the effect it makes on me. We will simply say of the first, that if we live through a light sorrow in it, it is of a nature that may be healed by the very music in which it is plunged. We will say no more, save to advise our readers next to consult the works as soon as possible.

C. SCHNABEL, Recollections of Madame Schroeder-Devrient. Fantasia on motives from Bellini's operas.—Opus 14.
AMADEUS MEREAUX, Grand Fantasia on a Theme by Halevy. —Opus 42.
J. A. LADURNER, Fantasia, Fugue, and Sonata on a Theme by Handel.
SIGISMUND THALBERG, Fantasia on a Theme from the "Huguenots."—Opus 20.

THE secondary style of composition—that of improvising on the themes of others—is unfortunately becoming very general, and hides itself under a fine name, with the meaning of which it has little in common. Herr Schnabel, especially, has lately sunk deep in an ocean of unimaginativeness, trifling altogether with us in his pot-pourri. Were I Madame Schroeder, to whom these Recollections are dedicated, like a Pizarro I would pierce the composer with my pistol-shot glance. I forgive much to a German,—tastelessness, lack of order, idleness, theorising,—but never such an intentional imitation of the weakest Italian sentimentality as I find here. I have already spent more words on it than it deserves.

A romanticising style of salon music has crept between the Chopin and Herz parties in Paris, to which M. Amadeus Mereaux successfully devotes himself. It carries its motto, "A little of everything when possible," too conspicuously on its forehead for us to be in any doubt as to its tendency. Yet M. Mereaux possesses original talent, and severe pruning might have made something of him. To be sure, in his "grand" fantasia, we find nothing more original than an introduction that is not worth much; but then come remarkably brilliant variations on a march from "La Juive," which, even in its key, reminds us a little of the "Alexander March." Here and there we find a spice of learning, not enough, however, to excite the yawns of the listener. The first variation sounds very well. In the first part of the third, we find, opposed to all rhythm, a measure too much.

If M. Ladurner had a quarter of the preceding composer's *tournure,* he would succeed as speedily with the public as he deserves to do, were it only for his industry. Although his fantasia is superior in many respects to many others, it wants grace, and that fine polish which is sometimes naturally present in rough talent. Our music has gained so much in flexibility, precision of expression, variety of shading, that we can no longer support a stiff, uncompromising originality. It is a matter of course, that one cannot so easily ravel and unravel a Handel theme as one by Bellini. Our composer is aware of the height of his subject, and handles it carefully, thoughtfully, with the love of which only a harsh nature is capable, and which should encourage him to proceed—spite of our previous blame—in the same manner, but with better chosen means. If I judge rightly, this composer is not acquainted with his predecessors since Beethoven, and perhaps has not even reached a knowledge of him. Should he find sufficient reward for his labour in his own mind, I wish him joy of it; from his contemporaries he is as likely to obtain a return for it as for a Latin poem. Those who do not stand on the heights hitherto attained, will generally err respecting the effect of their works; will often err regarding the value of these. If Ladurner stood up there, how alarmed he would be at the sight of all the young, laughing faces—delighted with a pig-tail to worry — such as that unbearable crossing of the left hand with the right, the long melody sustained in the bass (see the trio), the old-fashioned arpeggio in the lowest bass, the double turns, and so on. But in the fugue, where he works out Handel's idea so powerfully, the young people will withdraw respectfully, and nothing is to be said against him in this; though, for my part, I could have preferred more increased elevation, considering its length. It seems a pity that the composer afterwards dropped the tenor melody on page 3 (where the theme appears for the first time); it would have had a good effect in the sonata, which consists of one movement only, as a second theme and would have given more colour to the whole. We shall follow sympathetically the further works of this composer.

"Those are to be accounted fortunate, who are raised by birth above the lower degrees of humanity; who are untrammelled by such associations as cause anxiety to many good men throughout their lives; who do not need to enter such spheres, even as guests," says Goethe. The truth of this passage in "Wilhelm Meister" never struck me more forcibly than when I passed from the above composer to the last-named one. He is fully master of his thoughts and language; he is a thorough man of the world in manner; and then how easily he resolves, interlaces, closes up his various threads, so that it no longer looks like intention. Without fatiguing or over-exciting, he leads his hearers on, wherever he will; he has felt the slightest pulse of the public, as few have done; he warms, then soothes it; in short, the general enthusiasm awakened by Thalberg's "Huguenot" fantasia is quite justifiable. The favourable form, of which he has made use in other and similar new compositions, appears here again. A short introduction with anticipations of themes to come; then the first theme, with an alteration in which tones from the second theme are already heard; then a union; and finally a short, challenging close. It would be difficult to convince any one, who has not made use of his own eyes and ears, of the art with which Thalberg handles his instrument, or to give an idea of the manner in which he enhances the effect of the melody by means of newly-invented accompaniments; of his rare pedal effects, his grasping single tones among masses, so that we sometimes imagine we hear different voices, and so on. Thus our young pianoforte composers of the most consequence should form themselves, each one attaining a style of instrumentation peculiar to him; but works like these of Thalberg are not for those who see nothing more in the pianoforte than a machine, a musical box of ascending and descending tones. Many will rejoice in the variety possible to an instrument which is so poor in its single tones, but which becomes indescribably rich in a combination of them.

C. RUMMEL, "Recollections of Sabine Heinefetter."—Opus 79.
J. RUCKGABER, "Reminiscences of Bellini."—Opus 35.
E. KÖHLER, "Reminiscences of Bellini."—Opus 54.
H. HERZ, Dramatic Fantasia on the famous Protestant Choral in the "Huguenots."—Opus 89.
C. G. KULENKAMP, "The Chase," a Humorous Tone-Picture for Four Hands.—Opus 49.

IT is well known that Voltaire once wrote a very short review on a book that was laid before him with a request for one, when he simply struck out the last letter from the word *Fin*. The letter "I," which Florestan is tempted to affix to Rummel's Recollections, would be a still shorter review, did it not signify a number as well as an interjection (aha!

hum !). However, the composition is a passable *pièce d'occasion* on the well-known rhymes heart and smart; an apotheosis, if not enrapturing, at least occasioned by rapture over the talent of a countrywoman. Were we forbidden to speak the truth, however, we should count these Recollections among the better class of works.

This may also be said of Herr Ruckgaber's souvenir. Many persons (that is to say, we and I) rarely think of Bellini, and therefore such a shaking up is good. Were I the original publisher, I would not permit such sucking of the bones from Bellini's operas; they will at last be emptied of the best that they contain.

It is really singular that all the above recollections, including those by Herr Köhler, are written in E flat major, and form characteristic examples of the scale in that key; and it is odd that all commence very brilliantly, and close like the Sinfonia Eroica, except Ruckgaber's, which dies away in a soft pianissimo. Köhler's fantasia, however, is distinguished by a more organic form than the others, and betrays solid thoughts and studies. Well accompanied by an orchestra, and played with care and fire, it would be applauded everywhere. I have already said how much it is to be desired that the first German composers should continue to immortalise themselves and Italian composers in this manner.

Mozart, listening with beaming eyes to Allegri's "Miserere," can scarcely have paid more attention to it than did our honoured Herz to the first performance of the "Huguenots." He must have thought: "Ye rogues! he is no musician who cannot appropriate the best and most admired things of others, spite of authors' and publishers' rights!" And long after midnight he sat down, and brooded over it, and wrote. The title is a deceptive one, though favourably so to the purchaser; for the piece, instead of being merely a dramatic fantasia on "*Le célèbre choral Protestant, intercalé par Giac. Meyerbeer, dans les Huguenots*," contains, besides this, which only appears abruptly once, a truly Meyerbeerian scene and chorus, an aria with some fine points, a Bohemienne which is rather insignificant, and a very pretty air de ballet. We are not sufficiently familiar with the Huguenots to be able to say how much of this belongs to Herz, how much to Meyerbeer; however, we shall try to guess. We can at least assure our readers that everything is put together with tact, often with talent. By the by, what is the meaning of the pretty little oblong marks ▭ over single notes? A soft pressure, a graceful lifting of the hands? These marks are not to be found in the "Stuttgard Universal Lexicon," and therefore we make the observation.

There is nothing new to be said about Herr Kulenkamp's "Chase" for four hands; its contents can be read and seen in a neat vignette and the printed programme. There we find, for example: "11. A hare springs up, shots miss fire. 12. Jesting remarks. 13. Insipid excuses," and so on! The composer, in some remarks intended for reviewers, fears "that such details may give occasion to pleasantry, but these little points cannot be omitted in a truthful reproduction," &c. His first idea is correct, not so the second, or but half so. There is a vast difference between common vulgarity and that of Shakespeare. Why should I be silent about it? This hunt has put me out of temper altogether. When a composer labours carefully for years, writes forty works, and then falls upon a theme that is utterly opposed to any poetic movement, let him treat it ever so dryly and senselessly, the sympathetic listener cannot help feeling sad about it. Here are no tones from a free breast, no hunting-horn sounds like this; the music has no life. "Tell me where you live, and I will tell you how you compose," was Florestan's remark respecting an earlier composition by Herr Kulenkamp. Florestan was right, and so was Rellstab when he once exclaimed, figuratively, "Our composers are able to shoot hares, but they cannot strangle lions!"

J. ROSENHAIN, "Remembrance," a Romance.
C. CZERNY, "Recollections of my First Tour in Saxony," Brilliant Fantasia.—Opus 413.
H. BERTINI, "Impressions de Voyage."—Opus 104.
H. BERTINI, Caprice on a Romance by Grisar.—Opus 108.
H. BERTINI, "Sarah." Caprice on a Romance by Grisar.—Opus 110.
H. BERTINI, Two Notturnos.—Opus 102.

ADOLPH LE CARPENTIER, Caprice on a Romance by Grisar.—Opus 16.
C. G. KULENKAMP, three Notturnos.—Opus 42.
DELPHINE HILL HANDLEY, Caprice.
A. J. BECKER, two Lyrical Pieces.—Opus 2, first collection.

THERE is an endless series of "Recollections" in the catalogues of to-day, and "Reminiscences" are countless. But I have not found any great monuments among them; yet the themes are often musical, and the music a souvenir of the finest things that have existed and perished here.

Rosenhain's romance does not rise above an easy lyrical passivity. One can easily imagine what it is. Timid as first love, we accept it, provided that nothing more is said about it; but where are the sonatas, concertos, &c., which Herr Rosenhain still owes us? He has youth and strength enough to "strangle lions" already.

It is said that Herr Czerny, surrounded by the glory of four hundred works, wrote last season to his publishers "that they would be glad to hear that it was now his intention to devote himself to composition." And, indeed, he is setting to work again with an ardour that deserves to be qualified as inexhaustible. But that he drives the business in such a wholesale manner (sometimes ten or twelve separate books are headed with a single opus number), he would be counted as the first to boast of three noughts; he reminds us of Scarlatti, who wrote two hundred works; or Bach, whose works cannot be counted. Thus great minds and extremes meet!

To-day we discover a new talent in him—characteristic picturesqueness, which is so much sought for and preferred now. We have the whole account of a journey before us. The postillion blows his horn; the composer already looks out from the carriage window: "Is it possible that thou art really on thy travels?" he cries in recitative, and gay Vienna disappears farther and farther in the distance. Who knows what the composer may yet experience? For the first time in a Czerny composition, we meet shadows which we cannot explain. On the whole, however, the work is worth more than any criticism upon it, and should be studied. And though Florestan excitedly walks up and down beside me, and says were he Czerny he never would have published a work that contrasts so advantageously with his earlier ones, he merely deserves to be called a hypochondriac.

Of a different nature, more involved, more mysterious, are Bertini's "Impressions de Voyage." Poor sleepyheads, who have hitherto considered him insipid! Press again the hand that points out such excellences to the world, as are once more heaped on each other in this work also! I compare this voyage to a party of pleasure; only the close reminds one somewhat of the sensitive Yorick. Donizetti is a professor of counterpoint; Bertini may be entitled one of æsthetics. How one thing naturally results from another here; how strength resolves itself into grace, reason into fancy; how nature and art here interpenetrate each other! All here rises to a higher elevation than in the notturnos which seem to express a voluptuously enthusiastic sadness. Both caprices, too, are real phenomena of human intellect; several of such we are happily able to point to, as, for instance, Le Carpentier's caprices. But here we must dispense with jesting, and openly declare that these may be counted among the worst things that modern French literature has produced; and our publishers would consult their own interests, did they display more care in their choice for importation.

And now our subjects display a more genuine German physiognomy. First, for Herr Kulenkamp's notturnos. We will run through one, bar for bar. Number 2, E major. It begins with the right character. Bars 1 to 8, good; 9 to 16, still better, though I could desire freer declamation. C sharp major is touched, but it passes into B. D major enters uneasily; the composer feels the unsuitableness of this key when E is the ground-tone, and leads into F sharp minor (bar 25). An evil spirit leads him to A major; his periods begin to lose in distinctness; he grows anxious and tries to save himself through G major, but it does not suit him. E flat major falls as if from the clouds. Still more unhappily he travels into A major, but through that attains with ease the wished-for E major. But why have we the theme all at once in octaves, by means of which it loses all expression? Why is a measure lacking on page 11, in the period between bars 9 to 15? Why, after the chords E + G sharp + C + D, have we the E-major chord, which cannot possibly sound well or right?

Still, every one will discover that these notturnos, in spite of their faults, bear witness to a more noble endeavour than hundreds of other productions of the day are inspired by. But, if we ask what or whom they benefit—art, the public, the composer himself—our answer can scarcely be a doubtful one. Sensible, strenuous as we know the composer to be, his creations have chanced on an epoch of discord, when he needs to weigh his powers strictly, lest he should go astray in false paths. He hesitates between old and new, tries here and there, would gladly give satisfaction, approaches, and in another moment is miles away from the goal. In spite of this, we would encourage him. We doubt not but that he will at last give us something perfect, though he may yet write a hundred more notturnos. If only two or three of them should succeed, that would be better than to give it up after a first half successful attempt.

And here is something for dreaming children. The caprice by Delphine Hill Handley, better known to many under the name of Schauroth, is charming in spite of its little weak points. These are the weaknesses of inexperience, not those of awkwardness; and the genuinely musical nerve is felt through them all. And a tenderly passionate red blush makes this miniature very interesting.

Not less interesting are the lyrical pieces by A. J. Becker.* But the same title does not suit them all. I suspect that some of them have been composed to texts, and then arranged for the pianoforte alone. If so, it is a blamable attempt, a sin against one's own children. If not so, numbers like 2, 4, and 7 are utterly unintelligible. I can only regard numbers 3, 5, and 6 as original pianoforte pieces, and am doubtful as to the others. They all convey a painful impression, as of striving towards the unreachable, longing for rest and peace; sometimes expressed coldly and with difficulty, sometimes softly and touchingly. From a musical point of view we find throughout an endeavour to be original and significant, with odd harmonies, peculiar melodies, sharp-cornered forms. I do not find a single one that is calmly finished off. Whole measures are thoroughly displeasing, as is the succession in which the pieces are arranged; they might have been placed more naturally and pleasingly. We trust the composer may clothe his future creations with something of the grace that so enchantingly allures us in the works of his model, to whom these lyrical pieces are dedicated. He is at least, however, not wanting in native elevation of ideas.

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* Later, in 1852, he met with a lamentable death.

J. TEDESCO, Fantasia on Motivos from "Robert the Devil." —Opus 6.
C. SCHUNKE, Grand Characteristic Caprice on a Theme by Meyerbeer.—Opus 46.
J. NISLE, Brilliant Allegro.—Opus 45.
J. SCHMITT, Grand Brilliant Fantasia, Douleur et Triomphe, Inspiration Musicale.—Opus 225.
HOMMAGE À CLARA WIECK, Collection for the Pianoforte.
O. GERKE, "Amusement."—Opus 16.
J. P. C. HARTMANN, Four Caprices.—Opus 18.

WHOEVER may be aware that Herr Tedesco has at least astonished Leipsic with the above fantasia, whoever has heard him play it, cannot quarrel with the composer, because he has placed on the printed title-page a modest "Exécuteé par l'auteur dans ses concerts." There are things of which people never speak, unless forced to do so against their will. Yet few care to be angry with a young travelling artist, or not to further his success. But would that the virtuoso had omitted that "exécuteé!" That exécuteé leaves me no rest, takes away my breath, haunts me in my dreams. And then I read in some North German papers of a wonder-player, the Hannibal of octaves, &c. This also may be true, undeserving of confutation; but this little word, this exécuteé!—I can no more.

Who is to blame for the fortunes of so many young composers? Meyerbeer. I say nothing of the undeniable influence of his works on every one, nothing of the universal European style, by means of which his themes, through working out, most certainly attain their aim; what I here refer to is the material point of view, it is the gold, the divine metal into which zealous youths coin him over, and the profit they gain by smuggling themselves into immortality behind the rags of a great man. This is what Herr C. Schunke tries to do. He rolls, delighted, amid the master's tones, fills his fragrant goblet again and again with the general impression, until he is wholly intoxicated, and is, in a word, Meyerbeer's boldest herald. Press me not to declare what you will find in these twenty pages of music, beyond good beginnings, wafted pianoforte sighs, many delicate details, then a Meyerbeerian and most charming leading on, and at the close a pointing towards the Lutheran choral, which of course I expected. But these are mere words, winks, that faintly express all that I have myself thought of in the "Huguenots," from the bathing maiden up to the chorale. Let who will feast in these from the source itself.

Herr Nisle's innocent polonaise makes one almost sad after such merry music; he certainly knows very little of the world, if he expects to storm it with Palestrina's triads. The trio only has more colour and an agreeable character, the rest passes away in the commonest harmonies; the whole sounds like a composition of Vanhall's time.

The only thing that displeases me in Herr J. Schmitt's fantasia is its bombastic placard. Why *douleur et triomphe?* Why *inspiration* and *musicale?* Why *grande fantaisie brilliante?* The music is unaltered, spite of this; but why does an old moss-covered head commit the folly we laugh at in a pupil, when, in pardonable self-satisfied enthusiasm, he bedaubs his title-page with letters an inch long? And even those on whom such placards produce an effect beforehand, will perceive that the pain and triumph do not go very far. So we will call the piece "Introduction, theme, and variations," and judge it from that elevation. Then we find a very pleasantly sounding piece of music, put together with tact and taste, full of agreeable melody, which, if not deep, is of graceful character. In treatment of the harmony as well as of the instrument, our composer resembles Bertini, than whom he displays more German firmness of handiwork, if less modish novelty. The piece will become a favourite without our recommendation.

It seems as if all five of the worthy composers, who in the collection above-mentioned offer a souvenir to Clara Wieck, had looked too deeply in that great artiste's eyes, if we may judge from the romantic mood into which they fall; even two honourable organists totter a little. But seriously, the collection is interesting. The very first piece, a caprice by C. Frank, pleases by its brevity, unity, strength and freshness, while the rhapsody by E. Hesse is damped somewhat by romantic influence, yet extricates itself with talent from the snare. The vision of our worthy Dr. Kahlert I do not entirely understand; I will even confess that I first played it adagio-sissimo, when, to my astonishment, I found the tempo marked presto; and then all grew dark around me. One certainly feels convinced that one has a little monster of romanticism under one's fingers. The toccata by E. Köhler is constructed on a lively figure, and when swiftly played sounds brilliant and well. It loses in the second part, on account of the same harmonies coming in again. A notturno by B. E. Philipp closes the collection; it is a copy, but one by a talent that deserves more encouragement and sustenance than it has perhaps received.

In Herr Gerke's "Amusement" I could have wished the waltz and polonaise omitted, in order to recommend the piece as a good one. There should be a paid reviewer of manuscripts, bound beforehand to demolish talented young composers who blot their finest productions with downright faults. But for the above pieces, which transform into indifference and vexation the feeling of respect which our composer had otherwise won from artist and critic, what an excellent collection this would have been! The other movements, a march, a scherzo — that certainly reminds one greatly of Hummel's in the D-major sonata—a rondo, and a mazurka, must be counted among the most thoughtful things that I have yet met with among Gerke's compositions. Let him remain thoughtful, and leave the sphere of elegance to others.

The four caprices by Herr P. C. Hartmann are well worked out, reasonable, earnest, even gloomy.

They look, however, as if he was too anxious for excellence, dallying too long over details; a damper seems to rest upon his music, preventing it from speaking freely. Wherever we glance we find form and idea, but no melody. In the third caprice, which strives to be melodious, this failure is more evident; it possesses melody, but this wavers unsafely and uncomfortably up and down; when we fancy we have caught it on the right hand, it moves to the left; when we seek it in the depths, it ascends to the heights. No one can forcibly attain the tender melodic vein, that, in master-works, wanders through the most entangled labyrinth of harmony; but much is to be gained by refraining from too great a preponderance of harmony over melody, by taking especial pains not to oppress the latter. And this, it seems to me, is what the composer must beware of. May it prove that our advice does not come too late; may he yet pursue with light, free heart that goal which, with all our hearts, we trust may always be reached by those who strive in earnest.

L. SCHUBERTH, Grand Fantasia in the form of a Sonata (Souvenir of Beethoven).—Opus 30.
C. M. VON WEBER, Fantasia (Les adieux).
S. THALBERG, three Nocturnes.—Opus 21.
S. THALBERG, Grand Fantasia.—Opus 22.
W. TAUBERT, Brilliant Impromptu on a Theme by Meyerbeer.—Opus 25.
W. TAUBERT, Brilliant Diversion (Bacchanal), with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 28.

It would be quite natural if the left ear of one of the above composers were ringing unbearably a few moments ago; for I was then declaring to an acquaintance: "Friend, thou knowest that in mildness I am a perfect Walt (a Jean Paul character); but in certain cases it is possible for me to change my skin. We had a symphony before us lately, whose author had stolen so bravely that we were able to preface the different movements, 'Eroica' movement, 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' &c. But that symphonist was a child compared to our Beethoven immortaliser. Have we come to this that we are obliged to ask composers, before they compose, whether they have read 'Knigge's Intercourse with Men,' and to remind them that it is not customary to pull off one's boots in refined society? Do they not yet know the A B C of the first steps in education? Must we also remind them of the Greek schools, in which the scholars were expressly told that they must repeat the melodies of their fathers correctly and earnestly, and that they would be severely beaten if they ventured to ornament those melodies with any flourishes? Has uncultivation spread so far as to handle the noble thoughts of a master? Still worse, does any one dare to alter, to deform them? Truly, by their reverence do I know them. Hidschnu-Chan-Murzach revolves before a log in the dust, Peter pinches his sweetheart's cheeks, and composers write souvenirs of Beethoven!"

My friend thought I expressed myself rather strongly. But I vowed once more to combat vulgarity and perversity, as long as a drop of blood remained to me.

In the fantasia to which Weber's name is attached, I hoped to refresh myself after my annoyance; but, already on the third page, I imagined every note to be crying out, "I am not Weber." And if it should be shown to me in his handwriting, yes, if he should rise from the grave himself and declare that he did write the fantasia, I would not believe it. I should heartily pity the deceived ones; but no one could rob me of my moral certainty. Papers will be probably laid before us, but they will never prove that anything is gained by the publication of a thoroughly superficial, empty piece of music, though it bears the name of the best.

In going through Thalberg's compositions, I felt in a continual state of expectation, not that I was on the look-out for platitudes; but he always gets so thoroughly ready for them, that we can count beforehand, very closely, on the coming bald places. In smaller styles of composition, such as do not require continuous energy for their completion, like great forms, such passages are of course less frequent; for this reason most of his notturnos please me, abstracting all hope of sublimity and variety of invention, and overlooking, as a weakness, the composer's touch of mawkishness. The melodies of these notturnos, though not new or pure in style, are quite insinuating. That of the first seems to me only a—so to say—finely instrumentated alteration of the old "To Alexis," &c. The second melodic thought (in A flat major) of the second notturno is also very tender, but finally slips and drags. I prefer the theme of the third notturno, as it glides away less wildly, and is of a southern nature; but in the passage, bar 13 to 14, there is a progression (D sharp, B; G sharp, A) that is perfectly unbearable to me. The retrogressions, in which a master-hand is often first detected, do not occur with the ease and naturalness that we find in Field and Chopin; and Thalberg bears a very distant relationship to the latter, as Carl Mayer does to the former. The fantasia, opus 22, consists of a number of small divisions, which move round a few fundamental harmonies, from which some really fine melodies unwreathe themselves here and there. It contains a good deal of tenderness and grace, although it is written full and heavily. A musical paper lately observed of Thalberg's compositions, that we should lose half our enjoyment in listening to them with closed eyes, as we should then suppose them played by two performers. It is, however, not a small thing in one person to accomplish what two are usually needed for, and this thought should increase our respect. But the fact that Thalberg, like Herz and Czerny, makes the fingers and hand predominate, and throws away such brilliant means in casting illusion over weak ideas, leads us to doubt whether the world will find pleasure in such mechanical music much longer.

Among the compositions which have been called forth by the "Huguenots," and of which we pray Heaven not to send us too many more, Herr Taubert's alone deserves to be entitled a good piece of music, if not a work of art. Though the chorus "Rataplan" has little originality, and sounds more like an arpeggio of the gallopade in "William Tell," yet I could have wished to hear it at least once unaltered, rather than as Herr Taubert has set it. But this is only secondary, and what gives value to a work is the construction of the whole—in which German artists are conceded to be pre-eminent. The author probably considers the "Huguenot" piece to possess little value; yet we would say nothing against it, should he, in future, write many such things, to his own and the public advantage: to that of the public, because it can learn far more if it tastes its favourite refreshment in the goblet of precious workmanship, rather than in twisted French champagne glasses; to his own, that he may acquire just so much drawing-room refinement as will not injure more earnest endeavours. Or, as Florestan lately observed in reference to something else, "Many things must be complimented into us, merely to thrust them out of us again," which foolish joke we excuse.

We do not exactly find bacchantic life in the "Bacchanal"—for this the composer lacks the highest flight of inspiration—but rather a merry carouse, which will not alarm the police. The instruments seem to have a good deal to say in it, but of this we cannot be quite sure for want of a score. We find echoes of Mendelssohn and even of Weber here and there, but in a manner that I am inclined to term inverted imitation; for many composers strive, with all the industry they can muster, to avoid that which they resemble, until, in an unguarded moment, they fall entirely in its arms.

CZERNY, "The Four Seasons," Four Brilliant Fantasias.—Opus 434.
W. KLINGENBERG, Divertissement.—Opus 3.
H. BERTINI, Grand Dramatic Fantasia.—Opus 118.
FR. KALKBRENNER, Dramatic Scene, "Le Fou."—Opus 136.
L. BOCHNER, Fantasia.—Opus 48.
A. KAHLERT, Four Nocturnes.—Opus 6.

IT is a common complaint and joke among experienced reviewers, that this or that new fantasia lacks fancy more than anything else. This time such a complaint would be well-founded, for it would be hard to discover a greater bankrupt in imagination than Czerny has proved himself in his latest "grand" work. The worthy composer should be allowed to retire on a pension, for he deserves it, and would then cease writing. It is true that the fingers of youth have much to thank him for, and he has received well-deserved praise for his services in this respect. But we cannot manufacture teachers and painters, not to speak of composers, by overwhelming the world with A B C books and picture sheets; and the world and Herr Czerny ought to know it. To be sure, gold has a pleasant ring, and publishers must live too. But the latter should not deceive themselves in regard to Czerny's latest productions; they never gave promise of a great future, and for a long time they have completely failed in melodic elegance and similar qualities. In a word, he has become antiquated; we have too many of his compositions: let him have a pension!

It was once the general custom for scholars to dedicate their works to their masters, but the reverse is now becoming equally general; such we find the case in the above divertissement, and we will not cast a doubt on the composer's talent in the eyes of his pupil, though we think it is not at all necessary for us to tell her that the work is not by Beethoven. Its true place is on the pianoforte desk of the lady who is sung in it, but scarcely in the pages of a journal, let alone of a strict one; it is a well-meant pot-pourri.

Bertini's fantasia will please many; he has pleased a few. But I must confess that I never was a great admirer of his sweetish, marrowless, powerless, inamorato style of thinking and writing; and so, not to be unjust, it is pleasant to acknowledge that he has this time openly endeavoured to create something more worthy, to work his subject out, and has even succeeded in some parts of it (see page 8). Future inquirers into artistic matters will not overlook the great resemblance between his nature and that of Thalberg.

A comparison has been made somewhere between Voltaire and Kalkbrenner, and indeed there is something in the above "Fou" that reminds one of the arch-wag of all times. This dramatic scene is a jest played upon the young Parisian pianists of to-day, a few of whom, no doubt, prefer their own fingering and compositions to this, which, however, is amusing enough. If I am not mistaken, I recognise Chopin in the first pages, then Liszt, perhaps Bertini, and at last certainly Thalberg. In the doleful adagio at page 10, Bertini seems to me capitally outlined; Liszt and Thalberg may pass; but as for the first mentioned, it would be more difficult for Chopin to imitate Kalkbrenner, than for Kalkbrenner to imitate Chopin. However this may be, the piece will amuse all who play it; most of all those caricatured in it, whose revenge we shall anxiously expect.

In L. Bochner a certain something often appears, as in his fantasia, opus 48, which, in brokenness, gloom, emptiness, may not inappropriately be compared to a shipwreck. Any one, by looking into it, may convince himself of this grotesque tastelessness, the heaping up of contradictory material, the entangling of old and new, of weakness and intellectual strength, such as is rarely to be found; and then the errata are fearful, they render confusion more confounding. And yet there are certain passages of this fantasia that sound as though Mozart had written them.

In Kahlert's four notturnos we find more special emotionary meaning than in ordinary notturnos. The clear and able thinker and writer on music looks quite differently as composer—a common result; for when general cultivation exceeds that which is more particularly musical, a breach must ensue. Every art demands a life, and all leaping over the scholar's bench betrays itself afterwards; consequently we find, in most amateur work, unclearness of form and impurity of harmony, in spite of good intentions, where the accomplished musician would have created a perfect masterwork. Many things in these notturnos seem to me artificial, forced in expression, and consequently a failure. Yet they contain much that is interesting; the last piece seems to possess more musical elements within it than any of the rest, and might have become quite remarkable with a more pleasing understanding and treatment of its capabilities.

JULIE BARONI-CAVALCABO, Second Caprice.—Opus 12.
J. P. E. HARTMANN, Four Caprices.—Opus 18, book ii.

WE have followed the young composer first mentioned above, and who is a pupil of Mozart's son, with especial interest till now; she possesses, next to Clara Wieck and Delphine Hill Handley, the richest musical vein among all her feminine contemporaries who have ventured into publicity; and, besides, a strong sense of proportion, form, and gradation, with qualities that must display themselves in her vocal compositions, much feeling, and melodious expression. In order to give the above caprice all the appearance of that value which it really possesses, I could have wished the slow movement unpublished; for it has too little melodious character, and too much of an insipid Czerny-passage-like flatness. But in the other movement we find life, vivacity, fresh rhythms throughout, with delicate workmanship in some places, where other favourite pianists would have given way to the major third and runs up and down the keyboard. The caprice is difficult, yet very playable. Let the name of the fair composer be noted down for remembrance.

We have already spoken of Herr Hartmann's first book of caprices; this second one simply justifies that partly favourable, partly unfavourable, judgment. Warm and serious intentions are everywhere discernible here, besides much knowledge; yet the anatomy is too visible, and nothing seems to arrive at a truly poetical bloom. The melodies are too small, the rhythms are not commanding; we desire more everywhere. Yet we say this out of regard to a high degree of talent, that seems to have a still higher goal before it; these caprices would be considered a great production, were they that of a weak intellect. I would not have entitled the pieces "caprices" either; they are too close in form, and often too lyrically concluded; yet it would be difficult to find a name equally suited to all four of them.

JULIE BARONI-CAVALCABO.

Third Caprice.—Opus 18. Fantasia.—Opus 19.

IF we except too marked a preference for Thalbergian form and Bellinian melody, these pieces, like everything written by their fair composer, possess many good musical qualities. And the feminine character is never laid aside in them. A frank betrayal of all her thoughts, a talkativeness that is not fatiguing, a difficulty in ending anything that she has much at heart, witness to that character. It strikes us agreeably that the composer, when she finds herself lost in dangerous harmonic progressions, does not attempt to recoil, trembling for the result, but proceeds and concludes firmly. I cannot detect a helping hand in either of the pieces; all seems the work of, original to, the composer, even to a few little faults of orthography. This composer, formerly a pupil of Mozart's son in Lemberg, now resides in Vienna.

HEINRICH CRAMER.

Fantasia with Variations, on Themes by Mozart.—Opus 7.
Romantic Fancies.—Opus 10.

THERE is nothing to wonder at in the fantasia, save that it has been remembered and written down by its composer; for it resembles one of those improvisations we are accustomed to hear from young amateur pianists in social circles. If the time should ever arrive—a time publishers must wish far distant, for then every player will become his own publisher—when copying machines, placed at the instrument, will instantaneously note down what is performed, such fantasias will appear by millions. The addition to the title "On Themes by Mozart," struck me at once, and bid me to hope for an artistic combination; but nothing rises above mediocrity, and the composer has executed his task too easily. A higher aim is visible in the "romantic fancies." Their mottos are "Feelings after a Ball," "Sympathetic Tones," and "A Greeting to Home." A hand that understands how to unite and combine, and thorough understanding of the instrument, are perceivable in them. They display very little romance, however; yet their composer seems to be young, and not without talent: may he make a good use of both these advantages.

FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER.

Fantasia, to his friend Liszt (Rêveries Fantastiques).—
Opus 41.

WHENEVER we see Liszt's name, we involuntarily expect some gigantic work. We do not find such a one here, though its composer, whose powers have until now been chiefly spent on easy arrangements for the entertainment of amateurs, has here transgressed the boundaries of his former sphere, and really accomplished something of consequence. The piece flows on with easy, happy facility, and has a very effective middle idea in the tenor part. The beginning reminds one of the overture to Euryanthe, as does the whole work of Weber's fiery allegro movements. Its composer ought to dedicate himself wholly to original compositions; there is always plenty of time for arrangements. We know not whether he is a relation of Norbert Burgmüller, the early-deceased, consecrated young composer. In name he resembles him; may he also do so in his future endeavours!

Louis Lacombe.

Caprice.—Opus 2.

THOUGH we dearly love what is characteristic, we should prefer that young composers brought us four-part chorals for reviewal, rather than tone-pictures, such as the mere title of the above promises. The caprice is waywardly called "Les Adieux à la Patrie," and of course such a name leads us to hope for something elegiac, adagio-like; instead of which, the young composer throws at us a wildly-leaping étude in E minor. Under his fingers (he is an admirable pianist), it may deceive one for a while; but, says Goethe, oh, how melancholy black looks on white! We cannot deny that the composer possesses a certain amount of musical feeling, but it needs the most careful cultivation, for at present it wavers between all styles and schools, and at last resolves itself into hollow pupil-like pathos. Would but publishers, as we have already suggested, make it a condition with young composers, that, before their works could be published, they should submit for inspection a correctly-written volume of four-part chorals, we should then have much better caprices.

JULIE VON WEBENAU.

(Born Baroni-Cavalcabo.) Fantasia.—Opus 25.

THE former name of this admired lady has often appeared in our paper. Her happy musical powers have been especially displayed in many songs, almost the best that have lately appeared in the imperial city, though others may be more popular there. She also deserves a foremost place, among feminine composers, for her instrumental works. Best of them all, she knows how to plan and perfect a piece of music; she gives us choice harmonies, often elegant and tender; her melodies are deep-felt, though often echoing the Italian softness. There is such a prevalent disbelief in feminine composers, that ladies are often suspected of having borrowed advice, and yielded the last polish to the care of another hand. The writer of these lines knows certainly that all this lady writes is of her own invention, though her former master, the son of Mozart, lives not very far from her. The present work consists of two long movements, one entitled "L'Adieu," the other "Le Retour." These titles are only suitable in a general sense, and seem to have been thought of subsequent to the composition of the work. There can be no question of any reminiscence of Beethoven's similarly entitled sonata. The movements are highly original, characteristic, and scarcely offer a weak point for attack. We wish that we were allowed more frequent opportunities of referring to the published works of this most musical dilettante.

JACQUES SCHMITT.

Fantasia.—Opus 268.
"The Fox Hunt," Fantasia.—Opus 280.

THIS composer's pleasant talent again displays itself in these pieces; Jacques Schmitt is always Jacques Schmitt, a composer whom reviewers find it hard to deal with, for they scarcely know what to say about him. One is certainly struck at once by the first page in the fantasia, that looks like a violoncello part with its single staff; but the right hand comes in afterwards, and then it runs up and down, with the usual cheerful, commonplace melodies. We certainly must praise this pianist's manner of writing; the fingers can scarcely fail to miss the correct manner of mastering this piece. The "Fox Hunt" has the same qualities. As in all hunting pieces, Méhul with his appoggiatura whip also makes his appearance here. We are, at any rate, glad that no detailed description of the chase is inserted between the lines; everything is easily guessed at without it. But the catalogues are quite empty of chamois and lion hunts. Might we suggest one? For *toujours perdrix!*

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK.

Grand Fantasia.—Opus 12.

THIS is the first grand work by the young pianoforte hero who is so much talked about at present. But, unhappily, we are forced to declare that it is a long time since we have met with anything so insipid. What poverty of fancy and melody, what an expenditure in attempting to impose lack of talent upon us, what coquetry over the commonest trivialities! Had the young virtuoso no friend near to tell him the truth, no one who, overlooking his finger facility, could direct his attention to the emptiness, the nullity of his music? A private report goes about that the young virtuoso has no opinion whatever of Beethoven,—is, in fact, his declared enemy; we know nothing certain about it, but his compositions lead us to fear that there is truth in the rumour. But even if he were to study Beethoven, it would not profit him anything; he can only learn from masters of the third and fourth rank, like Strauss and Lanner. We even fear that our good advice will not be understood; for the "fantasia" does not so much betray the talent of a mere pupil, as a positive, inborn incapacity for production. This might be more mildly said; but when impotence steps forward with so much pretension, it is impossible to look on without indignation. What Herr Dreyschock is able to accomplish as a virtuoso is another matter; his intervals, his powerful grasp, the bravura with which he accomplishes everything, may please for a while. But the time is coming when the value of such arts will be lowered, and then what is left to this kind of virtuoso?

F. C. WILSING.

Caprice.—Opus 6.

A CAPITAL piece, though a little cold and stiff, but betraying an excellent intention, and an already fertile aim throughout. It sounds as though the composer had early shut himself away from the noisy present, and that now, raised above its deleterious influence, he goes on his own way, untroubled whether his works find an echo in the public or not. Such characters are always honourable; and though they do not always belong to epoch-creating men, they are of great advantage to art in smaller circles. We can scarcely find anything to blame in this caprice; its form is so good that it would be difficult to add to or take away from it; its style is healthy, succinct, entirely clear. Though the composer's pieces do not enable us to decide what master he especially prefers, we are inclined to think that he leans towards

B. Klein. At least the compositions of both must be reproached with a lack of elevated aspiration, while they seem fettered here and there by the chains of a rather narrow theory. However, no one ever commenced as a master, and those deeper secrets of our art, that all-powerfully command every heart, are often only to be attained, even by the most talented of its disciples, at a very advanced age. And a right merry song most frequently leads us on the path to these. We trust the composer will understand the advice we offer him from goodwill alone.

A number of works still lie before us, the names of whose authors are little or not at all known; we have selected from a quantity of new publications such as appear to us most worthy of remark.

Julius Schapler, whose prize quartette has already been signalised by us as a work of distinction, has lately brought out a "fantasia capricciosa." Freshly remembering the impression which that quartette made upon us, we joyfully turned to the new composition, but were this time disappointed. The title excuses many things, but not all. We miss in this fantasia a really beautiful musical idea, besides that inward connection which ought to unite even fantastic disorder, if it wishes to be recognised and admitted into art's domain. The composer plainly meant something by the piece, but what? He is silent to us about this. Towards the end appears, really stepping from the clouds, a "moon," that is, an andante with this title. What passes before it is scarcely to be guessed at; we lack the key to the enigma. We fancy the composer intended to sketch some real event, but, in order to lend more mystery to the music, he has avoided giving any explanatory hints. He has thus injured himself and his work, in which, as it now stands, it will be difficult to awaken interest. There is too little absolute music about it, while it would have gained an intellectual significance had the composer hinted in words what kind of pictures floated before him while writing it, as he has only done in the case of "the moon." Still, it is not a good sign in a piece of music when we discover that it absolutely needs an explanatory heading, &c.; for then we think it is less likely to have sprung from inward depths, than to have been called into being by some outwardly-exciting cause. No one denies that our art can express much, even the progress of an event; but those who seek to measure the value and the effect of such sketches have an easy task before them; they only need to strike their titles out. Herr Schapler has done this, and luck has pronounced against him. Notwithstanding this, we consider his work deserving of observation; had we thought otherwise, we should not have mentioned it in our review. Even in failures talent may be recognised; and no one can deny that the composer possesses this.

Stephan Heller's intellectual talent again manifests itself in a scherzo (opus 24) and a caprice (opus 27). We consider the scherzo especially happy; it is full of humour, and artistic in form; in it we feel ourselves, from the beginning to the end of the piece, in the presence of an extremely lively, yet amiable mind, of a man who, while he knows how to jest and to amuse, also often understands how to introduce a profound idea. And if all does not seem to us to flow from a freely creative fancy, if not everything appears the result of inward feeling, but sometimes rather invented at the instrument, we wish all the more that this artist would find time and inclination to write for the orchestra, so as to set his more remarkable musical gifts free from the dominion of mechanical influences, from which it is so difficult for those who write at an instrument to withdraw. Heller's pianoforte works bear within them the promise of a remarkable future orchestral composer; they might be most effectively instrumentated with very few alterations; we can hear in them how horns, violins, &c., floated here and there before the author. It would be a pity that the busy life of Paris should rob us of an orchestral composer, whom nature has so evidently gifted with decided capacity. However, should Heller devote himself to orchestral composition, pianists would be deprived of much future enjoyment; for we gladly refresh ourselves, after empty executive pianoforte passages, with firmer thoughts, such symphonistic ideas as often are to be met with in Heller's compositions. But we would willingly exchange this enjoyment for the richer one which the many-coloured orchestra is capable of presenting to us; and Heller's talent, his musical rank, lead us to hope that he will in time render this also his subject. But aside from this wish, we must confess that the scherzo is refined and intellectual enough to prevent any dissatisfaction on our part. But his music, and such as his, cannot become popular. To understand, to admire it, more is necessary than mere amateur—or even the ordinary musician's—cultivation. More resounds from this sportive humour than mere musical experience. He who understands Shakespeare and Jean Paul, will compose quite differently from the man who draws his music from the depths of his own wisdom and Marpurg, &c., alone. He who lives in the rush of a varied existence, will suppose possible an ideal mastery far removed from that of which the cantor of some quiet town dreams,—and all this where, in other respects, talent and serious studies are equal. We read a more than merely musical cultivation and experience in the compositions of this young artist; not that we mean to assert the presence of anything non-existent in them, but certainly they are not works that every one is capable of understanding. There are remarkable things in the caprice also, though it falls below the scherzo in simplicity and grace. Its melodious vein runs rather thinly, but such inexhaustible musical fire sparkles from it that the whole may be compared to an artistic wheel of fire, delighting us with variously-coloured flames during its rotation. The crescendo (at pages 11 and 12) produces a symphonic effect without dropping into the trivial style of ordinary crescendos. We know nothing like it for the pianoforte, and a fine player will find it a good opportunity to show off all the brilliancy he is possessed of.

A work by another young Danish composer, Emil Hornemann (twelve caprices, four books, opus 1), has astonished us, on account of its extent as well as of its charming contents. We must signalise the very form of the pieces, a happy medium between étude and caprice, as a well-chosen one. They remind us of the étude by their exclusiveness, their frequent clinging to the first invented figure, but then, inclining towards the caprice, they avoid the anxious mechanism of aim, that often discourages a composer in the étude. The character of the music is cheerful and pleasing; we are not struck by anything extraordinary or genial in it; behind its boldest flights we feel the presence of a concealed modesty, that understands how to restrain itself, where certainty in what is familiar threatens to abandon it. In a few words, the composer only wishes to accomplish what he knows well, and this is pleasing when he leaves the sphere of the trivial behind him. Yet his desire to pass over the boundaries of regular art forms often leads him into excessive length, so that in his second parts we frequently find merely the parallel passages of what we have had before, without an attempt at any new flight; still this length is preferable to the insipid formlessness that does not even know what it wants. But we would by no means advise the young artist to stop short at what he has acquired, or dissuade him from essaying more difficult forms, or from opening new domains to his imagination. On the contrary, we urge the latter upon him. In the noisy confusion of to-day, his gentle voice will die away without an echo. If he aims at more, it rests with him to strengthen himself, and then to engage with more lofty combatants. In the meanwhile we highly recommend this, his first work, to all who care to enjoy tuneful, gentle music.

A fantasia by F. C. Wilsing (opus 10) reminded us of another of his compositions, already reviewed in our paper. We find our former recognition confirmed anew by this work. The composer belongs to a thorough school, and seems to be continually developing his talent into greater freedom. There is sense and order, rather too much than too little, in his fantasia. But in a time, when this fine title is so often abused, every attempt to restore its former honour should be acknowledged, even when it inclines to the extreme. With all our recognition of this composer, however, we should gladly see him a master of the grace that alone renders earnestness amiable. And we could have wished a few old-fashioned flourishes in the first part altogether omitted; patches can never recall the days of classicism. But such faults are mere trifles. The second movement is the best thing in the fantasia, according to our opinion. The fugue at the close resembles, in its theme, that of the last movement of Beethoven's sonata in A major, while we recognise the able master in its treatment, which, however, we cannot style euphonious throughout.

VARIATIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

FIRST COURSE.

ROCHLITZ, Introduction and Variations on an Original Theme.—Opus 7.
F. DEPPE, Variations on an Air by Rossini.
C. KREBS, Introduction and Variations on a Theme by Auber.—Opus 41.
LEOPOLDINE BLAHETKA, Variations on a Theme by Haydn.—Opus 28.
H. HERZ, Grand Variations on an Air by Bellini.—Opus 82.
C. RUMMEL, Fantasia and Variations on an Air by Donizetti.—Opus 80.
S. HELLER, Introduction and Variations on an Air by Herold.—Opus 6.
J. N. DROLING, Brilliant Variations on an Air by Auber (for four hands).—Opus 34.

WHOEVER invented the first variations, was certainly no bad fellow (and after all, it was Bach again). One cannot write or listen to symphonies every day, and fancy will take refuge in that graceful recreation from which Beethoven's genius has called forth ideal art forms. But the most flourishing period of the variation is approaching its end, and making way for the caprice. May it rest in peace! for nc musical form has produced more insipidity than this —and will yet produce it. One has little idea how much shameless vulgarity, what poverty, blossoms in these depths. Once we had respectably tiresome German airs, now we have hackneyed Italian ones to swallow in five or six watery decompositions. And we may be thankful to escape with so few.

And when the Mullers, the Mayers, and whatever they are called, first come from their provinces! Ten variations, double repetitions. Even if that were all! But then we have the minor and the finale in $\frac{3}{8}$ time —ugh! Let us not lose a word more! Into the fire with it all! We consider ourselves and our readers far too good even to notice such mediocre trash. Remarkably bad, downright pupil-like things shall be occasionally mentioned; but with the exception of this first course, we shall, in general, only mention the best.

Rochlitz's variations do not certainly belong to the latter kind, and but for the goodwill, the visible care, the compressed nature striving higher, that looks out in them, they would scarcely be worth an encouraging word. Such compositions drive me to positive despair! The young musician wishes to publish something; he is advised not to do so; in vain. If we tell him that he should first go to the High School of Salamanca and study a little longer we have only made one more enemy. They are often quite sure that their works are valueless. And yet they must be published! If there exists any talent, one can help it forward. But when the very first school knowledge is lacking, one can but be silent and leave things to fate.

As for Herr Deppe, he is also on the best route to miss reaching posterity. Not one better movement, not one spark of mind—all empty Czerny imitations; the fourth variation alone takes a little higher flight. A certain routine and facility (though belonging to the lowest sphere) alone preserves the work from utter worthlessness.

Herr C. Krebs' variations are of a peculiar kind. At first view they look very well. At bottom, however, this is but lame stuff, with which we should be merciless, as it shows a desire to startle ostentatiously. Already at the second page—all is so made up of empty, hollow phrases—we come on bits of Auber, Lafont, Kalkbrenner, even Spohr, all brilliant, meaningless. Herz and Lafont have varied the same theme. Let him go to them and learn French manners, coquettish ways, if he wishes to please with those. All this is the more painful to say, since we cannot deny that they are made up by a talented composer, firm in phrase and finger, who knows his instrument well.

And we must pass the variations of Fräulein Blahetka by as quickly as possible. She is an excellent pianoforte player, and charming. But she will not make a St. Simonian, for feminine composition, out of me!

What has happened to our excellent Henri Herz?

It looks as if he bowed a sick head, no longer able to leap and spring in his innocent, amiable manner, because he has experienced the caprice and untruth of the world! For indeed, as a variationist, it is not easy for any one to equal him,—and he will never again equal himself. The world has to thank him for many thousand enjoyable hours, and I have heard fair lips declare that only Herz could they dare to kiss, would he permit it. "The years pass away." And here I have discovered a truth: that we often wish back again a genius à la mode, of whose injurious and narrowing influence we were always convinced, merely because his own falling off leaves a vacancy that less talented writers seek to fill up, and very badly. The critics only began to caress Rossini when Bellini appeared; and he will be lauded because Caraffa and the others cannot excel him. So with Auber, Herold, Halevy. But to the variations! They are by Herz, but fall far behind his older and fresher ones. The air is from "I Puritani," the first part full of melody based on tonic and dominant, the second part so sterile that nothing paradisiacal is to be discovered in it. Nor was it necessary for him to double the G flat on page 13, staff 4, measure 5, and again. However, they will please, for they still are Herzian.

Herr Rummel is mentally related to this Parisian. But though he lacks French finesse, he makes amends for it by his natural German good-nature and cordiality, with which he has always pleased me. And we must praise the introduction to his newest variations, and the phrasing of Donizetti's theme (that Fransilla Pixis turned into a grand love story). The variations (with the exception of the second) and the finale are of the ordinary kind.

In those by Stephen Heller we can perceive the signs of a born musician. The theme is the well-known song from "Zampa" (ten times less forced and more original, by the way, than Meyerbeer's "l'or n'est qu'une chimère"), introduced by a light, frivolous allegro, quite in place here. Is there a minor ninth (bar 7) in the original? The effeminate thing does not suit Zampa. The variations resemble each other too much, and flow too softly, after the daring robber song. The finale, however, possesses humour, though it might revel and bluster a little more. The theme seems to us worth a broader and more characteristic handling, which we advise the talented composer to bestow on it at some future time.

The four-hand variations by Herr Droling are charmingly built on a charming and very piquant theme from the "Masked Ball;" feather light, quite unobjectionable, worthy of recommendation, for they do not try to be, or to appear, more than they are. May the composer remain in the sphere he has chosen for himself, and may he preserve that childlike musical freshness, which is also so praiseworthy in the smaller, earlier works of Czerny.

SECOND COURSE.

J. N. **ENDTER**, Introduction, Variations, and Finale on the "Mantle Song."
E. **PRUDENT**, Grand Variations on a Theme by Meyerbeer.—Opus 2.
C. **HASLINGER**, Introduction, Variations, and Rondo, with Orchestral Accompaniment.—Opus 1.
J. **BENEDICT**, Introduction and Variations on a Theme by Bellini.—Opus 16.
H. **ELKAMP**, Fantasia and Variations.—Opus 15.
F. X. **CHWATAL**, Introduction and Variations on a Theme by Strauss.—Opus 23.
H. W. **STOLPE**, Introduction, Variations, and Finale on a Russian Theme (for four hands).—Opus 37.
L. **FARRENC**, Variations on a Russian Theme.—Opus 17.
S. **THALBERG**, Variations on two Russian Themes.—Opus 17.

THE word "course" was not thoughtlessly chosen; but think not thereby of boards spread for high festival, or of galleries either! but rather of a fencing course, a passage at arms. Criticism here opposes productivity; it strikes the weapon from the hands of ignoramuses and self-conceited people; it spares and polishes the willing; it meets the courageous in an open, friendly manner; but it salutes the strong, and lets fall the point of its sword before them. The first-named composer belongs to the willing ones. By the very choice of the theme one recognises one's man. The more remembrances connect themselves with this, the more significant, the more deeply seated, will be the ideas that it suggests. But the common, prosaic "Mantle Song" can scarcely inspire anything extraordinary, nor ought it to do so; for even variations should form a whole, with the theme as middle point. Very few recognise this. Most arrangers prefer the easy, but fundamentally senseless, manner of alternating solid with so-called brilliant variations. Thus in Herr Endter's alterations I miss connection, significance, idea. Just so with the introduction. How little agreement there is in it! First, long crotchets, then demisemiquavers, then triplets, then quavers, then triplets again! And the B flat major is not properly introduced, harmonically speaking. We cannot understand how things will result, what they are coming to. The theme, as we have already said, has no poetic charm, no merit in form. The first part has only four bars, which repeat themselves; the second has six crooked bars, and then both parts close in the same way. It is difficult to plough such dry earth. A few variations please me, however, with a streak of solidity; I mean the first, second, and fourth. The one in polonaise style sounds but tasteless among them, and should be omitted in the second edition. But Heaven spare us wholly from the Gelineck style of variation—one hand running up and down in scale passages that accompany the theme —such things ought no longer to be printed in our day. As to details, we might give the composer whole pages full of advice. But he must accept these few ones in an encouraging sense; let him not cut up his powers in such small works, however, and in a style where thousands of others excel him.

I take M. Emil Prudent to be a young Frenchman who looks on Meyerbeer as his idol. His variations are certainly not great inventions, yet they betray a clever player (do not misunderstand the term), who knows how to express everyday things in an attractive manner. Here, again, a happier theme might have awakened happier ideas, and that fatal progression of parts in the air and the bass (see the third measure of the air) will unfortunately return in all variations. The little bit of a fugue in the last movement is merry.

Herr Haslinger's variations are entitled "Voyage sur le Rhin;" and I fancied myself, beforehand, looking at an entire panorama with the inscriptions, "Mayence, Cologne," and so on. But there is nothing of the separate stations to be found in the different variations, if we perhaps except departure in the introduction. More poetically, a gay, general Rhine-wine character floats over the whole, while green glasses ring, and black-eyed waiting-maidens look on from afar. It is a music, merry in itself, one that makes merry, over which we sway to the measure without precisely knowing why. And so the title does not appear superfluous. There is nothing remarkable in the details; some Czerny-like passages, effeminate Bellini-like modulations, but the ground-tone remains fresh and pure; the variations form a whole, and attain what they aspire to. And this betokens talent. Even the introduction has life, and leads on; expectation is gradually awakened. The theme, a brilliant E-major march by Stöber, is played fortissimo by the whole orchestra, in a new and clever way. Only three light, changeful variations follow. All well considered. Instead of a long, tiresome falsely-sentimental adagio, he introduces a two-page, but very interesting, cadence, in which a short idea, the composer's own (from the introduction, page 4, measure 4), is inserted, though rather indistinctly; but in the rondo it becomes clearer, a transparent melody that is not without a fantastic charm of its own. The close is short and fiery.

The variations by Benedict belong to much the same category, save that the effect produced by the preceding composer, in a natural and almost unconscious manner, is arrived at by this one through art and understanding. But though he tries very cleverly, he will never succeed in making himself entirely acceptable to artists and the public, simply because he tries to please both together. This painful wavering, this desire to please all, will never lead to anything wholly good. Yet only an unjust judge can fail to recognise the fine side of these variations. The third is altogether excellent, the two preceding are brilliant, and put together with tact and *esprit.* But then he closes stupidly, with a rondo, as if he were trying to take precedence of the great Herz. This is doubly disappointing where there is so much that is good, and we fain would praise here, as we hoped to do where there is so much knowledge and capacity! The days are past when a sugary figure, a long, rapid E-flat major scale, a languishing suspension, raised astonishment; now we ask for ideas, inward connection, poetic unity, the whole bathed in fresh fancy. Otherwise, a flash in the pan, and all is over. Benedict must have long been aware of this. May he not neglect good and well-intended advice!

And now to a comico-original piece by Herr Heinrich Elkamp, a variation fantasia without a theme. A key without a ward, a riddle without a solution, Paganini without a violin, a piece in itself—a ruin, if you will, for which no critic can lay down a rule—almost nothing but observations on the B-minor and D-major scales. Here and there we fancy we can detect a reminiscence of the "Witches' Dance" in Spohr's "Faust," or Paganini's insane bell rondo. But nothing comes distinctly out; the little flames die entirely, all is dark around. Let every one guess, and draw his own conclusions as to whether these variations are romantic and interesting. They made me think of those scenes in the "Donau-weibchen" which we enjoy so much when children, and watch at the theatre with a happy shudder; where the inquisitive squire tries to find out all his knight's secrets, and who, while he is enjoying—through the keyhole—all sorts of romance and splendour, is beaten black and blue by invisible hands, and driven back again to the green meadows to take care of his noble master's steed. He who composes mysteriously, will understand mysterious reviews.

And when the curtain fell on the magic and romance, and the faces of child neighbours peeped out around, and one sat so firmly and safely among them all—that feeling was not very different from the pleasant feeling that the variations by F. X. Chwatal awoke in me; they tell such cheerful, touching, good things, one after another, not with reserve and ceremony, but in a sort of peasant fashion, tender and blunt together. Let the author only progress with the times; what is bad in them will do him no harm, and there is always something to gain for one's own individuality from good outside things.

Almost the same advice might be given to Herr Stolpe, if he desired to shine and to win European fame. But he prefers to labour for small domestic circles, and does so to perfection there. His variations belong to an older day, but in every time would be prized as unpretending, genial, and especially adapted to young students. They are very desirable for teachers who wish their pupils to remain industrious. The thema sounded to me like an old acquaintance from the first, until I recognised it as the same Russian one that Ries has made use of in his youthful E-flat major concerto.

Should a young composer place variations like those by L. Farrenc before me, I should praise him highly for the promise, the fine development of which he gave proof everywhere in them. But I learned the position of the author, or rather authoress, in good time; she is the wife of the well-known music-dealer in Paris, and I am quite out of humour when I reflect that it is possible she will never hear a word of these encouraging sentences! Here are small, neat, sharp études, probably completed under the eyes of the master, but so assured in design, so sensible in execution, so finished, in a word, that one must like them, and all the more because a light romantic mist hangs over them. Themes that allow of imitations are especially suitable for varying, and the composer uses this one to display some neat work in canon style. She even succeeds in a fugue up to the inversions, contractions, and augmentations —and all light and melodious. But I silently wished for a stretta, which I certainly expected after the preceding.

And while we are in the midst of the stream of praise, we must think of the very pretty new variations by Thalberg, which strike me as the best among all those of his compositions that have yet reached me. He has taken two fine Russian themes; the first will be found in the "Pictures from Moscow," recently printed in these pages—a child's prayer to its mother, full of truly touching expression. The other is the new folksong, composed by Alexis von Lwoff, and introduced throughout the Russian empire as its "God save the King," a manly song, full of fire and feeling. The idea of varying two themes at once is not new, but yet is rare and praiseworthy, especially when, as here, the two stand in some relation to each other; less in an æsthetic sense, however, than on account of their similar national origin. It seems natural enough, to me, that M. Thalberg has handled the first theme with the most preference; but he seems to have written with pleasure throughout, in a favourable hour, and thus a fanciful and effective introduction has arisen, behind which the child's song appears, charming, transfigured, like the head of an angel. Just as tender and full of meaning are the two variations, completely successful with regard to their form, melodic flow, and musical phrasing. In perfect contrast to this inner idyl is the brilliant folksong, with which, later, the first thema is worked up. The close is of that brief kind to which the public will listen for a few seconds, waiting for more to come, before breaking into a storm of applause, highly effective, brilliant, even polished. As a severe critic, I could have wished only two small places different or omitted, the modulation on page 8, bar 2, when we expect to enter F sharp minor instead of A, then the modulation from D major and B minor to G minor seems forced to me; and I dislike the fourth and fifth measures from the bottom of page 17, where I could have wished for a clearer and softer treatment of the parts. For the rest we wish the great virtuoso —whom we find again on every page here—success in such a path; and may he ever progress in it, carefully, and with a pure aim in his mind!

THIRD COURSE.

G. A. OSBORNE, Variations on a Theme by Donizetti.—Opus 16.

J. NOVAKOWSKY, Brilliant Variations on an Original Theme.—Opus 12.

F. FALKBRENNER, Variations on a Theme by Bellini.—Opus 131.
C. SCHUNKE, Grand Bravura Variations on a Theme by Halevy.—Opus 32.
T. DÖHLER, Fantaisie and Bravura Variations on a Theme by Donizetti.—Opus 17.
CARL MAYER, New Variations on a Theme by Auber.—Opus 31.
By the same, Grand Brilliant Variations on a Russian Air.—Opus 32.
LUDWIG SCHUNKE, Concert Variations on a Theme by F. Schubert.—Opus 14.
F. Chopin, Variations on a Theme from "Ludovic," by Herold and Halevy.—Opus 12.

THE reader would find the best possible review of nearly all of the above variations in Heine's lines—

> "Black dress coats and silken stockings,
> Courtly ruffles white and thin,
> Compliments, polite embraces,—
> Would these covered hearts within!"

They belong, altogether, to the drawing-room or concert hall, and, with the exception of the last, are far removed from any poetic sphere. For even in this style we must award the prize to Chopin. Like that great actor, who, though he merely crossed the stage carrying laths, was recognised by the public with delight, he cannot conceal or deny his lofty mind in any position; what he is surrounded by, takes its colour from him, and accommodates itself, be it ever so coy, to his master-hand. Still, it must be confessed that these variations ought not to be compared to his original works.

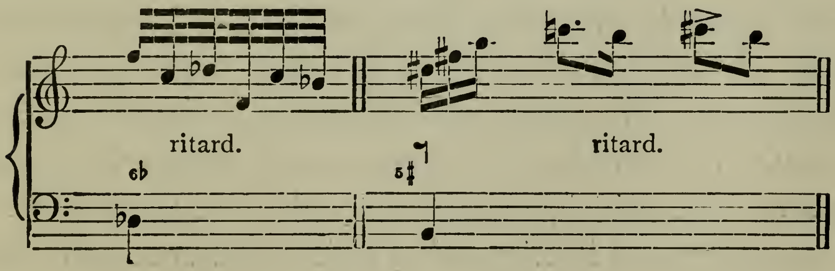
As for the concert variations of the late Ludwig

Schunke, they must be counted among the most brilliant pianoforte pieces of modern times, and had he lived, he would have excited astonishment everywhere with his own playing of them. The rare, reflecting virtuoso at the pianoforte appears in every page—novelties for the instrument, technical difficulties, sharply-combined ideas meet us throughout. In thought they fall behind his other works; and he well knew my opinion that themas so full of feeling as Schubert's "Schusucht" waltz, are unfitted for working up as parade pieces. But in musician-like fitness they excel most of the latest bravura arrangements. The finale is very intellectual, a polonaise of the most orthodox style; and any one who can play the third variation as he could, will well deserve to be called a master in performance.

More tasteful, but less rich in mind and invention, the grand variations by Carl Mayer have the same art, character, and intention as the preceding. The thema is the same Russian folksong that Thalberg has varied in his opus 17, and so brilliantly framed that it is worthy of being listened to by the Empress to whom it is dedicated. Some things in it strike me as too sweet for the marrowy thema, and I am also surprised that Mayer, who has generally so much foresight as to proportion, has not made a shorter work of it here, especially in the nearly four-page long andante variation. The fortune of a concert piece depends on half minutes; one too long, somebody begins to cough, and the enthusiasm dies out.

Too little is almost as bad. Pedants may attack the introduction—written in D flat major, though it is played throughout, and closes in F major; but it only again proves that one may begin and end a piece in different keys, and yet compose very finely. It can remain as an exception, but it is no prohibition. One does not meet with any dangerous novelties or immense difficulties in it; everything suits the finger admirably. These variations were originally invented with an orchestral accompaniment; the parts are not printed, which we regret on account of the last movement; this would have gained much by the instrumentation. The variations on a well-known air from Auber's "Fiancée" fall much behind those we have mentioned. No more praise can be bestowed on them, save that they excel the salon variations of many others by means of their lively colouring.

Perhaps our readers may remember a severe, but only too just, criticism on a pianoforte concerto by Herr Döhler. One necessarily regards variations with more indulgent eyes. When such concert pieces are in question, Herr Rellstab is accustomed slily to observe that "Mozart and Beethoven have certainly written better works; however"—. However, there are brilliant variations on a thema by Donizetti, and one knows it all beforehand. So long as composer and public acknowledge such things to be what they are, they may pass. But if they try to pass for more than that, the heavy batteries must be opened upon them. It is useless even for musical journals to try to open the eyes of the world in regard to the "pleasant" talent of such men as Kalkbrenner, Bertini, &c. One sees through glass at once; no tiresome clearing up of matters is necessary there. Piff, puff! to the smallest "and", we know them and their fingers. No one can be angry with Herr Döhler that he wishes to play himself into popularity; he seems to be a virtuoso of consequence, he brings us many new and euphonious things, notes all down industriously, has rhythmic sense, and writes in a grateful manner, as regards the difficulty of pianism. All this is certainly excellent. "Beethoven and Mozart have certainly" —— see above. But I must award sincere praise to him for the solo passage on page 2, for the left hand, with the really fine, rushing fortissimo that follows it, and the accompaniment so well adapted to the keyboard. The third variation is very effective, and highly praiseworthy for its firm sustaining of the melody, which others might have let drop had they been lacking in pliability. But there are two embroideries with which we trust the composer will never more enrage us—here they are, such commonplaces, that they are no longer to be patiently listened to—



They are our deadly enemies, who venture to print them again. If any one desires other ornaments for cadences, we are ready with a thousand.

Carl Schunke's bravura variations are dedicated to the students of the Paris conservatory, a circumstance that leads us to expect from them, in advance, something technically or æsthetically improving. As to the former point, they are undeniably well and carefully designed, especially in regard to outward delivery, declamation, and so on; they are well adapted to the hand, and usefully arranged by a finished player and teacher. As for the rest, they are so overblown with the hollow pathos, the common frivolity of the latest tasteless taste, that one can scarcely bear to think of them twice over. On account of their excellent pedagogue qualities, this causes us the more regret; especially, too, as the composer, whose aim has been hitherto merely that of producing light works à la mode, has here given such a turn to his endeavours that we could have wished him a better fate. Let him, then, whose heart and head are in the right place, play and study them to give his fingers motion and interesting exercise. Virtuosos often speak of it as a reproach to Beethoven, that he wrote without sufficient regard to the mechanism of the instrument, and yet they play his compositions. We, then, and sometimes the virtuoso, should be thankful for passages well adapted to the instrument, which, though they do not possess the mental value of Beethoven's, yet fit us better to perform these latter. And now a passing remark on the "*facilité*" that is often to be met with in new compositions. Apart from the fact that a genuine thought will not bear alteration, it seems to me that such simplifications take up unnecessary space in pieces where difficulties are and ought to be overcome; and I have observed that few industrious scholars, with a spark of ambition, ever select the easier version, but when there is one, turn to the other with eagerness. Then, why give any simplified arrangement at all? And when the composer alters in such a way as Herr Schunke has done at page 19, giving a descending passage with insipid triplets instead of the original brilliant ascent, it seems to me an incomprehensible degradation of his own idea. Enough! let others follow up the remark as they please.

Kalkbrenner's variations can lay no claim to a long description. They are light and pleasing, but fundamentally poor.

We may pass over the works of Messrs. Novakowski and Osborne just as speedily. One is a Pole with, the other a Swede without, talent for composition. But both understand their instrument. The Pole's thema will be found pretty; that selected by Osborne from "Anna Bolena" is very tame. If M. Novakowski studies, he will bring things further than Osborne can.

Two things in the world are very difficult: first, to establish a reputation for one's self; and then to preserve it. But hail to all the masters, from Beethoven to Strauss, each one in his own way!

J. NISLE, Theme with Variations.—Opus 44.
C. G. KULENKAMP, Brilliant and Easy Variations on a Fandango.—Opus 51.
J. RUCKGABER, Variations on an Original Theme.—Opus 32.
J. STOCKS, Brilliant Variations on a Theme by Auber.
C. HASLINGER, Brilliant Variations on a Theme by Auber.—Opus 6.
L. BÖCHNER, Variations on a well-known Theme.—Opus 99.
X. CHWATAL, Introduction and Variations on a Theme by Wolfram.—Opus 11.
X. CHWATAL, Easy Variations.—Opus 28.
X. CHWATAL, Introduction and Variations on a well-known Theme for four hands.—Opus 49.
X. CHWATAL, Variations on a well-known Theme.—Opus 33.
X. CHWATAL, Variations on a Theme by Strauss.—Opus 34.
W. HAUCK, Grand Variations on a Theme from "Cenerentola."—Opus 36.
C. CZERNY, Introduction and Brilliant Variations on an Italian Theme.—Opus 302.
G. A. OSBORNE, Brilliant Variations on a Theme by Meyerbeer.—Opus 24.
C. STAMATY, Brilliant Variations on an Original Theme.—Opus 3.
H. W. STOLZE, Introduction and Variations on a Russian Theme.—Opus 29.

NOT one of the above works will be immortal, though many are pretty. It would be interesting to know what these different composers think of their own works. If they consider them eternal, we ought to endeavour to change their ideas on the subject; if they agree with us, laughingly, that they are little things on which we cannot spend many words, we must praise their modesty; for, however desirable it may seem, we cannot all be Bachs at every moment.

Numbers 1 and 2 are of the most insipid triviality. Herr K—— once wrote a letter to the editors of this paper, falling on them fearfully, and allowing the great depreciated artist to peep through all he said. Were we his enemies, how well we could revenge ourselves now! For he who can publish compositions like this opus 51, has no right to address self-assuming letters to editors. But why need we be his enemies? Let him never again write such things, else we shall be forced to talk with him in quite a different tone.

Ruckgaber's variations are pretty, rather insipid, and not fit to put in harness. We might overlook the fearful fifths and octaves, if those were the greatest sins of the variationists. Those who talk so much about a commingling of German and Italian, will find their dreams realised here. Take a bass with a triplet figure in tenths, sing a melody to it, throw in a few languishing suspensions, and the German-Italian school is ready.

In Herr Stocks we find an aspiring drawing-room composer. Though he yet lacks some requirements of the finest tournure, he may attain these through a zealous study of Herz. A young Parisian who came here lately with lofty ideas of German music, to widen his own cultivation, told me that he was continually wondering to find music published in Germany, which, from its want of modish elegance, would never be played in France. I answered him that the tasteless solidity in which we baptize our salon music was unbearable, and that, compared to it, Herz was an angel of music. Not that we would do injustice to the composer now in question — he may have talent; his finale, at least, has movement and a good flow.

A well-known German composer, who was asked whether a new opera—then being performed in Paris—by Auber, pleased him, answered, "Taglioni dances exquisitely." In the same way, should any one ask my opinion of C. Haslinger's variations, I would reply, "The Viennese are merry people." It is already a praiseworthy trait in a composer, who has a gay little theme before him, that he does *not* begin with an introduction, as if he were about to put a composition round the walls of Jericho. The whole is sustained in a natural, cheerful mood, that rises a little at the second variation, and then produces something excellent. The close is quite surprising.

Among the young faces, an old ruin looks out upon us. We leave to it the green branches which it is still able to upbear; they whisper to us of ancient days and the great men they have beheld. We cannot look on without sympathy.

The different variations by Herr Chwatal are nearly all of an instructive character, and contain, if we deduct some dry passages, many charming things—fireside music I am tempted to call it all. Number 11 is the most meritorious, especially in the introduction. But in the second variation we have the insupportable playing upon the major and minor ninths, which, a few years ago, was accounted one of the refinements of the day. The composer, who is a sound harmonist, should not remind us of those times.

The variations on a theme from Cenerentola are by a composer, lately deceased, who might have become an estimable artist; but this composition belongs to a period before nobler art-views had become developed in his nature. From any point of view, the variations are insignificant, and not even written with the ease that sometimes causes us partly to forget the triviality of similar works. Would that they had remained unpublished!

It is difficult to overtake Herr Czerny, with all one's critical speed. Had I enemies, I would annihilate them in forcing them to listen to music like this. The dulness of these variations is indeed extraordinary.

The two following composers are pupils of Kalkbrenner, and excellent virtuosos; their variations are not works of art, but elegant Parisian fancy articles, and far more supportable than the heavy German wares we have touched on above. Osborne's variations, opus 21, must delight, when well played; they seem to have been written with a kind of self-satisfaction, and have the advantage of being easier than they sound. In the variations on a theme from the "Huguenots," the chorale, "A strong fortress," is brought in more than surprisingly. As long as Meyerbeer lives, we shall still hear it from the soaring larks.

Still more remarkable, choice, and original are Stamaty's variations on an original theme, which seems itself to be a variation, but of the softest, most flowing expression. We find talent all through, and much inventiveness in the second variation. The many octave passages may be justified by the bravura with which the composer plays them, but, æsthetically, they are not necessary.

The above-named variations are very good, like all we know of Herr Stolze's works, and are distinguished by interesting treatment of the parts, individual features, and a certain intellectuality,—which latter quality we ascribe to other of his compositions also. But I could wish for the composer a publisher who would bring his works out in a more suitable manner. Such a dress quite spoils the first impression. However, I have sung the work over as finely as possible in imagination, and find it well deserving of recommendation.

MISCELLANEOUS PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Pianoforte Duo (four hands), by W. Taubert.—Opus 11.

AFTER frequent playing and listening to the above clear composition, I always felt a certain want. It seemed as if something was yet to come, or as though something had been omitted that would have explained what followed. In a formal sense the work is finished ; not so in regard to the idea. I half think a sonata had been planned by the composer, and that he began at the last moment, as often happens.

Some people are distinguished by an unpolished and insufferable trait ; they *will* turn to their music shelves, to hunt up resemblances and reminiscences. It is no reproach to this duo that it appears somewhat related in style to the well-known, more deeply-treated sonata in E minor by Onslow, or that, while the latter possesses a string-instrumental character, this is still more broadly instrumental in its colouring. He who knows and has studied his instrument, will seize the distinction. While on one side he will keep apart from certain instruments resembling the human voice in sustained tone, he will discover new effects by means of a many-sided trial of others, more or less like his own instrument. If, in the very first measure, I can detect the kettledrum, the answering tutti in the second, and, later on, a violin unisono, the character of the instrument for which the piece was written is not thereby injured, but our enjoyment of it is rather heightened.

I took up this work with expectations which I thought justified by the proofs of talent which this composer gave us in those of his compositions produced at last year's winter concerts in Leipzic (1834). I was not disappointed. In this work Herr Taubert moves at a powerful, fearless, worthy, citizen-like pace, never overstepping into forbidden paths (except, perhaps, in the fourth measure at page 14), and with his passport in his pocket. We are all unreasonable. When we recline in a carriage, we envy the pedestrian who can enjoy the road leisurely, and stand before every flower as long as he pleases. If we walk, we are soon heartily tired of it, and would gladly mount the box, if we could. I mean to say, that which is a fault in one we may be induced to regard as a virtue in another. Were an exchange of mental qualities possible, I would give Herr Taubert something of the warmth of a hypergenial man, and to the latter something of the former's moderation and propriety. I shall certainly be blamed for these views! At all events, a work of art should not give the alphabet of every æsthetic epithet; but the critic should not be silent respecting those necessary qualities (I mean those omitted, not those absolutely lacking) in which the artist falls short. I believe that the really poetic flight soars upward at once. In this work the wings float but slowly up and down. I hope the composer will not interpret this opinion falsely! But from whom shall we expect the blessing, the salvation of art, if not from those who endeavour nobly, and possess, besides, the power of harmonising aim and accomplishment? The very best must keep their more insignificant works to themselves. It makes me angry to meet with mechanically-put-together "souvenirs" by a master like Moscheles! Then the composing music-statists advance, crying out, "He couldn't have done it any better!" *This* duo is certainly better than a thousand of the same kind; but better composers awaken a thousand more expectations than ordinary ones. It is not good to be polite towards talent. I take off my hat to Herz or Czerny, but with the request that they will trouble me no further.

This is meant in general, but also somewhat for the composer, who has become interesting to many of us through an admirable pianoforte concerto, which he intends to lay before the world soon. The work now under consideration is more simple in outward construction and inward meaning, yet greater breadth were desirable. It is very playable, without flying upper passages, sounds well, would no doubt sound finely, could it always be played with the excellent dilettante to whom it is dedicated.

It is in A minor, though it perhaps expresses more of the G-minor character. Richly melodious, almost earnest, as the first theme appears, the third in E minor poorly contrasts with it. The idea of setting a second theme, in short notes, as contrast to the first (of a flowing character), would be praiseworthy, were the theme in E minor more significant as an invention and less empty of harmony. Its ineffective, uncanonical character comes out more strongly later; the more it is worked out, the less genial it appears. It is still a good thing, however, that this poverty openly displays itself.

But would you know all that can be drawn from a simple idea, through careful choice, industry, and, above all, genius, read Beethoven and see how he can ennoble and raise such a one aloft, until the commonest word, from *his* lips, becomes at length a fine and universal proverb.

I trust this work may attain a large circulation. Above all things, it is necessary to place compositions in the hands of our young students, that may preserve them from the bad influence of certain showy things, belonging to a low stage of virtuosity. The more general the sense for art becomes, the better. There should be works for every stage of cultivation. Beethoven surely never intended that people should mean him when they speak of music. He would have blamed such a conclusion. Let us all have true things in the right places. But art should hold no mirror before ugliness and hypocrisy, veiled in charming disguises. Yet would that the struggle were not so unworthy! But the scribblers (alas, there are famous names among them!) the number of whose works increases according to their payments,—the pretenders, who imagine they stand outside the pale of the law,—the poor or impoverished hypocrites, who cover their necessities with parti-coloured rags,—must be opposed with all our powers. Were these once crushed, the public would seek for better ideals of itself.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Six Songs, without Words, for the Pianoforte. Second Book.

WHO has not sometimes sat alone at twilight before his pianoforte, and unconsciously, while improvising, has not softly sung a quiet melody to himself? Provided one is, above all, a Mendelssohn, and that one occasionally unites the melody to the accompaniment with the hands alone, the finest of "songs without words" will be the result. It would be a still easier thing to do, if one should compose to a text, then strike out the words, and give it to the world; but this would be a sort of deception—unless, indeed, it were done as a test of musical power of expression, and to persuade the poet, whose words one omitted, to write a new text to the musical setting of his poem. Should he happen to fall in with the sentiment of his former song, this would be a further proof of the truth of musical expression. But to our songs! clear as sunshine they meet us. The first, in beauty and purity of feeling, approaches that in C major, book first; but then it flows farther away from the original source. Florestan says, "This, I think, is the song I like the best; he who has sung such a one may hope to live long, before and after death." The second reminds me of Goethe's Hunter's Evening Song,—

> "The fields I wander, silent, wild,
> My ready gun," &c.

and its tender, airy build equals that of the poet.

The third seems to me of less consequence, almost like a refrain in a family scene of La Fontaine's; but it is pure, unadulterated wine that passes round the table, though not the rarest or strongest. I think the fourth very charming, a little self-concentrated and melancholy, yet whispering, from the distance, of hope and home. There is a great difference between the German and French editions, especially in this piece, and the alterations do not seem to be Mendelssohn's. There is something undecided in the form, character, and effect of the next. The last, a Venetian barcarolle, softly and tenderly closes the whole. And thus we can once more rejoice in a gift from this noble spirit!

W. TAUBERT.

"To the Beloved One." Eight Minne Songs for the Pianoforte.—Opus 15.

THIS composer belongs to that class of talent which, without awakening hatred or party strife, has won respect among classicists and romanticists, connoisseurs and amateurs; he may be counted among the cultivated conservatives, who cling with perfect love to what is old, yet are not devoid of the force necessary for the acceptance of new ideas and original views. This latter quality is displayed anew in the above compositions. It is true that I find in the charming, melancholy etude in G minor, by Ludwig Berger (the instructor of Mendelssohn and Taubert), a real "song without words;" but Mendelssohn gave that genre a name, and Taubert carried it out in another way. Though it matters little on the whole, I could have wished a more significant title than that of "Minne Songs;" for though one may speak of songs "without words," in the idea of a *song* lies the necessity for a voice. Perhaps I would have simply entitled it "Music to Texts by Heine and others." They are distinguished from Mendelssohn's works in having been inspired by poems, while his perhaps rather awaken poetic inspiration. I know not whether the music follows the poems prefixed from beginning to end, whether the keynote of whole poems is imitated, or whether merely the sense of the added mottoes is exemplified; but I am inclined to suppose that the last is the case.

The composition will recommend itself to all who love the excellent and genuine in music; here and there, indeed, the roots strike deeper than those of Mendelssohn's related "Songs without Words," in which, however, the blossoming boughs lift themselves more freely, slenderly, and spiritually.

The simplest one seems also to me the finest and most deeply felt—

> "When, love, I lean on thy dear breast,
> I feel Heaven's joy and Heaven's own rest."

But the composer seems to have put off to some future time a musical transcription of the close of Heine's poem—

> "But when thou sayest, Love, I love thee,
> Then, then I weep, how bitterly!"

In No. 2 the accompaniment strikes me as too picturesque, in an outward sense; at least, in the passage into the major, a new and restful motivo should appear.

In No. 1—

> "To her, my sweet, all change above,
> I dedicate this song of love,"—

the music contradicts the joyful outcry of the loving soul; it wanders away too much towards the middle, and only warms up again towards the close (from C minor to A flat major).

The remaining numbers (except No. 5, which would not be missed were it omitted) are more or less fine, songs born in the heart; the texts are lyrical throughout.

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GRAND DUO FOR TWO PIANOFORTES.

By I. MOSCHELES.—Opus 92.

HE who, like one of us, is overwhelmed by the compositions of the day, who is obliged indignantly to throw one after another aside, welcomes such a work as this, as the prisoner welcomes a lamp in his dungeon. Everything that savours of journalistic controversy, open or concealed, is distasteful to me; yet I must say that I cannot understand the foolishness of many editors, who publicly declare that they only review such works as are confided to them by the goodwill of Messieurs the Composers and Publishers. There might come a time when neither would think of sending anything to the papers—especially the best composers, who care not a fig for any reviewer—and what then? Others, instead of seeking for the most interesting things—whether ugly or beautiful—among publications, launch out into bitterly flourishing diatribes against Bellini, Herz, &c.,—all that is French or Italian; or in the best case they beg German composers not, in Heaven's name, to send them their works, but only to the publisher, to make his selections. Is this feeling or respect for art and artists? Since frequent intercourse with eminent men, or the continual view of lofty art creations, communicates a sense of vital warmth to sympathetic minds, until beauty becomes to them a practical thing to ennoble the imagination of the people, it is better to lead them into the galleries of acknowledged masters or aspiring disciples, than to guide them out of one picture-booth into another. From what is ugly and obscene one needs not to be warned; but nothing is more encouraging to mediocrity than mediocre gossip about it. No artist is more in need of an advantageous picture of his art than the musician, whose life is often wasted away in dark sketches; and no art needs tenderer foil in which to set it than the tenderest of all, which is so often hacked with rough, butcher-like hands.

Astrological flights of fancy, tedious dissertations and suppositions, may have their place in books; but on board a paper like ours we hasten swiftly down the current of the stream, past fruitful shores, and, if Heaven so wills it, into the broad ocean, towards a shining goal. Nor will our course be slackened when a croaking raven pecks at our masthead; on the contrary, we bear him forward with us gently; and behold! even he must hasten onwards, and at last enter our morning land with us!

The preceding has reference to Moscheles' composition, because this is one of the most charming of which we can converse with our readers. Both eye and ear will delight in it: the former, because its antique and yet polite cut will remind it of those worthy faces with large wigs and clear, watchful eyes, as we often meet them in pictures of past centuries; the latter, because it smiles and flows in gracefully interwoven melodies and harmonies. I scarcely know why it needed to decorate itself with Handel's name, and therefore I have omitted its title. And yet, such a title ("Hommage à Handel") was perhaps necessary, as otherwise it would have been doubtful whether Moscheles had turned backwards from a purely natural inclination, or had merely placed himself for a few moments in that age of health, honesty, and bluntness. The latter is the case, and we thank him for it. In conclusion, I must observe that this is the very duo which Mendelssohn and Moscheles played together in Leipsic last October—I said at the time like two eagles; I might have said, like two lineal descendants of Handel.

FR. POLLINI.

Toccata.—Opus 56.

THE average Italian pianoforte compositions of our time are not worth much. Pollini is a sort of Chopin among other Italians; he writes seriously—in the Italian sense of the word, fastidiously; is interesting in his harmonies, clear in his phrasing, and has much knowledge of the capabilities of the instrument. This toccata is oddly written on three staves; the upper one has the principal melody, the middle one the accompaniment, the lowest the bass. But the composer has erred in supposing that this would facilitate the execution of the piece, or if he thought that some of his phrasing was not to be written in the usual way; I would write it for him from beginning to end in two lines, and players would prefer my manner to his, which gives the composition an unmusical look, while the eye with difficulty accustoms itself to this, and the hands are not assisted. Still, it was probably done from that goodwill of which the whole composition gives proof.

H. DORN.

"L'Aimable Roúe!" Divertissement, C major.—Opus 17.

HOW often, in a sort of waking dream, I have written much as follows on this thorn piece; I would gladly embrace the composer for it, and exclaim, half laughing, half crying, "Yes, yes, my good musical Juvenal, it is difficult, in the first place, not to write satires, and, in the second, more difficult not to satirise satires." And he would answer, "Thank Heaven, there is at least one who understands me; for the purchasers of the 'Penny Magazine' (this piece forms a part of it) scarcely notice my Heineisms." "Heineism" rang in every corner, and the odd word disappeared, letter by letter, in the air. But I awoke.

On the whole, the dream was enough to explain the composer's views. But, for the sake of clearness, I will continue. It sometimes happens to us artists, when we have spent half a day in study, that we fall among a troop of amateurs, and the most dangerous of all, those who know Beethoven's symphonies. One begins, "Sir, true art reached its culminating point in Beethoven; all beyond that is a sin; we must return to the old road." Another answers, "Sir, you do not know young Berlioz; a new era commenced with him; music will again return to the source whence it proceeded,—to speech itself." "It is plain," proceeds the first, "that Mendelssohn intended this in his overtures," &c., &c. One of us sits among them, silent, though inwardly raging (unluckily we musicians can generally do everything better than talk and lay down the law), and, if favourably disposed, one lets off the steam in divertissements like Dorn's. It is full of merriment on and mockery of dilettanteism, counterpoint, Italianisms, virtuoso technicalities, music, the composer himself; and I admire his patience in writing all this down, while his mind must have thundered within him. But if irony creeps into our art, we may really fear that it is approaching its end as nearly as some say it is, if, at least, disorderly little comets have it in their power to overturn the solar system!

J. W. KALLIWODA.

Three Solos.—Opus 68.

I NEVER laughed so much as lately in a company of musicians, most of them well-known virtuosos, when a merry one among them proposed to exchange parts in a triple concerto, so that the violinist should play the pianoforte, the pianist the violoncello; an unlucky flute was there also. It is impossible to give an idea of the comicality of this scene, or to relate how laughably excellent players struggled with instruments to which they were unaccustomed; it was killing—the flute above all, whose player could scarcely blow for convulsive laughter. The amiable Kalliwoda reminds me of this occurrence; he is a master on the violin, but will compose for the pianoforte, of which he is no master. Though on the latter instrument he does not make so comical an effect as either member of the above-mentioned trefoil, yet he pleases me best on the violin, and besides, our time does not overflow with good violin compositions; may he henceforth remember this.

There is not much to say of the solos; they are ruddy-cheeked, easy, cheerful, but—commonplace. Had I written his third symphony, I should have feared to repent, some day or other, the publication of such trifles as these. However, everyone best knows why he does this or that.

Fr. Otto.

Phalènes.—Opus 15.

These are dedicated to Florestan and Eusebius, and, according to the composer's own declaration, are the consequence of their "Papillons," though the latter belong far more properly to the night. The talent of this composer has long been persecuted by intellectual *lettres de cachet*, because he once spun his cocoon too thickly around him; but it actually belongs altogether to the bright and busy day, even though his wings display darker lines here and there on the under side. I do not seek a thread, a deep connection between these pieces; each one flies independently, zigzag, or in fine half-circles, heavily or swift as an arrow. One may speculate about them all, especially when one knows how to take an interest in them. In the last phalène I think I hear a melancholy song from long-past times. When I observe that they appear of more consequence on paper, and in the mirror of fancy, than when clothed in their actual tone forms, I also praise the singer who knows how to compose in freedom, and blame the pianist who, with less trouble, might have made many things appear easier. At the same time we greet him heartily, and trust that his genius has brushed nothing from his wings save the dust that sometimes encrusts a butterfly's sunny colouring!

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

Caprice in E major.—Opus 15.
Two Nocturnes.—Opus 16.

COULD the Viennese hate, they would certainly hate us for the unkind thoughts this paper has heretofore given expression to regarding the compositions of Thalberg, their darling, the very apple of their eyes. A short time ago we promised—to spare ourselves and others pain—to pass over his works altogether, until we met with one which we could praise with our fullest conviction. If our readers remember that we are somewhat chary of our praise, that much which is "highly recommended" by other papers does not exist at all for us, though every sparrow expects to be treated as an eagle, and to be puffed because he has been created and creates; if they remember that to be praised, people only need to write to the editors of the —— or the ——, who live by that sort of thing; and remember that, according to Goethe, he who praises a thing, rises or falls to the level of the thing praised (which we renounce doing), they will wonder how we have escaped unwounded from the fight. In short, we consider Thalberg's last two works his best ones, though he might deceive us in points where we fancy ourselves clearest, if he played them himself; for he must play his instrument splendidly, above all, when he plays his own compositions. Though it is no perfect proof of the worth of a piece that it sounds finely under the hands of its composer, but only one of the excellence of his performance, yet much in this must charm when played by other fingers. It is true that the caprice is lacking in depth and sharpness of wit; but it contains well-developed thoughts, some real points of light (agitato, page 10), and forms a piece that is sure to be greeted with endless vivas. One sees, from every page of the caprice (which will find more admirers than conquerors), that it is the work of a player who understands all the excellences of the pianoforte, and who knows how to create effects by easy means as well as by difficult ones. I compare the notturnos to a young man of fine figure and handsome face, painted to look pale, in the style we so often meet in Viennese fashion-plates. On account of many very charming points about the work, I deeply regret some of its trivialities; for instance, after the tenderly singing passage on the first page, the second bar of the last staff, and on page 4, the second of the second staff, I would gladly close my eyes and skip over them. To tell the truth, they make one fear that the composer felt no inward necessity to create, as if he only did it because he did not well know what else he should do; *he* must not, *it* must. Heine used to say to a rich German composer, whose name has often appeared in these papers, "Why do you compose? you do not *need* to do so." We often feel tempted to say the same thing to M. Thalberg. Talent he must have, or he could not have excited so much interest as he has done; but it would give us the truest joy could we say of his next compositions, that they are equal throughout, true to themselves, regardless of virtuoso interest from beginning to end, a pure upspringing of the soul in an inspired hour. May he grant us this joy!

And now, as notturnos are our subject, I will not deny that all the while I have been writing, I have been thinking of two new ones by Chopin (two nocturnes, opus 27), in C sharp minor and D flat major, continually; for I consider these, with many of his earlier ones, especially those in F major and G minor, as standing beside Field's ideals in their kind—even more, as among the most heartfelt, transfigured creations that can be thought out in music.

Finally, Mr. John Field himself has presented us with three new notturnos, the fourteenth to the sixteenth. When we see them, we feel as if we had returned from an adventurous tour through the world, after the thousand dangers of land and sea, to the parental home. It touches us to tears when we find everything so steadfast and unchanged. The sixteenth nocturne, though, strikes us as odd and suspicious; it has recourse to other means; a quartette is helped out by violin, viola, and violoncello.

One imagines wonders to come there; the old gentleman is a rogue who can transform a simpleton face into a flashing one; yes, he is as great in his way as was Garrick in declamation—able to make one melancholy through the simplest musical A B C. And yet the wonders do not appear.

H. DORN.

Bacchanals. Rhapsody in D Major.—Opus 15.

THE title is a suitable one. The grapes must burst with ripeness, and the bacchanalians with pleasure. This is a piece from which the intelligent reviewer of Dorn's "Bettlerin" (in a supplement to the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung") may gather new laurels; we will only point out the fifths on page 3, staves 4 to 5. But we shall beware of quarrelling with the composer. He is too thorny for us. We fear he might sketch us in a rhapsody under the title "We: a Rhapsody on the Journalistic 'We;'" and we should gain nothing but a ridiculous immortality. The rhapsody pleases us better than will its future reviewer: Bacchanalia *versus* Litanies. It is useless to put learned questions as to the logic, reason, plan, unity of this piece; a golden goblet may be thrown at our learned heads, if we are not careful. However, among the many herculean and other divinities that carouse at the table, I miss Harmonia's eldest daughter, Melody, a glance from whom has often been sufficient to set a limit to the jests of the wildest revellers. And then I remember that the annual bacchanalian procession passed off madly enough, but, through the tipsy mænads and satyrs a row of gentle, elegant maidens walked, bearing baskets laden with spring fruit. Did the composer know it? Hallo, here comes the golden goblet flying!

W. TAUBERT.

Miniatures.—Opus 23.
Tutti Frutti.—Opus 24.
Six Characteristic Impromptus.—Opus 14.

WE place these works in order of procedure according to their claims on our attention, not according to the number of the opus. The miniatures are charming magic-lanterns for children, here a shepherd with his dog, there a fortress, &c., each view prettier than the other; indeed, they resemble Hebbel's Folksongs about the "Brooklets" and the "Birdlings." We often hear teachers complain that there is a lack of easy pieces by German composers, and that they are obliged, consequently, to take refuge with Herz and Hünten. We recommend these miniatures to them as models of their kind, and pretty, characteristic, and naïve besides, just the thing to educate a child's heart, mind, and hand.

In invention the Tutti Frutti stand higher, and are more suitable for boys of thirteen; yea even for older ones and dilettanti, if they are thoroughly at home on the keyboard. On account of the mixture of various kinds of difficulties, and the changing position of the hands, they can only be given to those who possess a firm touch. As a composition I prefer the march, which more properly resembles a march as though we heard soldiers passing behind the mountains. But every one is pleasing. I could have wished the Polish dance less harmonically gay and more melodically clear; I could also dispense with the old-fashioned double turn, though it is not uncharacteristic here.

And now we come to the six impromptus, which are so many little lyrics, interesting, picturesque, and German throughout. No. 1, "Christmas Eve."—This is a fireside sketch: in the foreground we have children with rocking-horses, rattles, &c.; at moments we hear the Christmas carols; the snow grinds under waggon-wheels. We know nothing that could be added to this; we would rather take away some things. The cantilena reminds us occasionally of the Mendelssohnian manner. No. 2, "A Masked Ball."—This one, too, we could have wished less *en détail.* The principal theme is a well-known one. The scene has naturally much change; in the middle, serious things happen. In the *Alla Polacca,* waltz and polonaise rhythms cross each other; an old, but always agreeable, idea. On the last page earlier thoughts are again brought in, but more designedly than involuntarily. No. 3, "Spring Feelings."—Appears an easy musical sketch, but is really difficult.

The introduction is good; the principal thing in the piece displeases me—one sees the intention. On the whole, its brevity is the best quality of this number. In the "Walpurgis Night" we have more musical foundation; but modern art has presented us with so many ghost effects of the kind, that we fancy we have heard it all before. Certainly we cannot have them sketched more clearly than here, where we can see the witches riding on brooms and pokers through the clouds. This picture contains good ideas, and is worked out with visible preference. The composer concludes with a "Dream," the most poetic number of the collection; may life crystallise many such dreams into form, for him and ourselves! Let others find out for themselves all that might yet be said of this work in the music itself, which we recommend to those who seek compensation in the illusions of art for the many deceptions of reality.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Six "Songs without Words," Third Book.—Opus 38.

WE simply point to this book, without supposing that it needs the recommendation of words. No one doubts the meaning of a rose-bush that sheds bloom and perfume around it, or of an eye that gazes happily towards the moon. These later songs differ little from the earlier ones, and stand, like those, between a painting and a poem; indeed, it would be an easy task to add words and colours to them, did not the music tell its own story clearly enough. They are all equally the children of a blooming imagination; yet do we not find even the most impartial parents prefer, voluntarily or involuntarily, one child to another? And so I fancy that the composer preferred first the second song, then the duet at the close, and then the fifth, which contains more passion, if I may so term the rarer throbs of a noble heart. I like the fourth the least; for though of a contented, it is also of a more prosaic nature, as if it rather rested on cushions within doors than outside, where nightingales and flowers invite. In the "Duet" I feel dissatisfied that this rich, thoroughly German conversation is not in words, which would more freely enable it to express itself—but these are really lovers who converse so trustfully, softly, securely.

E. WENZEL, "Les Adieux de St. Pétersbourg."
A. THOMAS, Six Caprices en forme de Valses Caractéristiques.—Oe. 4.
K. E. HERING, Divertimento (on well-known Student Songs).
M. HAUPTMANN, Twelve Detached Pieces.—Opus 12.
C. E. HARTKNOCH, "La Tendresse, la Plainte, la Consolation," Characteristic Nocturnes.—Opus 8.
CLARA WIECK, Caprices in Waltz Form.—Opus 2.
J. BENEDICT, "Notre Dame de Paris," Réverie.—Oe. 20.
F. HILLER, "La Danse des Fantômes."
J. C. KESSLER, Impromptus.—Opus 24.
J. POHL, "Caprices en forme d'Anglaises dans les 24 Tons de la Gamme."
F. CHOPIN, Three Nocturnes.—Oe. 15.

F. CHOPIN, Scherzo.—Opus 20.
MENDELSSOHN, Capriccio.—Opus 5.
MENDELSSOHN, Seven Characteristic Pieces.—Opus 7.
FRANZ SCHUBERT, Moments Musicals.—Oe. 94.
L. SCHUNKE, Two Characteristic Pieces for Four Hands.—Opus 13.

MUSICAL, like political, revolutions penetrate under the lowest roof into the smallest matter. In music we observe the new influence in precisely that branch where art is sensuously allied to common life—in the dance. As contrapuntal predominance disappeared, miniature sarabands and gavottes, hoops and patches, went out of fashion, and pigtails became much shorter. Then the minuets of Mozart and Haydn rustled by in their long trains, while people stood facing each other decorously and silently, bowing often, and finally walking away; a grave peruke was still to be seen here and there, but the hitherto stiffly-laced figures already began to move more gracefully and elastically. Then young Beethoven broke in, breathless, yet embarrassed and disturbed, with long, disordered hair, neck and brow free as Hamlet's, and people were greatly astonished at the eccentric fellow; but the ballroom was too narrow and tiresome for him, so he rushed out into the darkness, through thick and thin, elbowing fashion and ceremony, but moving aside lest he should step on the flowers; and those who are pleased with such a nature called it caprice, or anything you like. And then a new generation grew up; the children became youths and maidens, so shy, so dreamy, that they scarcely ventured to look at each other. Here sits one of them, baptized John (Field), at the pianoforte, on which the moonbeams broadly shine and kiss the tones; another sleeps upon stones, and dreams of his re-arisen fatherland (Chopin); no one thinks any more of sociability, of sympathy, for each one thinks and acts for himself; yet wit, irony, and egotism are not wanting. A clear and merry string still resounds from Strauss; but the deeper ones, seized by the spirit of the day, are overpowered but for a moment: how will all end, and whither are we tending?

. . . . . .

One glance at "Adieu to St. Petersburg," and I fell to earth again. I find in it the sweetest sentimental dandyism, fainting fits, with lawn handkerchiefs and cologne, and such a hollow sensibility as we have seldom met with since Carl Mayer's E-flat major waltz, and "La Dernière Pensée de Weber,"* both of which just balance themselves on the hairbreadth line that divides affectation from nature. I esteem downright common things much higher than such rose-coloured poverty, and a simple "Adieu" far beyond a perfumed "I part from thee with a torn heart," and so on. Yet what would I have? The farewell is quite pretty, sounds pretty, and may be prettily played. Of course it is in A flat.

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* Through error, a little waltz by Reissiger, one of a set of twelve, published by him in 1824, has been long known under the name of "Weber's Last Waltz." Reissiger in vain protested against this injustice of the publishers.—Tran.

The caprices by Thomas move already in higher circles; but in spite of visible industry and greater talent, they are nothing more than strengthened Wenzeliads, leathern German feelings translated into French; so friendly that we must beware of them, and yet so pretentious that they anger one. Sometimes he ventures on almost mystic harmonies, then grows alarmed at his own boldness, and takes refuge in what he really possesses and can give away. Yet what would I have? The caprices are pretty, sound pretty, &c.*

The third piece, by Hering, has nothing in common with Raphaelistic Madonna eyes, but seems rather intended for Tenier's nut-brown Dutch heads. The title is, "Recollections of Youthful Academic Life," and the music keeps the promise of the vignette, on which a punchbowl smokes. I think the introduction a capital hit; it is as bombastico-studioso as if the salvation of the world were in question during a drinking-bout; gradually the Suite grows more midnight-like and wild, and they "plunge in," to repent it all heartily the next day. Pianoforte-playing parsons and actuaries will listen to this piece with great enjoyment, especially when they have no debts.

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* Yet I must observe here that this composer has written remarkable things, regarding which I shall have more to say hereafter; the above observations are only intended to characterise the man as he displays himself in the particular composition described above.

The following composers, Hartknoch and Hauptmann, appear to me as if they were the sacrifice of strange education or of their own industry: Hartknoch seems to have been obliged to pick up, at an advanced age, what ought to have been learned mechanically in childhood; while they forgot to introduce Hauptmann into real life after his student period. The first Hauptmann rhapsody pleased me on account of its full, firm tone-masses, which pass under the fingers at the pianoforte almost like those of the organ, in so exceptional a manner that I played through the following feelingless, contrapuntal, though heavy and in its way successful, piece of art in a downright bad humour. The inserted waltz passages are withered flowers, and have not sufficient weight to counterbalance the depressing pedantry of the rest. If this composer, whose residence and sphere of action are wholly unknown to me, could keep altogether removed from learned speculations, crushing to others and to himself, as well as from the sportive-dance style, which is in complete opposition to his own solidly difficult manner, I feel sure that his thorough knowledge and decided character might lead us to expect many clever works. The other composer died, still quite young, last year. I doubt whether he ever rose to intellectual independence; premature death interrupted, however, the most industrious endeavours, which, when further developed, would have found and deserved recognition in that kind of composition lying between Hummel and Field, in which Carl Mayer, of St. Petersburg, has accomplished excellent things. On the whole, his nocturnes do not touch me ; however, we are not yet all spoiled with Field and Chopin caviare, and the child who can bite an apple with enjoyment is by no means unenviable. "La Plainte" reminds one strongly of Carl Mayer's excellent pianoforte rondo in B minor.

Among so many serious masculine faces a Mignon may well tremble, and I know we should not touch the cocoon for fear of injuring the butterfly ; but my hand will venture very tenderly. And as I strive to write further, a dark May night-butterfly floats through the window, and seems to say,

> "Grey, friend, is olden Theory ;
> Green is Life's young, growing, golden tree."

And I more willingly reflect on the coming Psyche ; and remembering Mozart's remark about Beethoven, "*He* will have a story to tell you yet," I change the masculine pronoun into a feminine one.

In Benedict's "Notre Dame de Paris" we see a light genre piece, which we could all have carried out in a similar manner had it entered our thoughts ; it is the story of the egg of Columbus. The bells of Notre Dame begin to swing at first ; we could not hear them more clearly ; then entertaining scenes pass before us : high mass in the church ; here Bohemian musicians, there flower-girls ; parade of the soldiers on guard at a distance, there mules and raree-shows, and so on. As a work of art, the piece is wanting in tender colour and poetic conception; in form it is simply a conglomeration: fancy, however, supplies much, from the romanticism of the spot, through which long-passed centuries discourse to us. I mention the octaves on page 3, staff 5, from bars 6 to 7, because I heard, yet did not see, them. I am surprised that Naples, a town whose attractions cause so many people to forget so many things, was not able to blow away many national Weberian reminiscences.

Hiller's phantom dance is monotonous, and an insipid copy of his many better things in this style. He writes too many witch stories, and ought not to forget that the graces can dance too.

Our paper formerly published an extensive article by Master Raro on "Kessler and his Impromptus," to which I can add nothing save my regret that this composer has seemed for so long a time to keep holiday, and the wish that he may the more surprisingly and delightfully break his own silence.

I consider Pohl's caprices fine and finished in a double sense; as separate numbers and as a successive whole. It is seldom that one meets, in so small a number of leaves, with so many novel, healthy, refined, even brilliant, things. This composer died in youth, and it is some time since these caprices were published. No other art requires such ceaseless labour and endeavour as does music from its disciples, if they would reach posterity; the cause of this lies partly in the self-contradiction of succeeding epochs, partly in the flowing, infinite character of the art. Yet a great thought, well expressed in a few words merely, carries its originator down to certain immortality. If it is said of Leisewitz and his "Julius of Tarento," "The lion had but one young one, but it was also a lion," we, in memory of the early departed artist, will remind our readers of the legend according to which the swan sings only once, and, singing, dies.

The Davidites have for some time promised us long communications regarding Chopin, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; and when questioned about it they answer that they are always most conscientious, and slowest in their judgment, concerning matters which they understand best. But as they still lead us to hope, I shall merely observe that Chopin seems at last to have arrived at the point where Schubert arrived long before him, though Schubert, as composer, was not first obliged to lay aside the virtuoso, while, on the other hand, Chopin's virtuosity is now serviceable to him; that Florestan somewhat paradoxically declares, "In Beethoven's 'Leonora' overture there lay more of the future than in his symphonies;" which remark may be applied correctly to Chopin's last notturno (G minor), in which I read a declaration of war with the entire past;—that one must begin to ask how seriousness is to be clothed, since jest goes about in dark-hued veils; that I regard Mendelssohn's caprices in F sharp minor as a masterwork, but his character-pieces simply as interesting notes to the history of the development of this youthful master, who sported, while yet a child, with the fetters of Gluck and Bach; though I see in the last a preparatory dream of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and, finally, that Schubert will remain our darling now and for ever.

In the next composition our transfigured friend, Schunke, again trod the path which nature appointed him to follow, and which, as a virtuoso, and forced to it by outward conditions, he had deserted but for a short time. What he might have accomplished further, ah! who can tell? But surely death never extinguished a torch of genius more early and painfully than when he extinguished this. Listen to his melodies, and you will crown the young hillock over his grave, even if you know not that with the noble artist a still more noble man took leave of this fair earth, which he loved so inexpressibly.

So, for to-day, we close the circle of these little pictures of human joys and sorrows! Though Heinse says in "Ardinghello," "I cannot suffer the small, it goes against my grain, and is only the lurking-hole in which mediocrity and weakness hide and play the grand with women, children, and fools," he only refers to the arts of space and rest, painting and plastics; and judges of art may decide how far the remark is of value even there. But I think only of music and poetry, the arts of time and progress; and in listening to the above works it has become clear to me that, while even the happiest talent is often unsuccessful in a small frame, mediocrity completely fails in the means through which brevity is so effective—the lightning of the mind that instantaneously comprehends, develops, and kindles. And I believe that I had good reason for introducing this number with the Greek motto,* "It is difficult to attain beauty, but much more difficult to attain brevity."

Johann Friedrich Kittl.

Six Idyls.—Opus 2.

We must accept the term "idyl" in a broad sense here; the pastoral character only appears to a moderate degree in the last number. The composer has injured himself in his titles, which lead us to expect poetical subjects ("Consolation at Parting," "On the Threshold of Home," &c.); but talent is much behind intention here. We could scarcely find anything more prosaic, though the attempt at characterisation is not to be denied. Perhaps the pianoforte is not this composer's true field; perhaps he is more at home in church on the organ, as I am inclined to think from his almost anxious correctness and simplicity, compared with which Czerny appears a Byron in daring. We may search for fifths and octaves vainly in these idyls; but vainly also for what might lead us to forget their faultlessness: life, melodic soul, movement.

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* In the "Zeitschrift," but not in the collected papers. The above article belongs to the year 1835.

COUNT JOSEPH VON WILHORSKY.

Three Nocturnes.—Opus 2.

CUT precisely after the pattern of Chopin's, yet tender, pleasant, full of graceful and often noble melodies. I know some composers who could not write better nocturnes than these, and no titled one of my acquaintance could excel them. They evince decided talent, though certainly not highly original—which, indeed, was hardly to be expected in the strict form chosen ; but let the composer try his powers in a style in which imagination may obtain freer play, and he will certainly succeed with his uncommon knowledge of the resources of his instrument. In the first and last nocturnes we find, after Chopin's example, more lively middle periods interwoven ; in Chopin we usually find these weaker than his first thought, and here also they rather check than elevate ; it is as when we find ourselves unable to follow with our glance the lovely ripples of water suddenly broken ; but the second nocturne, that proceeds in equal motion to its close, will be more effective, at least it is so with me. The great resemblance of the melody of the first to a Weberian motivo (in the Jubilee overture) is remarkable. The last has some tender touches and a very graceful close, in the manner Chopin so well understood how to sigh forth. But it is well that the composer has abstained from his numerous intricacies ; Chopin enchants, others only disgust us with them.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

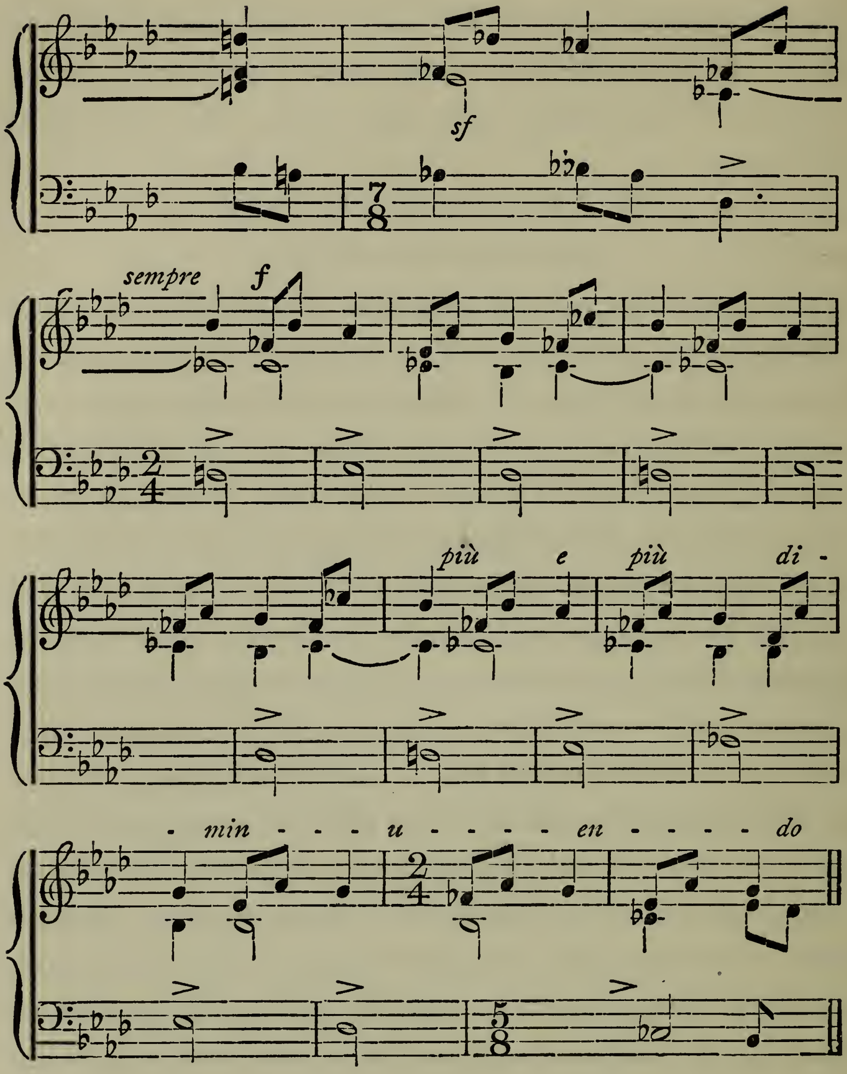
Impromptu.—Opus 29.
Four Mazurkas.—Opus 30.
Scherzo.—Opus 31.

CHOPIN will soon be unable to write anything more without making people cry out, at the seventh or eighth bars already, "That is indeed by him!" People have called this mannerism, declaring that he makes no progress. They should be less ungrateful. Is not this the same original force that dazzled you so surprisingly in his first works, that in the first moment perplexed and then enraptured you? And now that he has given you a succession of rare creations, and that you understand him more easily, do you ask something different from him? That would be like cutting down a tree because it produces the same sort of fruit every year. But his productions are not alike; the trunk is indeed the same, but its fruits vary wonderfully in growth and flavour. The above impromptu so little resembles anything in the whole circle of his works, that I can scarcely compare it with any other Chopin composition; it is so refined in form, its cantilena is from beginning to end so enclosed in charming figuration; it is nothing more or less than so unique an impromptu that it cannot be placed beside any other of his compositions. The impassioned character of the scherzo reminds us more of its predecessors; it is a highly attractive piece, so overflowing with tenderness, boldness, love, and contempt, that it may be compared, not inappropriately, to a Byron poem. Such a one does not please everyone, to be sure. Chopin has elevated the mazurka to a small art form; he has written many, yet few among them resemble each other. Almost every one contains some poetic trait, something new in form and expression. Such, in the above mazurka, I consider that yearning of the key of B minor towards F sharp minor, which results (though we scarcely observe it) in F sharp; in the second, that indecision of the keys between major and minor, until the major third is won; in the third, which, notwithstanding, contains an insipid strophe (see page 13), that sudden close in fifths, which will make German cantors throw up horrified hands above scandalised heads. And here a remark suggests itself: different epochs seem to possess different ears. In the best church compositions of the old Italians we find progressions of fifths, and therefore they cannot have considered that these sounded badly. Even in Bach and Handel we find a few occasionally, though in arpeggios; but the great art of interweaving parts avoids all parallel progression. In Mozart's periods they disappear altogether. Then the great theorists galloped into the field, forbidding them under pain of death, until Beethoven again introduced the finest fifths, especially in chromatic progressions. Of course, such a chromatic progression of fifths, especially when it lasts through twenty measures, is not to be considered as an excellence, but rather as a great error; at the same time it would be unjust to analyse it separately; it should be judged in connection with what precedes it.

MICHAEL BERGSON.

Four Mazurkas.—Opus 1.

THE above-mentioned mazurka evidently has Chopin on its mind. But we will not give it a harsh reception, for it betrays a really national physiognomy, much admiration for Chopin and music, and, above all, a great deal of youth. And yet it would have been better to have allowed it to remain unpublished. The scholar is too apparent in it. Its composer will regret its publication hereafter; though young composers, thirsty for fame, can never believe that such regrets will ever arise. Even Chopin himself has lately altered in many ways. Imitators usually make their appearance a few years after their original, and now we are obliged to listen to wonderful Chopinian embroideries from others as something new, though their inventor, who first so charmed us with them, already regards them as out of fashion. Yet we know as well as composers themselves how much may be stolen involuntarily, and with the very best intentions, and yet how much may remain behind. It is difficult to judge what our young Pole may yet accomplish after such a debut. He will certainly become older; and then he will certainly not write profundities like the following, which, however, is the craziest spot in all the mazurkas; the rest is much better :—



VALENTIN ALKAN.

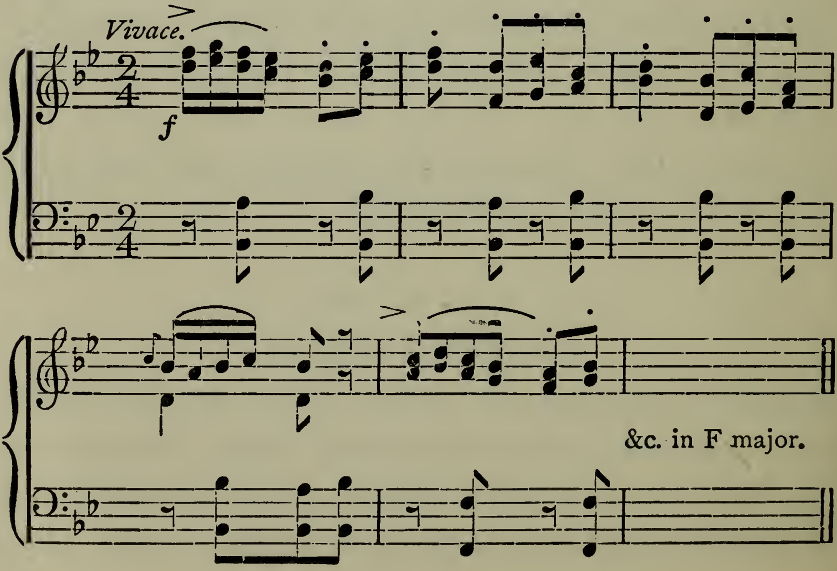
Six Characteristic Pieces.

THIS composer is one of the ultra-romantic French school, and copies Berlioz on the pianoforte. His last publication but one (études) we treated somewhat severely at the time, and the recollection of it is still terrible to us. These six characteristic pieces are of a far gentler morality, and please us infinitely more. *Gemüth,* a word not to be found in any French dictionary, is also missing in French compositions, as in these. Yet we find such an excellent jest on operatic music in No. 6 ("L'Opéra"), that a better one could scarcely be imagined. The "Winter Night" is also characteristic; a cutting frost breathes in it. We could have wished its opposite, "Spring Night," more warm and odorous, though it is pretty enough. "Easter" might have been advantageously excluded from the collection, but that entitled "The Harvesters" affects one as delightfully as country after city air. The "Serenade" would just answer the purpose of its title agreeably, but marks of expression are wholly wanting; in regard to this, however, something is to be said for and against. The composer of these pieces may be an interesting player, who well understands the rarer effects of his instrument; but, as a composer, only the severest studies will enable him to make much progress, for he sinks too frequently into what is mere superficiality.

J. F. KITTL.

Six Idyls. — Opus 4.

WE have already reviewed a more recent book of idyls by the same composer. Then already we recoiled from the title "Idyl," which prepares one to expect something rustic and shepherd-like; here, as there, the word is taken in the broadest Grecian sense, as "a little picture," and the numbers might just as well be termed impromptus. But the musician finds as much difficulty as any other artist in correctly naming his children; an ill-chosen name prejudices one against all that is good in the music, while a fitting one increases our pleasure in this through the better understanding of it. Tomaschek in Prague first produced idyls, in which, if I am not mistaken, a rustic tone prevailed. Herr Kittl has learned from Tomaschek; and perhaps he, very praiseworthily, thought to please his master by his resumption of this title. But, in common with the title of the book, the mottoes of the separate numbers deserve the reproach either of being little suited to the meaning of the music, or of giving too high a description of it. Take the first that comes—



Who would think here of "Amour exaucé," as the composer entitles it, when the piece might be better termed a drinking-song, dance-song, or hop-dance? The same observation applies to most of the other pieces. But, setting aside the question of the title and mottoes, this book contains such qualities as are rarely seen and maintained in a first work: besides an endeavour to attain naturalness and simplicity, we find sound and correct harmonies, as well as a thoroughly national character, which will not be easily allured by the attractive arts of French and Italian mannerisms. One misfortune haunts the composer, however, often at the close of a part; a lack or an excess of rhythmic emphasis,—as in No. 2, two measures before the close; and the same in Nos. 3 and 4. He does not finish at the right moment. It is true that even in master-works we occasionally meet with such disturbed rhythms; but they are also instantaneously adjusted, and we may well forgive the leap for the sake of the boldness with which genius surmounts abysses in chamois-like certainty. It is otherwise here, and further study will be necessary to strengthen the steps of youthful talent, and to enable it to reach the goal in a shorter period of time.

JOSEPH NOVAKOWSKI.

Two Polonaises.—Opus 14.

IT is more or less owing to the influence of Chopin that so many Polish compositions have lately appeared. Through him Poland has obtained a seat and a vote in the great musical union of nations; if politically annihilated, it will long continue to flourish in the sphere of art. Chopin's influence is also to be traced in the above polonaises, yet not to so great a degree that we should reproach the more unknown name with it. It is to be regretted that the first polonaise has not a worthier companion; for the latter is principally compounded of dress and decoration, though golden and brilliant enough; while in the former we admire a softly melancholy character, a lightly-veiled grief, the sound of which is perhaps even more inwardly touching than Chopin's more openly-revealed sorrow; it pleases me nearly throughout. I detected but one impure harmony in it; this is easily found on page 7. This little piece alone has taught us to value and like its composer.

SIGISMUND THALBERG, Notturno.—Opus 28; Andante, Opus 32; Fantasia on Themes from Rossini's "Moïse," Opus 33.
THÉODORE DÖHLER, Notturno.—Opus 24.
J. ROSENHAIN, Four Romances.—Opus 14; Romanza (Morceau de Salon).—Opus 15.

IT is most difficult to manage those people who try to force polite treatment from us beforehand by means of their own politeness, who bow away our half-expressed blame, and who slide away from us when we try to take a firmer hold of their meaning. As in life, society, and at court they find and keep their positions, so is it impossible to banish them from the domain of art. When, like Thalberg, they belong to the aristocracy from birth; when, like Döhler, they possess diplomatic relations, they are certain to succeed and obtain a speedy reputation, and there is no end to the praise that is bestowed on them. At times, especially in later years, when incense no longer intoxicates, when even the body begins to lose its flexibility, these favoured ones may occasionally breathe a sigh of longing for better things, of regret for the lost opportunities of their youth. A loftier desire then stirs its wings, a new courage arises; they try to recover what they have missed, and to make up for what they have lost. Sometimes they succeed, but sometimes the effort is made too late. In such a moment of aspiration towards the ideal sphere of art, which is not to be found in the salons of the rich and great, the first of the above-mentioned nocturnes may have arisen; it is true that the voice of the spirit of vanity is still audible within it, but the whole betrays a nobler emotion than we are accustomed to meet with in the virtuoso of the drawing-room; it is one of Thalberg's best pieces.

In order to understand a composition thoroughly, we must first deprive it of its decorations. Then only can we judge whether its forms are truly fine, how much nature has bestowed, how much art has added. If fine melody remains, with healthy, noble harmony, the composer wins and deserves our applause. This appears such a simple demand, but how rarely is it satisfied! This notturno, however, when deprived of its meretricious attractions and reduced to its primitive foundation, will still effectively please. Though the melodic threads might have been more compactly woven in some places, yet they never wholly break off, as so often happens when imagination and feeling momentarily fail; and this naturally melodic keeping leads us to prefer this piece—which contains, too, very interesting episodes—to many others by Thalberg: our preference will be shared by others, we are sure, especially by ladies. The andante is less successful; its principal melody seems to me dry and soulless; it is such a melody as the fingers may pick out on the pianoforte keyboard after long and fruitless efforts, for the heart has evidently had no share in it. It seems to have been written at different times, altered, freshened up, and yet it is not finished. It is difficult to play, yet scarcely repays one for the trouble of studying it. I doubt whether it will outlive its virtuoso composer.

The fantasia on themes from "Moïse" is well known as one of Thalberg's most triumphal productions, one with which he has won victories everywhere, especially in those ascending and descending arpeggios at the close, where the player seems to double himself and the instrument to produce a second. This fantasia was certainly written in one of the happiest moments of drawing-room inspiration, and places in the hands of the virtuoso every possible means and weapons for the subjugation of his public—such as an introduction that fetters and excites attention, passages of executive power, graceful Italian melodies, charming episodes, and soft places of rest, and such a close as such a fantasia demands. And when the maestro rises from the pianoforte, the public will scarcely be able to calm itself, but will unanimously insist on his sitting down again, and then the same stormy effect will be the result. Who does not look on a public, excited to enthusiasm, with pleasure? And then the fantasia has really many valuable passages, to which even a connoisseur can listen with pleasure for some minutes. Its climax displays tact and experience, and its details are worthy of a grander artistic whole. So let us give such pieces the credit they deserve, and when we compare such a concert composition with one of earlier times, intended for the same object, let us congratulate ourselves that, in the place of dryness and emptiness such as Gelineck, and, more recently, Czerny, gave us, a more ideal and artistic combination has appeared. Thalberg is the matador of this better style of drawing-room music.

We add to the above a nocturne by Döhler, because this virtuoso aims at the same success as Thalberg. His nocturne is not such a one as the troubadour formerly sounded in his lady's ear, after having imperilled his life in leaping over hedge and wall and moat, but rather a drawing-room declaration of love, cold and sweet as the ice that is tasted there. Of course it is in D flat, *cela va sans dire;* and everything is charming, delightful.

We have also recently met Herr Rosenhain in salons, more often than is pleasant to us. Perhaps he does not feel at home in them himself; at any rate, he is entirely lacking, spite of his gallant endeavours, in the necessarily-refined tournure, the art of elegantly saying nothing at all, with which to cut a figure in high circles. His four romances, the romances separately, are not distinguished in any manner, and they seem to me very unfortunate additions to drawing-room music. We find but a trace of the good musician we once took Rosenhain to be, in the last romance in A flat, and then but for a moment, as it is not even well finished off. If this be the polish acquired in Paris and London, remain at home rather, ye German musicians, or at least keep away from those *mixtum compositum* composition kitchens, where the laurel is altogether unused and useless except to spice *passée* viands. An artist like Rosenhain ought not to yield to such temptations, ought not to waste himself in such labours; we still believe him to be destitute of that talent for what is positively bad, which, we learn from example, these capitals develop with astonishing rapidity, unless the artist keeps close watch and ward over himself.

C. SCHWENKE.

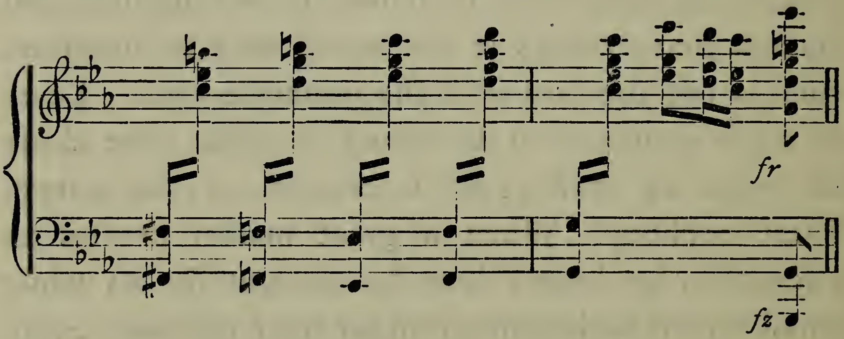
Three Marches for Four Hands.—Opus 50.
Amusement.—Opus 55.

THIS composer belongs to a once highly-respected family of musicians. If I am not mistaken, he, too, tried his fortune for a long time in Paris, which city vainly endeavoured to smooth and polish him, for he came back the honest German that he had been (all this is meant in a musical sense); and such we find him again in his "Amusement," which is written in the pianoforte-march key of E flat major, and contains very little that has not already been said by others in the same way: it is really a set of variations without a theme, a varied succession of harmonies with returning refrains. The same composer looks quite differently in the three marches, where he attempts a Franz Schubertian flight; but there is danger in such endeavours for those who are accustomed to walk comfortably on smooth roads. In fact, these marches are not natural, and though many things in the world may be imitated, such is not the case with the romantic style. Least of all is romance to be found in fifths like those on page 14, staff 3; for it consists of the purest, finest euphony. When a great master creates an exception, he knows how to account for it; while small talents lack foundation for their reasons. Spite of these remarks, we do not intend to deny the striving industry of this well-informed composer, who has openly aimed at higher things in these works than he has hitherto done.

EDWARD MARXSEN.

Three Impromptus for the Left Hand.—Opus 33.
Three Fugutive Pieces.—Opus 31.

IN proportion as pieces for four hands disappear from the pianoforte literature of the day, pieces for one hand, characteristically enough, begin to appear. Our opinion regarding this manner of composition may be pre-supposed. If works written with this aim are not of the very best, like some by Ludwig Berger, it is not worth while to publish them. It is of a tragic-comic, almost unnatural effect to see one hand working away, when the use of the other also would instantaneously facilitate matters,—as is such an example as—



Place a clever child near the pianoforte while this is being played, and he will certainly cry out, "Why don't you play it with both hands?" Why unnecessarily make one's self out disabled? But enough! These impromptus owe their existence to an outward cause, the composer's acquaintance with Herr Dreyschock, who must possess one of the strongest of left hands, and the title-page announces them as a "homage" paid to that virtuoso. All that may be done with the very circumscribed means we find in them, though the work has the look of a merely passing, occasional one, especially the fugue, which belongs to the Kalkbrenner one-handed style; and yet this was precisely the place where the composer might have displayed his art. In the "Fugitive Pieces" his talent appears more decidedly and originally; they possess meaning and character, though I cannot approve of some of their turns and melodic entrances. Above all things, this composer must endeavour to ennoble his melodies; even those who possess but a small share of this precious gift may do so by means of industry. The last piece is original and not unpleasing, in spite of its crabbed five-eight rhythm; a humouristic vein, that perhaps hints at richer treasures, peeps out here.

SIMON SECHTER.

Twelve Contrapuntal Studies.—Opus 62.

A REMARKABLE little book of studies, that, were its title-page covered, might be mistaken for some relic of a former age, when such learned trifles were the order of the day. It contains much that is quaint, much also that is clever and genial; among the latter I count the piece composed above a *cantus firmus* that continually repeats itself; among the former, the canon with gradual augmentation in all four voices, which really sounds dreadfully. Beethoven says somewhere that "people formerly addled their brains with such calculations, but the world has become the wiser for them;" and, as usual, he is, in principle, right. Therefore the student should attempt such exercises, though they may not be of more value than the poems written in past centuries, in some figure on the paper, such as a cross, an altar, &c.: one learns thus how to move within narrow limits, and how to get along with small means; a knowledge that may be afterwards turned to good account in some way. The sooner one becomes familiar with such artificialities, the better; but, when such familiarity is only obtained in later years, one is apt to over-estimate its value, as one is always most inclined to pride one's self on what has been last learned. Herr Simon Sechter is well known as one of the most thorough theorists in Vienna, and as such a conscientious contrapuntist, that one scarcely ventures to look into his canons to discover whether or not the intervals succeed each other with rigid correctness, for he would consider anything else as a crime. Even a falcon eye would not find out any fifths in them; but in the third piece I struck on a kind of concealed octaves, that sound like real octaves nevertheless, yet are so often repeated in the piece that they almost appear intentional. Others can look for them; the studies themselves are an odd curiosity for our times, yet in their way they satisfy the interest that is awakened even by their title.

J. P. C. HARTMANN.

Two Characteristic Pieces.—Opus 25.

WE have already alluded frequently to the noble aspiration of this Danish composer. These newly-published works display great progress in a harmonic, though less in a melodic, sense. But, in order to penetrate their inner meaning, they should be often played and listened to at different times. The composer seeks and mines deeply, and often brings up strange things. Yet, when closely looked at, we find such a connection between his grotesque arabesques as can only be accomplished by an artistically experienced hand. He cannot sing from a full heart, he cannot give himself up to the free egress of ideas; reason holds too much the preponderance with him. If, as it appears to us, the composer has to thank his study of Mendelssohn and Weber for many things, we would advise him to learn from them how to sing freely, if he desires to obtain more general effectiveness. We may certainly hope for excellent things from him; by "we," I mean musicians. Amateurs will not much fancy him; for them his compositions are too complicated and significant; and Italians and the Italianised will regard him as a barbarian. These two pieces are equally interesting, yet they move in very different spheres. The latter especially pleases me with its subtile character of aspiration, as if some lovely imaginary form, that it was unable to seize, had neared it. Yet the former also possesses a value, and both pieces are well worth discussion.

A. DREYSCHOCK.

Song without Words.—Opus 4.

THIS composer has earned, and deserves, his name and fame as a pianist. But, as composer, he yet awaits his first transformation ; the butterfly only exists in expectation. This " Song without Words " is more properly a study, pleasantly effective, though inadequately combined. Attempts in more difficult styles of composition will assist the composer, and we advise him not to write at his instrument, but to endeavour rather to bring his forms from within than to draw them from without. His attention is directed too exclusively towards effect, figuration, and finger execution. He will understand our remarks if he takes up a piece in similar form by Mendelssohn, and compares ; in that he will find the breath of soulfulness and vitality, while the whole work is rounded off with artistic facility. But this is more easily explained at the pianoforte than with words. Nor will it be possible to express a decided opinion in regard to the young artist's aim and capability, until he has gathered time and strength together in a work of larger proportions.

A number of shorter compositions still lie before us, by Chopin,* Henselt, Sterndale Bennett,* and Taubert, four of the most remarkable of young pianoforte composers, regarding whose talent, cultivation, and aim, we have already said so much in our paper, that our praise of them to-day need be but briefly expressed.

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* See pages, 209, 217, 218, of the first volume of "Music and Musicians."

In W. Taubert's "Recollections of Scotland" (opus 30) we find eight fantasias or fantasy pieces, the solid, genuinely German ring of which, like that of former pieces by the same composer, is really refreshing to us. We meet again, in these pictures of travel, with the most striking traits of his musical character,—solidity and inwardness of feeling, often united to genial humour. Among all artists, musicians find travel least advantageous to their art; to poets it is far more so, to painters most of all; but the greatest composers have lived quietly in one and the same place, as with Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, and others, though a journey through Sicily or a tour among the Alps does not seem to have done them any harm. We may thank Taubert's travels of a few years ago, through the Scotch Highlands, for the above sketches; and though they were not written on the spot, they are the more truthful and picturesque from their composer's actual acquaintance with that romantic vicinity. We find more than we expected in the collection, more than reminiscences, echoes, and interweavings of Scotch melodies, or laborious variations; we find a succession of satisfactory tone-pieces, original scenes and genre pictures, all most delightfully arresting and entertaining the imagination. Careless playing them over will not suffice to understand them, and though their music is not profound or difficult, its peculiar local tone needs to be studied; and then the pieces will be lingered over with enjoyment, long and often. There are even odd and adventurous things to be found here, but never at the price of music. The composer wrote during a favourable hour, and has produced the effect he desired to create.

In "Six Minne Songs," opus 45, by the same composer, we also find many charming things, such as can only flow from a really musical intellect. But they approach Mendelssohn and his "Songs without Words" too closely to avoid the danger of comparison. Yet Taubert's are distinguished from these by the composer's individuality as well as by their smaller form and pure lyricism; though in invention, novelty, and formal value they cannot be measured with Mendelssohn's. The collection treats of love and constancy alone. The mottoes to the separate numbers are very suitable, and selected from Shakespeare, Uhland, and W. Müller. The first seems to me the freshest and noblest in feeling, though its melodic progression reminds one again of Mendelssohn. The others are not equal to this. In one it is possible to dream visions with the beloved lady, if she plays, as it is written for four hands; yet this, entitled "At Twilight," I cannot but consider prosaic. The whole collection perfectly expresses, in music, that simple German adage, "No joy without true love."

We have nothing to complain of in Adolph

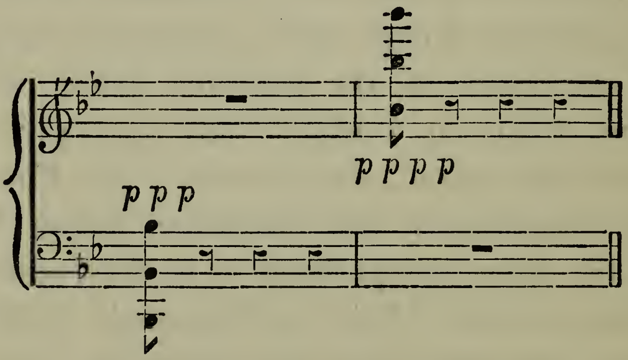
Henselt, save that he gives us so few occasions to speak of him. Perhaps he will soon return to us from the north, with such great results of industry as may naturally be expected from his resh talent. Five smaller pieces have recently appeared; a half-experienced eye may recognise them as his from the arrangement of the notes; and when heard they are not to be mistaken. Though perhaps one might feel some doubt in regard to the scherzo (opus 9), which has quite an orchestral character, or might have been given as the middle movement of a sonata, it is simple, serious, characteristic. A "Pensée Fugitive" (opus 8) is more lively in its effect, almost Weberian, and we could have wished to hear it spun out into the closing movement of a sonata. A little romance (opus 10) in B flat minor reminds us, with its softly-complaining tone, of many similar things by Henselt, most dangerous of all composers to the feminine heart. Of two notturnos (opus 6), I would only have given that name to the second, also termed "La Fontaine" by its composer—a not altogether fitting title, I think; but as a composition it is most charming. The first, termed "Pain in Pleasure," I still well remember as played by its composer; it leaves behind it the mingled impression that results from its vacillation between grief and joy, and it does not incline more to one than to the other. The composer felt this himself, as he expresses the feeling in his French motto. But, one question:

We are so rich in German lovers' mottoes, why then does he give us so many ungenial French ones?

J. SCHNEIDER.

Two Nocturnes.—Opus 1.

AN opus 1 that, like many others, ought not to have been published. The composer, probably still young, makes just as great a demand on the pianist's powers as Henselt; but instead of rewarding him with flowers like the latter, he crushes a bundle of hay into his hand. If he desire to improve as a composer, we advise him to write within the compass of about four octaves, and not to stretch the fingers unnecessarily over more than one. If Chopin, after setting us on fire with a composition, makes us play thus at the close—



we do so willingly; but we are not willing when Herr Schneider desires it. No one will take trouble for nothing; and he who demands, must give much. The nocturnes bear the following titles:—"On the Water at Evening;" "I Think of Thee;" "An

Evening Greeting to Her;" but they are entirely devoid of the necessary fine characteristics. We do not deny that the composer possesses some little gift of soft melody, but any enjoyment the player may derive from it, must be dearly purchased at the expenditure of all his muscular powers. We advise him not to continue on such a path.

IGNATZ TEDESCO.

Serenade.—Opus 8.

HAD the composer of this piece serenaded me with it, he would not have received any very flattering eulogy in return. I should have thanked him from above something in this way—"Your attention deserves recognition; but he who is not a musician should not attempt to make music; and he who serenades must be sure of his business, lest the windows he desires to open should suddenly be closed!" with which remark I should decidedly close my own, recommending the serenader to all protecting spirits. In other words, this piece also should have remained unpublished; it is a downright pity that the publisher has decorated it with such an extravagant title-page.

WALTER VON GOETHE.

Allegro.—Opus 2.

IT has often been observed that a great name is a dangerous inheritance. We greet in this composer a grandson of Goethe, who used to call him his musician, doubtless foreseeing, with prophetic spirit, that Walter would one day wholly dedicate himself to music, for which he displayed aptitude when quite a child. It would be difficult to decide, from so small a work as the above, whether Goethean blood runs in his veins. The allegro has movement that even takes a dance-like character in its progress; its natural keeping and melodic flow are very agreeable. Though the composer is not yet much more than twenty years of age, he has already tried his powers in greater works—even on an opera—and the writer of these lines is well aware of his industry; therefore, hoping that he will present us with some delightful work, we look forward to the time—may it be near—when we shall be able to give further report of his doings.

Alexander Fesca.

Two Nocturnes.—Opus 5.
Three Salon Pieces.—Opus 7.

These are the first works we have yet met with by this highly-promising composer. We hear that he is a son of the late amiable musician, Fesca; and doubtless under such care he has early made acquirements his own, such as others, less privileged, can only hope to possess at a later period. Though the compositions that lie before us do not everywhere betray original power and artistic tendencies, they, nevertheless, all bear within them the germ of fresh life, and enable us to glance within a mind, which, if yet unemancipated, is musically rich. The moods they present are especially lyrical; the composer has further characterised the Salon pieces by mottoes from the poems of Heinrich Schütz. The nocturnes needed no words; they strike, throughout, the old and well-known tones that John Field has made so clear to us. In both collections we find many reminiscences of Henselt; the composer has entitled the Salon pieces "Souvenir to Henselt," and thus freed himself beforehand from the suspicion of voluntary deception. We find the germ of the first, even to the difference in the keys, almost note for note, in a Henselt impromptu in C minor, which we published in a supplement some time ago. But the composer seems emulous of other models, such as Mendelssohn, and Bennett's compositions do not appear unknown to him; we certainly cannot blame his taste. However this may be, and whatever outside influences prevail with the still youthful artist, enough remains, enabling us to form the fairest hopes for his future. Works of his, of larger extent, have lately appeared—among them a sextette; and we have already spoken of a grand opera that will shortly be produced in Brunswick. We therefore joyfully call attention to this young composer, who brought with him into the world the prestige of a well-known and esteemed name, which he seems destined to bear most honourably.

C. G. LICKL.

"Pictures from Ischl," with Poems by Sephine.—Opus 57.

THE composer, well known and esteemed in Vienna as a teacher and composer, presents us with six very pretty and graceful idyls, inspired by one of the loveliest landscapes in Austria, and certain to meet with a favourable reception outside the boundaries of his fatherland. The separate numbers are introduced by poems by Sephine, and like these are tender, simple, judicious, and unpretending. The compositions, evidently written with pleasure in a favourable hour, seem to flow from the heart. The music, following the poems, does not display any striking originality; but the idea of writing music independently, under poems, and of inventing such a group of pieces as might be effectively combined in one cycle, is a rare one, and worthy of imitation. As pianoforte pieces in particular, they give proof of thorough cultivation, used in a modern style, while we perceive in them their composer's close acquaintance with the works of Franz Schubert, as transcribed by Liszt. These idyls will be very useful to students, and not less agreeable, for though not more difficult than the pieces of Hünten and Czerny, they possess far more meaning and intellectual charm. The last number, "On Calvaria Mountain," is the same that Liszt played in one of his Viennese concerts; though, were I to give the preference to any one of the idyls, I should decide in favour of "Beside Lake Wolfgang," which strikes me as the freshest, tenderest, and most successful in its details, as on the whole.

H. W. VEIT.

Nocturne.—Opus 6.
Introduction and Polonaise.—Opus 11.

UNTIL now we have only known and valued violin quartettes by this young composer of Prague; but it is well for the public, as for the artist, that the latter should essay his powers in many ways. If he does not do so, he is liable to degenerate into mannerisms and stereotyped forms; and of this we have many living examples. We find Herr Veit very much at home and entertaining at the pianoforte; he writes easily, conveniently, pleasingly, just in the manner of a Bohemian and for Bohemia, where music is so much heard and cultivated. Indeed, Prague has lately produced so many talented young composers, that this capital need not be ashamed to emulate Vienna. In the above pieces we find what their titles promise; a nocturne full of natural melody, finished off completely, and a polonaise of the true dance rhythm, of cheerful, pleasant character throughout. We cannot find anything to alter in either of them; the composer simply attempted to accomplish what he knew, and was able to do; and he who does this, even within a small frame, may always be certain that he will find recognition.

EDWARD FRANCK.

Capriccio.—Opus 2.
Three Character Pieces.—Opus 3.

WE have already spoken of the first work by this probably still young composer—two books of studies—and we then alluded to him as one of the most industrious and advanced pupils of Mendelssohn; for such he proved himself to be then, and in a higher sense does so now in both these later works. In these pieces he yields himself so thoroughly to the influence of his master, that many passages in them might be taken for some belonging to the youth, or rather boyhood, of Mendelssohn; yet he seems to possess enough originality to lead us to hope that he will gradually break loose from his pattern,—so far, at least, as this is possible where there exists an innate similarity. This displays itself in the predominance of reason and seriousness, together with a strong power of combination. He understands how to render ideas that are not precisely uncommonly interesting, by means of technical treatment and finesse of harmonisation, &c. He who has learned how to do this in early years, better knows how to dispose freely of his possessions at a later period; and if his love of work then returns, as well as the geniality that artists must necessarily repress during their student years, he will be able not only to satisfy the intellect and the reason, but, still more, to interest the hearts of his fellow-men. May we speedily realise these hopes in the case of this composer. How joyfully have we watched the progress of the best among our young composers! But how often have we not been obliged to search, ere daring to speak of and encourage them publicly. More than once, and gladly, we have directed the attention of our readers to this young artist, so thoroughly worthy of distinction. Among these later compositions we find the first caprice, in opus 3, best deserving of praise. While its plan reminds us of Mendelssohn, it is original in its varied rhythms, and, led to its conclusion by a bold and certain hand, it is especially charming from its rare harmonic progressions; it gives more than one proof of its composer's study of Sebastian Bach. Amid the brilliant, intellectual play of groups and figuration, such as enlivens this caprice, composers like Mendelssohn and other masters often insert tender and melodious ideas. This is what our composer yet has to learn, if, indeed, it is to be learned at all; he must introduce a central figure, full of repose, round which the others may wind and circle. This can be as little taught as expressed in words, but the composer is certainly able to understand us. The caprice, when played as it ought to be, is nevertheless effective even as it stands. The second also possesses artistic value, and some of its details are excellent; but it closes in too commonplace and ordinary a manner. The last caprice is a fugued movement, almost in the Handel manner, with a distinctly-cut theme that gives opportunities for many fine changes; an admirable piece, but for a few ordinary progressions. The grand caprice (capriccio, opus 2) displays the good qualities which we have already attributed to this composer throughout. The introduction, which was probably written after the completion of the quick movement, is the only insipid part of it. If not in detail, yet in general construction, it reminds us of the composer's master. We regret that an orchestral accompaniment was not added to it; no further alteration would have been necessary to accomplish this easily, except a little extension of the forms. The harmonic progression on page 8, the last two staves, leading to A and F sharp, is bold; but no objection can be made to it. Many pianists will wish that the close had been more effective and brilliant; it could have been easily done. But what is once published cannot be altered; therefore we again award our fullest meed of praise to this young artist.

We cannot better conclude this review than with a few words respecting a still but little known composer, who has lately surprised us with four scherzos for four hands, by far the most remarkable that have lately appeared in this form. These are by

HERMANN VON LÖWENSKIOLD.

Four Characteristic Impromptus in the form of Scherzos.—
Opus 8.

OUR art seems to have taken firm root in all countries near Germany, but above all in the northern ones. To judge from this composer's name, he must be a Swede. We have already mentioned a trio bearing the same name on its title-page; we do not know whether this be the same composer, but he is certainly one to be greeted with respect. If he is a dilettante, we accord him, for these scherzos only, the first rank among those who write for the pianoforte; if he is an artist, his companions must receive him as an equal into their ranks. It is a long time since I have met with a composition that I could more thoroughly approve of, that has interested and pleased me, more than this. They are not, and do not aim to appear, phenomenal compositions; but we cannot everywhere find such polished expression, such euphony, such moderation; in short, so fine a style of composition. Here and there certain piquant traits would almost lead us to imagine Moscheles their author; but they have greater geniality, are more unconstrained than his usually are. This is true composition, though in a small frame; here we have foreground, perspective, background,—the whole combined to form a most agreeable result. The, to us, as we have said, wholly unknown artist-nobleman ought to write in larger forms, for the orchestra; he has talent and knowledge enough to do so. Those musicians who are still unacquainted with these pieces ought to look them over—the sooner the better. There is, besides, such a lack of good, moderately difficult four-hand pieces, that works of slight consequence are almost sure of circulation; how much more, then, ought these to be so,—of which we take leave, consoled anew by the assurance that many admirable musicians are yet to be found here and there?

A. H. SPONHOLZ.

Fancy Pictures.—Opus 10.

IT is only fair to treat young composers with indulgence. This one, however, whose name we meet for the first time, comes forward with some pretension. He has dedicated his work to Franz Liszt, and given it the title, "Fancy Pictures;" both of which circumstances awaken expectation. We find two of the numbers still further characterised by the titles, "Restless Endeavour" and "Peace of the Soul." The first can only be considered praiseworthy in a young artist; but let him not mistake restless for aimless, which latter designation better suits the piece, we fear. The composer does not seem to have quite made up his mind which banner to swear by; with the best intention to accomplish something of good form, he also desires to appear genially unfettered, and he would be a master indeed if he succeeded in both these aims. But this piece is nowhere technically perfect, and thus the meaning flows over every page as though from a defective mould. We are still less satisfied with his "Peace of the Soul;" it would be better entitled "Etude à la Thalberg;" but in this path the young composer will not accomplish anything, and criticism must seriously endeavour to lead him away from such peace of the soul. And yet, in spite of the many objections we are obliged to make to the works of this novice, we cannot deny that he possesses musical talent; and this is an acknowledgment that ought to be the most grateful of all to a young artist, one in which he will first be able truly to rejoice, when he is thoroughly possessed of the firm resolution of cultivating it to the utmost.

J. F. KITTL.

Three Scherzos.—Opus 6.

THE composer of the cheerful "Hunting Symphony" shows himself in these scherzi also cheerful. What we found conspicuous in his earlier compositions we again find in these, a great simplicity, but, at the same time, a frequent lack of clearness in the rhythm of his periods; and these are of a nature that seems to us, especially at the close of many parts, either too abundant or too restricted. But the alterations and corrections of other hands seldom avail in such cases; as well might we attempt to regulate an irregular pulse-beat by that of another. It is always permissible, however, to direct the composer's attention to such passages, if only to aid him in a future avoidance of them. But that which gives us unmixed delight in these scherzi, is the frank and cheerful temper that is observable in every page of them, and which leads us to presume that the composer cherishes an especial preference for Haydn. Only in the second scherzo he tries to fall into a more passionate mood; but in the trio he again dons that amiable character that seems to be his natural one. In that more impassioned moment, a fifth escapes him (page 6, staff 4, measure 6), which we are far from counting against him as a sin. His manner of writing, if not masterly, is very pure and correct. Possessed of so many inborn and acquired good qualities, we hope the young composer will continue to produce more and more admirable works, and establish an honourable reputation among the finest composers of musical Bohemia.

A. FESCA.

Scène de bal, Morceau de Salon.—Opus 14.
La Mélancholie, Pièce Caractéristique.—Opus 15.

WE have hitherto entertained good hopes of this composer, but we begin to tremble for their fulfilment; he writes much and easily, even gracefully, but his endeavours no longer merit higher praise. Most of all this may be had, ten times better, in Adolf Henselt's compositions. With his talent he ought to accomplish a great deal more. It really begins to look as if the praise he has obtained in so many quarters, has had no better effect than to render him foppish and frivolous as a composer. If he defends himself with the excuse that he ought not to be judged from such small pieces, we must answer that the artist should forgive nothing to himself when he has anything to do with publicity. Between our own four walls we may occasionally give way to frivolity, but before the world it is injurious. What does Herr Fesca expect to attain to if he writes on in this manner? We can tell him: towards the end of his career he may perhaps be regarded as a Kalkbrenner the second. We have nothing to say against such a reputation, but it is decidedly not the highest. Let him, then, turn back while he yet has time; let him take a more serious direction, in himself and in his art. Until now he has merely wooed the public for its applause; but if he wishes to arrive at any opinion respecting himself, he must deeply study, and betimes, the works of such a master as Beethoven; and if he is then still satisfied with his own present tendency, we shall give him up for lost. May he annihilate our fears! We are the friends of his talent, but not of his aim. It still lies in his power to alter our opinion of him.

C. H. STRUBE.

Songs without Words.—Opus 16.

WE must frankly acknowledge that we prefer Mendelssohn's, and that we do not envy any one the idea of editing songs without words after him. Yet Herr Strube's differ somewhat from those. They possess titles, "Complaint of a Sicilian Fisher-Maid" (after Thomas Moore); "Slumber Song;" "Longing;" and "Trust in God." The second and third songs have the most to tell us, the third has less, and we must protest energetically against the "Complaint:" no German fisher-maid complains in this way, still less a Sicilian; and if any of our readers belonged to this class, they would bear witness to our protestation. But titles are only secondary things. If we hold to the purely musical meaning of these pieces, we do not consider it bad. We find correctness of period construction, as we might expect from a composer who is also an organist; the pieces are rather easily rounded off, and they are plain and good-humoured in character. There is not much more to be said about the little work. To use a commonplace illustration—one of the smaller singing-birds has tried to imitate the nightingale, but we must allow hedge-sparrows to exist also!

JULIUS SCHAEFFER.

Three Songs without Words.—Opus 4.

THERE must be hedge-sparrows too! The remark is not out of place here either; but these are better imitations than those we generally meet with under the above title, which has now become so common. The composer seems to be young, and writing in the first glow of feeling; it would therefore be unfair to measure him by the standard we employ with masters. But if he continues as he has begun, and gradually works himself into individuality, we may expect welcome things from him. What especially seems to justify this hope, is the soulful feeling that distinguishes these songs from others; and though their execution is by no means perfect, industry will remedy this defect, and untiring production will render the hand more firm and flexible. These songs without words also possess titles; according to our opinion they would have been better without them. There are mysterious moods of mind, to the more rapid comprehension of which a verbal indication from the composer leads, and is gratefully accepted by us; but this composer gives us only ordinary states of feeling, for which titles like "Ocean Calm," "Dream I? no, I wake," and "Melancholy," appear too affected, if not altogether tasteless. Among the separate pieces we prefer the third, although it is precisely in this that we find the composer's model most visible.

J. C. KESSLER.

Seven Waltzes for the Pianoforte.

WE meet with this composer, from whom we formerly hoped much, for the first time after a lapse of years. We expected that he would break his long silence by a greater work; but it seems that he has not been able to obtain from his talent what his first productions led us to hope for, and it looks now as if he had given up the idea of developing it any further. What a pity! say we; for he had that within him which might have indeed become something. Even these waltzes testify to this; carelessly as they have been thrown off, they breathe life and grace throughout. And a soft touch of melancholy makes them still more attractive. May this gifted composer speedily summon courage enough to accomplish greater works!

EDWARD WOLFF.

Four Rhapsodies, in Two Books.—Opus 29.

WHEN we reviewed a larger collection of études by this composer on a former occasion, we were sorry to be unable to praise anything more in them than the general talent they displayed. With pleasure we now direct attention to the great progress he manifests in these rhapsodies; they are of an easy, waltz-like nature, but much smoother than the études in invention and execution, and piquant and ingenious besides. We are often reminded of Chopin, most often of the pianist Chopin, with his zigzag passages, though also occasionally of certain of his details and harmonic changes; but on the whole we find such a life-enjoying, sensuous element in the pieces, that we are sure they will easily find their way to German pianofortes. Did not this composer reside in distracting Paris, we should certainly prognosticate well of him as an artist in the future; but as it is, we must wait to decide whether he has force enough to withstand the seductions to which so much brilliant talent has already fallen a sacrifice there. On the other hand, it is true that the pleasant, conversational tone that distinguishes these rhapsodies, can only be acquired in a city like Paris; and Germans who are anxious to acquire this tone, generally proceed about it in a very stiff and awkward manner. With the sole exception of Thalberg, we scarcely know one German composer able to write such brilliant drawing-room pieces, though there are many who know more and can accomplish better things. We should certainly be glad if we were not obliged to import the best class of fashionable articles from Paris; but the German is everywhere more in fashion than at home. We must especially mention, among the pieces that have suggested the above lines, the third and fourth rhapsodies, which please us much in the same manner as would an intelligent conversation. As rhapsodies, they are wanting in rhapsodical character, which demands still more freedom than the scherzo; yet it is but a word, and we should find it difficult to select a more fitting title to the pieces.

The future will prove whether the light hand that formed them possesses sufficient power for the treatment of heavier subjects. In any case, the composer deserves cheerful thanks for a cheerful gift.

HERMANN VON LÖWENSKIOLD.

Four Impromptus for Four Hands.—Opus 11.

AS there is a great scarcity of four-hand pieces, the idea of writing pianoforte compositions in this fine genre can only be styled a happy one. It is not the first time that this composer has made an attempt in it; we remember with pleasure a similar collection of scherzos, which we mentioned and greeted with warm praise two years ago. Perhaps the approbation we then accorded him, may have encouraged the talented young musician to write more of the same sort; at least we hope that such is the case, for the new pieces seem to us more thoughtful, better sifted, as if the composer had intended to excel his former ones. This endeavour is, of course, only praiseworthy in itself; but the intention is too transparent, and intentions alone do not insure success. But Herr von Löwenskiold shows himself to be a talented artist in this latest work also; and we can but regret that he does not make use of a larger frame for his ideas, the orchestra, in which they would certainly produce greater effect. He seems to cling with marked preference to a composer—Onslow—who, though good and original, is but little imitated. We have nothing to say against this; it is a side-path, but not a false one, to a higher goal; in the course of time (the composer is not yet twenty-five years old) other models will be selected; we hope they may, and speedily, for a composer who expects to educate himself through Onslow, will never climb very high, but must at last remain behind. We look for a better result; a young and wide-awake musical brain like that of our composer cannot possibly remain attached long to such a tendency. And then, when he studies and exercises himself in a many-sided way, he will certainly cut out passages from his works —or rather, he will no longer write passages that are correct and euphonious enough, but too unimportant to be called ideas. Thus, at the beginning of the first impromptu; there the composer carries out what he had invented, and a master could not get more out of it; but such gain is too insignificant, and only the narrow result of the narrow original invention, which no art could ennoble. We take this as a small example among many to be found in these pieces, which, however, contain so much that is excellent in invention and admirable in execution, that we feel it our duty to recommend them to all good players. Small enjoyment is to be derived from a first reading of them, for they must be studied well and closely. No one should venture to judge them until he has heard them perfectly performed, or has as perfectly imagined them so to himself. We shall be delighted if the interesting young Dane gives us a new and speedy opportunity to review fresh compositions of his.

S. THALBERG.

Scherzo.—Opus 31.
Grand Nocturne.—Opus 35.
"La Cadence," Impromptu en forme d'étude.—Opus 36.
Souvenir de Beethoven, Fantaisie pour le Pianoforte.—Opus 59.

WE have so often spoken of this composer, public opinion and criticism are so firmly established regarding him, that there is little more to be said on the subject; unless, indeed, views should change. Thalberg remains the same; true to himself, as ever, in the above compositions. But then every one knows that he writes for himself and his own concerts; he desires above all things to please and shine, and the composition is merely secondary.

But that a nobler light breaks forth here and there, but for the careful industry of his working-out of certain details, his compositions might be placed, without further thought, among a thousand other virtuoso pieces, such as come to the surface every year, only to disappear again. The nobler endeavour is visible in the above-mentioned scherzo, and we regret doubly, on account of the many excellent thoughts it contains, that it has not been worked out into a complete and well-rounded composition. Its faults are to be found in the middle parts, which, while weaker than the rest in inventiveness, are not carefully inserted in the whole. If we take page 4, staff 3, from the last bar on, we must call it unmusical; it is wrung from the instrument, the soul has had nothing to do with it. And yet the piece belongs, in style and character, to Thalberg's best things. The notturno—a little modified by Chopin—scarcely differs from the well-known tone and manner. But this notturno will win many friends, especially among the ladies. The piece entitled "La Cadence" is thoroughly Thalbergian, with a pretty theme, varied in caprice style on its repetition, and brilliant and effective. The "Souvenir de Beethoven" has been much talked of, but we consider it a blunder, and confess our pedantry on this point. Beethoven will not allow of virtuoso treatment; and we ought not to suffer childish hands to tear and shake him. Did we not know better, we should consider the piece a disrespectful action on Thalberg's part, a lack of comprehension of Beethoven's greatness. But Paris must bear the blame of this unlucky idea; Beethoven is the fashion there. De Beriot could not resist it, Thalberg has followed—and may he be the last! It is not prudent to sport with lions!

F. HILLER.

Impromptu pour le Pianoforte.
Three Caprices.—Opus 20.
Four Reveries.—Opus 21.

SINCE our last remarks concerning Hiller's pianoforte compositions, we have all become nearly seven years older. Perhaps some of our readers may yet remember some long articles written in the year 1835, and the horoscope we then cast for the young artist! Since that time he has accomplished little as a pianoforte composer, but has made essays in the greater forms of the opera and the oratorio. His oratorio, especially, we welcomed as a step towards mastery, and though he did not display in it the victorious power, so resistless in other works of the kind, it testified to such determined will, to so many excellent musical qualities, that we joyfully besought him to persevere in such an aim. His latest pianoforte compositions, however, somewhat confuse us respecting his intentions. Perhaps they were written at an earlier epoch, perhaps in an unfavourable hour; they almost thoroughly displease us. It is like putting one's hand into a basket filled with ripe and unripe fruit; we cannot obtain any real enjoyment from them. This cannot be said, however, of the impromptu, which, well performed, will produce a pleasing effect, and rivet attention to the close, from its peculiar and steadily-adhered-to colouring; small as it is, it pleases us more than all the above-mentioned pieces. But we cannot fancy the reveries, still less the caprices. They contain so much that is forced and trivial, besides so many intelligent and really characteristic details, that we must regard them as belonging to an earlier period of effort in the composer; some traits in them appear so repellant and hyper-Meyerbeerish that we are surprised the composer should have published them at all. In the reveries, page 5, the passage from B flat minor to A minor; page 6, the harmony of D flat major, after the chord of the sixth on B; page 11, from E sharp, or F major, at once to B major; &c., &c. We are perfectly well aware that these are precisely the passages that make the fortune of an entire piece, because Meyerbeer favours them and has brought them into vogue; but they will make no impression on good German musicians, and we wish them back again where they are at home—at Jericho. To judge from these pieces, the pianist still struggles with the composer, in Hiller's mind; it clings to him since the time he united with the movement of the modern pianoforte-music epoch so enthusiastically; but he ought to give up one or the other, to write as a complete artist, or as a virtuoso for virtuosos. It is more easy to give such advice than to act up to it; but it seems to us that this is the breaker he ought to be warned of: if he tried less to produce an effect, he would produce more, at least among artists. Perhaps we consider the question too seriously, perhaps the composer, who is already well exercised in large forms, places no value on his smaller creations; but time is precious, an earnest glance might have economised much of it, and it is always better to give a malady its proper name, than to spare the feelings invariably. There is only one number among the reveries in which the composer has nearly refrained altogether from any mixture of virtuoso accessories, the second, a fine genre picture, and our favourite of them all. But, as we have remarked, we find it most difficult to like the caprices; there is a great deal in them, passages of execution, a few industriously-worked-out details, an easy, melodious cantabile, often interesting harmonic progressions, something of everything, as if the composer had wished to please everybody; and yet it has no style, and is not an artistic whole. Although the title "Caprices" excuses a great deal, these contain too great a mixture of real and unreal, original and copied, to satisfy or charm. A long analysis would carry us too far; let others undertake it, and justify our opinion. Yet, while saying this, we are perfectly aware of the distinguished talent with which we have to do; we should consider it our duty to praise many things in a narrower and more uncultivated musician, which in this case we expect as a matter of course. But great and increasing demands are in themselves a recognition more desired by the true artist than the most benevolent indulgence; he of whom we write stands too high to deserve the latter.

W. TAUBERT.

"La Nayade," pièce concertante pour le Pianoforte.—Opus 49.
Suite: Prelude, Ballata, Gigue, Toccata.—Opus 50.

TWO very different compositions, that will give rise to very different observations. Taubert also has been moved by the influences of modern virtuosity, and though his thorough schooling appears even in these works, written for the concert-room, he seems to have appropriated many things unfitted to his nature. He is the exact opposite of many virtuosos, who are desirous, but unable, to give us something profound; he has that which they do not possess, and yet he is afraid of being left behind, amid the movement created by the successes of the latest pianists. "La Nayade" partly belongs to this modern school. But then another string suddenly awakens within the composer; so he gives us a collection adorned with the merry old titles, suite, prelude, gigue, &c., containing precious substance. We confess that we prefer them to his bravura pieces, even to the "Naiad," which does not seem to us easy and natural enough for such a title—not to mention Bennett's similarly entitled composition; which, to be sure, includes flutes and oboes,—in short, an entire orchestra—among its colours. The suite we can recommend in the warmest manner. Let no one be afraid of its name; under the artificial rococo, a fresh, warm heart beats, musing appreciatively on the past, but yet unable to disown its individuality. We shall not attempt to explain the composer's meaning in these antique pictures. But there is so much irony and melancholy in this music that we fancy we understand it. And we agree with him. "Strive onward," he meant to say, "but sometimes remember the past." May these few words direct the attention of many to this interesting collection.

F. MENDLESSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Six "Songs without Words," Book iv.—Opus 53.

AT last we have a book of real "Songs without Words." They differ little from Mendelssohn's earlier ones, except in their more simple character, and, in a melodic sense, through their lighter, often folk-song-like style. This remark especially applies to the number which the composer has himself entitled "Folk-Song;" this flowed from the same brook whence Eichendorff drew his most admirable poems, and Lessing his "Eifel-landscape." We never grow tired of hearing them. This folk-melodic trait, which begins to display itself in many compositions by our youngest artists, excites the brightest hopes for the coming future; Beethoven's eye was already open to this in his last works,—an assertion that will, however, sound very strange to many persons. The third song, in G minor, has also a folk-like, though not a choral, tone; it sounds like a four-part song. One observes, too, that in his songs without words Mendelssohn has passed from the simple song, through the duet, to more numerous parts and the choral style. So it is with the truly inventive artist; when we fancy that he cannot proceed any further, he, undismayed, has already taken a step onward and won new territory. It cannot be denied that some things in this fourth book remind us of older ones in former collections; certain turns and repetitions even threaten to become mannerism. This, however, is a reproach that a hundred other artists would gladly purchase with many sacrifices:—I mean, the reproach of being recognised from manner and substance by which any judge might swear. We gladly look forward to many more collections!

Two books of character-pieces by Hermann von Löwenskiold lie before us (opus 12); they are entitled, "To the Distant One," "Venetian Gondola Song," "The Wish," "The Elves," "Exaltation;" and they express these titles fittingly. This composer has not yet acquired decided originality, but the path he follows is an elevated one. We approve of much in his plans, though his execution leaves much to wish for. A faulty haste in finish is observable here and there; not all of these pieces are equally, artistically, reposefully completed. Yet talent is visible in them all, and what is yet lacking in mastery, the zeal and industry of the striving young artist will acquire in time.

We have lately met with a new pianoforte composition by another young Danish musician, N. W. Gade, who is already well known through his overture " Ossian," which has awakened so much hope for his future. Though the orchestra seems to be his true element, this first pianoforte composition, bearing his name, which we have seen, also betrays the well-informed musician, besides an inwardly poetico-musical disposition ; it is entitled " Spring Flowers," and consists of three short pieces, every one of them deserving the title they bear in common. They are modest, quiet children of his fancy, bearing some resemblance to those of Mendelssohn, and even of Henselt, but attractive from the peculiar Northern colouring that was already observable in the overture to " Ossian." What is dexterous mechanical hammering, compared to such unpretending, pleasing music ? But the present day begins to recognise this, and " the humble shall be exalted." Therefore no more about the little works ; they are fully able to speak for themselves.

In the six " Romanesques," by Gustav Nottebohm (opus 2), every one will hope to find something different from what they offer; they are pieces of such ordinary citizen-like character, that their title must almost be looked upon as irony. Notwithstanding this, we cannot fail to perceive a sound kernel under the somewhat unseemly and often rugged shell.

This is still more observable in a few larger compositions by the same author, which we shall speak of on another occasion. Here it seems as though he merely wished to accomplish something easy, that would prove acceptable to publishers.

JULIUS HOPSE.

Four Two-Part Fugues.—Opus 29.

SIMILAR attempts by young composers are so rare that we call attention to this with pleasure; and though Beethoven, in grand creative anger, has called them "two-legged skeletons," and so on, we prize them far beyond the empty bravados of young virtuosos who will never come to anything. Of course every one knows beforehand that the "skeleton" cannot be expected to create an immense impression, still less to work a musical revolution. But we must acknowledge the talent and industry of its author, who has accomplished something really praiseworthy with such small means, and in so ungrateful a form of writing. With the exception of a few too common sequences, these fugues please us much with their correctness and clearness, especially the last, which is the liveliest in theme and carrying-out. One more remark: a fugue always produces a stronger effect after a prelude, and Bach had doubtless good reasons for prefacing most of his fugues in this manner. We hope the composer will not forget this little hint in future compositions.

CARL VOSS.

"The Dream of the Soldier's Bride." Impromptu for the left hand alone.—Opus 38.

IF we are not mistaken, there exists a picture, entitled as above, by a modern French painter. No doubt our author has met with it, and has endeavoured to embody in tone an idea that painting could but indifferently express. If men were to be judged according to their clothes, and compositions according to their titles, this composer might expect to be praised by us, and expect indefinitely. We catch not a single glimpse of the "Soldier's Bride" in this music, only chords of the seventh, &c.; and the left hand is so busy in mastering these, that we gain no information whatever as to the lady's dream. But if we put the tasteless title aside, declining to place any further weight on it, and pass to the music itself, we find as good a study for the left hand as many other studies. Of course we consider a concerto for two hands as something infinitely higher, and we have often expressed the opinion that no one is benefited—least of all, art itself—by such mechanical, artificial forms. The labour gone through with by the player is great, and what is the effect? little different from that produced by any unpractical, halting piece for two hands. We do not deny that the author possesses some talent and facility; but let him employ it on worthier subjects.

RUDOLPH WILLMERS.

"Aspiration by the Sea" (Sehnsucht am Meere). Musical tone-Picture.—Opus 8.
Grand Fantasia on a Theme by F. Prume.—Opus 9.
Grand Concert Variations on a Theme by Bellini.—Opus 10.
Nocturne.—Opus 12.

BESIDES these compositions, a few transcriptions of songs of Reichardt and Himmel, by the same composer, lie before us; they all prove him to be the experienced, brilliant player who has lately so honourably distinguished himself in Paris. We knew him before that as player and composer, and our paper has often expressed our interest in his performances; and we therefore doubly regret to see him, in countless passages, moving away from us into what we consider a contemptible path, on which he will with difficulty escape the fate that time ever has in store for what is merely fashionable, vain, and showy. From Willmers, whose schooling has been thorough and severe, who very well appreciates the difference between Bellini and Beethoven, we expected something quite different. In the above works, modern virtuosity fails to appear before us in the brilliancy it has won from Liszt and Thalberg; for no one can deny that the former possesses great geniality in the combination of mechanical difficulties, and in the invention of really novel instrumental effects, &c., while the latter gives to his own compositions a drawing-room grace and a rightly-calculated effectiveness, certain to please and even to awaken enthusiasm. But quite a peculiar pedantry and dryness clings to Herr Willmer's writings; it seems as though he himself had no faith in his own fine manners, as if he heard in the distance the thunder of his old Dessau master, who certainly cannot be any more pleased than ourselves with such attempts. On account of this dryness, which moves in the Liszt-Thalbergian manner,—that is to say, with all its difficulty, but none of its charm,—we do not believe that his productions will meet with sympathy in the circles for which they are intended, although the works of his great models have won this sympathy to so high a degree,—a success which may be easily understood and justified from the true virtuoso point of view. According to our opinion, there remain but two modes of escape for Herr Willmers: either he must turn back from the morbid path into which he has strayed, or he must throw himself wholly into the arms of the bad. In the last case he must do it in a wilder fashion than others have done it before him; he must write twenty-part chords, care nothing at all about fifths and octaves, and take up a form, compared to which Liszt's most crack-brained outlines are only child's play; he must, in short, forget that honesty, beauty, and immortality have any existence in art. He will be sure to obtain laurels and publishers; we only fear that his success will not be lasting; for the public, if it weaves crowns, tears them again asunder, to bestow them, differently arranged, on the next comer, who understands how to amuse it better. Let him think of this, and take measures to return on his own steps as soon as possible. Then he may lose the respect of artists, and in such a case double efforts will be necessary in order to win it again. Among the above compositions we only find a nobler attitude, an attempt at something like truly felt music, in the notturno, and a little in "Aspiration by the Sea," though both pieces are sickly and affected enough: the other things are altogether contemptible, nothing but a conglomeration of uninteresting and tasteless passages,—a style of composition from which any artist would turn away in dislike. We know that the composer is still young; we also know that worse things than his are published. We do not merely refer to what is accomplished, but also to the gifts brought into play during accomplishment; and as in this case we know we have to do with youthful talent of no common nature, we are doubly grieved to find that we have nothing remarkable or even respectable to report of him at present.

FRANZ PROCHE.

Six Variations on an Original Theme of Elegiac Character.—Opus 27.

THE composer has not said too much of this theme in terming it "elegiac;" it is touching, and in a peculiarly melancholy manner, as the last complaint of some unhappy soul might be; we should even term it excellent, but for a few tasteless passages. These, however, are to be found throughout the variations;

they display a strange mixture of pedantry and talent, want of taste, and wealth of feeling. Every variation is in a different key from the theme; yet we are more inclined to signalise this as an oddity, a change from pigtail sluggishness, than to blame it. Only, as in this case, such novel treatment does not appear justified by any inward necessity of the form, since the variations are altogether removed in character from the elegiac theme (one, in C major, even falling into the François Hünten bravura tone), we cannot look upon it as anything else but an oddity. However, the theme, and also the closing movement, which resumes the character of the theme, awaken our sympathy for the composer, who may be enabled, in time, to accomplish something really fine, provided that he purifies his taste by the study of true models. Let him avoid empty showy passages, learn to give the right form to his original ideas, gain all that is to be obtained through a steady intercourse with masters and masterworks, and by the comparison of these with his own performances. May he be fortunate enough to meet with these masters, and may he possess strength and modesty enough to derive advantage from their works.

STEPHEN HELLER.

Fantasia, Opus 31, and Bolero, Opus 32, on Themes from Halévy's "La Juive."

THIS is also drawing-room music; but the fine musician looks out from it, and how piquant and original is it all! We have often expressed our regret on finding truly creative talent wasting itself on secondary forms of composition; but it is a fortunate thing that clever artists like Stephen Heller sometimes remember the *salon,* which might else remain altogether unvisited by good music. Halévy's music seems to have become ennobled in Heller's hands; he possesses uncommon dexterity in transforming the mediocre music of others until it sounds like a good original composition. We scarcely know another composer who is able to preserve so much of his own dignity, in a style that, of itself, awakens the suspicion of artists. Let him, then, lend some of his wealth to amateurs; he opens a bridge for them, leading towards the understanding of profounder art. There can be no danger for his own artistic powers in it.

S. THALBERG.

"Valse Brillante."—Opus 47.

THIS might be reviewed without being looked at. Nothing more is to be expected here but glittering, fluttering pianoforte dance music. Chopin and Liszt have also written for the dancing-room; as in great forms, so here in a small one, we may perceive the difference between them and Thalberg. If we wish to find a reflection of Chopin's visionary, somewhat mazurka-like waltz music, or Liszt's stormy Hungarianisms, in elegant Viennese union, we need only take up the waltzes of Thalberg. A recommendation of them would be needless, and it would only be idle to warn any one from them.

S. FRIEDBURG.

Caprice.

THIS composition does not bear any opus number, and is dedicated by its composer "to his father;" whence we surmise that it is a first production, and truly it is full of promise. How seldom is the pleasure of being able to say this afforded to us; and how gladly we would say it often! Short as is this caprice, it is, above all things, clear in its artistic form; here is no headless hodge-podge, but everywhere we trace the ordering hand, that strives to master more artistic interweavings of form, but yet is not alarmed at the possibilities of entanglement. Where this is observable in youth, hopes for the future are permissible; the history of all arts and artists has proven that mastery of form leads talent to continually increasing freedom. We also find some youthful excrescences in this caprice; but the good in it far outweighs these, and even an old composer is not able to produce a masterwork at any moment. Therefore we welcome this still young man and his first fruits, with glad expectation as to what is yet to come. We could wish a more fiery and *forte* close to the piece, for its better effect; there is no reason for so soft a close, in the freshly vital character of the caprice. And there is no feature of his art with which the composer should take more pains, than the proper emphasis of his conclusions; for these, and these alone, determine the total effect of an entire composition.

F. CHOPIN.

Tarantelle.—Opus 43.

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